Ports and happy
places

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

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Ports and happy places

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WITHDRAWN

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES

The Hangman's Bridge—Nürnberg.

Frontispiece

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES

AN AMERICAN MOTHER AND HER SONS SEE EUROPE

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

AUTHOR OF "AN AMERICAN IDYLL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	7
PART ONE	13
PART TWO	72
PART THREE	183
PART FOUR	231

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The Hangman's Bridge—Nürnberg	*Frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
Cloister Gate—Stein am Rhein	28
The Market Place—Stein am Rhein	32
The Cloister House—Stein am Rhein	32
St. Moritz	60
Rathauss—Wimpfen	76
Porto Negri—Treves	84
Heilbronn	112
The Great Barrel—Heidelberg	128
Frankfort	132
Coblenz	136
Durer House—Nürnberg	148
Munich	150
Hansel and Gretel House—Oberammergau	164
The Eibsee River	178
The Great Abbey—Zürich	184
Panorama including Adelboden	192
Cavi—Spiaggia	198
Ponti-Vecchio—Florence	200
Florence: Panorama of the city	202
Fiesole with view of Florence	204
Rome—St. Peter's	208
Venice	210
Verona: Old Roman Bridge	214
Street Scene in Geneva	236
Burgos: Arch of Santa Maria	248
Burgos: Casa del Cordon	248
Toledo: The House of Blood	256

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Alhambra: Salon of the Ambassadors 280
Alhambra: Court of the Lions 284
Córdoba: Roman Bridge 290
Seville: Interior of Cathedral 294
Scene in Tangiers 306
Marseille 308

INTRODUCTION

I SUPPOSE everyone who writes anything receives all sorts of letters from all sorts of people. It is part of the fun of writing. You make new enemies, but you also make new friends. An enemy you never laid eyes on is interesting and not at all annoying. A friend you never laid eyes on is one of the pleasantest sort. There is a certain zest to a friendship where the two never have met except by way of the written word. Such a friendship can be a very valued and treasured possession. One can say, it is worth having written that book for that one new friend alone.

And oftentimes there come letters to make one chuckle. Perhaps to excite one, after the chuckling is over, to some new activity.

Witness this book.

There were several reasons why there was a desire to write about Europe. One, that all my personal correspondence has gone so fearfully by the board, it seemed the only way of letting those friends and relatives who are really interested know what has been happening to us the last twenty months. Another, to refute the letter of that stranger. (And his disapproval of me may be so deepseated that he would not be caught dead reading another word I wrote.)

Not that I would go to the work of writing a whole book to make one lone man swallow his words. But if one person felt the way he did about the combination of children, anybody's children, and Europe, there must be hundreds who feel the same. And when one feels as deeply and as opposite about children and Europe as I do, there is a longing to "sponsor the cause."

This strange man read the American Idyll and wrote a long, indeed a twenty page, letter about it, and enclosed a picture of his baby.

I acknowledged the letter from Stein am Rhein, Switzerland, explaining that I was now in Europe, having come for the education of my children.

And such a letter as I got back! Sixteen pages. He had never dreamed, from reading the American Idyll, that I was that sort of a person. Surely Carl Parker would never have approved of such a course!

Wasn't America good enough for us?

Had we seen any falls in Europe as gorgeous as Niagara?

Had we seen any river as beautiful as the Hudson?

He had just returned from a Yale-Princeton football game. Had we seen any sight in Europe as inspiring as those cheering thousands in the Yale Bowl?

Perhaps I would use the excuse of wanting my children to speak foreign languages.

Could they speak English correctly?

How many Americans spoke their own language properly? Why not keep my offspring where they could learn one language well, and that their own?

1. We have seen no falls as gorgeous as Niagara.
2. We have seen no river as beautiful as the Hudson.
3. We have seen no sight as inspiring (in its way) as the Yale Bowl packed with cheering football enthusiasts.
4. My children do not and never will speak English correctly. Nor, if that gentleman should glance through these pages, will he be struck with any evidence that they were on the way to learning English correctly in their home country. Had they spent the last twenty months in America instead of Europe, most assuredly their English would be better than it now is, but still so bad that it alone would hardly justify keeping children twenty months in America instead of Europe. I once knew two parents, a university professor and his wife,

who had raised their only child to speak perfect English. It was accomplished by the process of isolation. However came a day when for reasons of enough moment the Perfect Speaking One was sent to a Select School. The parents sobbed that eight years of intensive cultivation had been ruined in those fourteen days—and that in a school composed almost entirely of other professors' sons. Our Jim at the age of eight produced such English as the following:

> "Dear Grace:—
>
> I hope you are feeling fine. I think im sure that im coming there because I would like it so much. I think it is quite useless to do it. And one thing I liked very much was going to a show of Duglas Fairbanks, I tell you I liked it ofley much. The funniest thing about it was Happy Hoolagon o it was the funiest thing youv ever ('seen' crossed out) saw in a show. But it mite not be funy to you but its funny to me. Your loving friend James Parker."

It would do no harm to a child like that to receive a bit of intensive cultivation in his mother tongue. He can do better now. He will do much better when he's twenty. But such proficiency in the spoken and written word as he will have reached by then will not have been appreciably diminished by having two foreign languages somewhat at his command.

A person who spends six months in Europe misses just so much of what the United States has to offer over a period of six months. The same for a person who stays three or four years. America has certain constructive contributions to an all round education not found elsewhere. It is a pity to have to do without them. But with almost everything in life, it is a choice between two or several courses. In this case, the question becomes—granted circumstances make a longer sojourn in Europe possible:

Will what my children acquire in Europe more than equal what they lose by not being in America?

I answer the question with a decided *yes*. After twenty months the yes is so sure that instead of staying two years, as we at first had planned, we are staying almost four. The older boy was just two months over thirteen when we left America, the younger not quite twelve. The June Bug, Alice Lee, was five years and two months. They will be sixteen, fifteen and eight when we return. They ought to have both French and German well learned. They ought to have a good musical foundation, which, alas, in the case of the boys, may somewhat crumble in the non-musical atmosphere of America. They ought to have a comprehension of art, architecture, geography, history, totally impossible to acquire in the same degree without travel. The boys (Alice Lee is too young and besides travels comparatively little) ought to feel a bond of interest not easily shaken, with Switzerland, Italy, Germany, France, Spain, England, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium, at least, if our plans hold good. All this time their school work is going on under almost ideal conditions. Which means minus three-quarters of the environmental worries afflicting most parents in America to-day.

Is all that something to apologize for?

They are losing the training which comes through the American conception of sport, as contrasted with the very secondary rôle it plays in Europe. (The poor loves have only tennis, soccer, swimming, boating, bicycling, mountain climbing, skiing, skating, tobogganing, over here.) And none of the group athletics carried on with the "pep" and spirit considered essential in England or America. The boys sigh for that. It has real value. It is one of the things they miss.

They are losing out on the friendships they would be making among their own kind, in that age of easy friendships. Foreigners, young or old, do not make friends so

easily as do Americans. They lack our "social feel"; we lack their individualism. Indeed, I've said that it would be worth bringing young Americans to Europe for their education if for nothing else than to let them learn to temper their American necessity for group compliance and dependence with European emphasis on the importance of the individual. Not to lose any of our valuable sociability and its constructive offshoots, but to learn more respect for the individual and his inclinations, interests, capacities, than America is wont to show. We need a crowd too much of the time. Central Europe, at least, very much lacks informal sociability, neighborliness, hospitality. I have yet to meet a European any time in our country who does not speak of that lack as one of the outstanding differences between our land and his. But sociability can attach one great penalty to itself when it demands everlasting conformity. One learns in Europe to let other people alone. Other people tend to let you alone.

And they are missing a certain intangible something of America and gaining a certain intangible something of Europe which is not going to stand in their stead when they return to their own people—at first. It is what may cause young folks their own age to consider them a bit "different," which is a terrible ordeal to youth. At their age, however, that unhappy "difference" will develop into the necessary amount of at least outward conformity in short time. I have no fear that the children will not "fit in" with their own kind when we return.

And then just anyhow I wanted to write about our Europe. If you like to write, you like especially to write about the things you especially like. And we do so very much love exploring around strange lands! For all of that we are going to love America no less when we get back. Watch us! But we do hope we are going to be much more valuable Americans than we would have been had we never left America's shores.

Of course if you don't feel that one of the crying needs of America—especially will it be true for the generation to which our children belong—is a deeper understanding of Europe, its peoples, its problems—

If you don't feel that—

Well, I wouldn't know what to say.

CORNELIA S. PARKER.

Geneva.
May, 1923.

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES

PART ONE

1

Six ducks in a row just drifted down the Rhine below my window. That is about what I should like to be for a spell—a white duck with a yellow bill drifting down stream on clear green water—after five weeks with two boys plus three rucksacks, the six of us careering from one end of Germany to the other on a breathless escapade. I'd not have missed one hectic five minutes of the eventful five weeks, yet for a spell now I should like to be a duck drifting down stream. But not as far as Mainz. When the Rhine began to get dirty looking, wherever that is, I'd come back to Switzerland and start writing all about it. Yesterday, Sunday, I lay flat on the green grass under an apple tree beside the Rhine down by Wagenhausen (that's the sort of a sentence we gloried in "parsing" on the blackboard when we were young. Do they parse any more, I wonder?) and watched the fish. And yesterday I thought I should rather be a fish, after five weeks and two boys and three rucksacks rushing from one end of Germany to the other. But then I began reading "Messer Marco Polo" and read it all through, and wept, head down in the grass, and was grateful to the world that I was a mortal being with two eyes and that book. I would have changed places with nothing and nobody. For even if someone else were reading "Messer Marco Polo," it was not on a warm Sunday afternoon in the green grass under an apple tree beside the Rhine down by Wagenhausen. And a six-year-old daughter splashing stark unclad a yard or so away. (That "unclad" instead of "naked" is out of thoughtfulness for grandma. She will remark that if I thought about her sufficiently and resultfully the child

would have been properly covered with a bathing suit.) She *did* have one along, and she *did* put it on, and indeed did go so far as to get it wet. Our start was 100 per cent moral. Grandma cannot take what comfort she might in the thought that our subsequent fall was due to depraving European influences. She knows my young have ever had a strong tendency to remove their bathing suits and with parental encouragement.

But this is no philosophical treatise on the state of Denmark. Indeed, if you're lying in green grass under an apple tree beside a river watching your own joyous naked child, it is difficult to escape the assumption that the whole world is filled with sunshine and contentment. But then if we were all in the grass under apple trees for thirty days, ah me—we'd begin ere many hours to hunger, and the mere matter of getting food for everybody would tend to start everything going again, even if we ate only the food we wanted and not the food we saw advertised. And then there'd be agreements to sign over letting this in and keeping that out and who'd pay for what and somebody was eating more than somebody else and somebody else was eating something somebody else had never seen before and couldn't understand and another somebody would make a noise while eating to the annoyance of a neighbor and another somebody might take still another somebody's banana or sugar or oil or paper napkins when that still another somebody wasn't looking—or when he was—and some fat pompous party would insist on standing up under an apple tree and making a patriotic speech—and then some starched and polished-up Swiss farmers and their families dared to sit stolidly upon their own land, so I had to call my daughter and put her wet bathing suit on again.

"Aber warum?" she asks me.

Which all along has been one of my most difficult tasks as a parent. To explain to my three young why the naked bodies of children are not to be gazed upon. There is

of course no reason worth using words over. You say because it makes people who have been brought up a certain way suffer, and we must take account of the sufferings of others. But why do they suffer? Because they've been brought up to believe they ought to suffer over nakedness, and so they do. Why do they get brought up that way? Because their parents were brought up that way. "But I hate a bathing suit!" And that's that.

The summer of 1915 down the coast from San Francisco. —Carl was in Yosemite with Hal Bradley. I sought a bathing resort for the boys. The second day we walked 'way down the end of the beach where the sons could play unclad in the sand, and swim unclad in the Pacific Ocean, —they were five and six then. The two were careering about in bliss when I noted a heavy male figure ploughing down the hot sand. It was the proprietor of the beach pavilion, a very questionable resort of unsavory renown. He lived with a blond lady whose reputation was that of the pavilion. The gentleman himself was rarely sober.

Perspiring he halted before my two naked sons and addressed himself to me. "I'll have you know you're no fit person to have around this beach. You put bathing suits—or something—on them boys or I'll report you up town. You just plain ain't *decent,* that's all I got to say." And he ploughed back. He had to come so far out of his way to uphold his honor as a gentleman.

"But we *hate* bathing suits! Why do we have to wear them?"

"Because the good man says we must to uphold the moral atmosphere of his beach."

If I had desired to get drunk the good man would have had no objections whatever.

Six white ducks drifting downstream on clear green water are bothered by no ruminations on ethics.

But after all of course the further they drift downstream, the longer their pull against the current up.

And just anyway I think I'd rather be I.

For the ducks do not live in my cloister.

I can't remember ever wanting to change places with anybody else on earth. Always there has been a feeling of certainty that no one else was as lucky. Most certainly I'd not change places with anyone else now—for who else lives in a cloister like mine? There are other folks who live in cloisters, true, but not my Cloister of St. George. And then what is so especially favorable is to have all the advantages of a cloister without the accompanying cloister frame of mind. The peace, the beauty, the stillness, enjoyed in the complete satisfaction of pagan unrestraint. No theological, ecclesiastical, orthodox niceties are pestering our brain. Our own conscience has ever been of an unpernickity variety—perhaps it lets us quite too much alone. It may be a sure sign of incipient moral degradation to be on friendly terms with an unpernickity conscience. Anyway, it is always possible, though perhaps hedonistic, to argue that if you were a much more superior character you couldn't possibly be any happier. If as happy.

The shades of all the monks since 1005 who passed their lives in the Cloister of St. George gather about me and in brown and sonorous voices ask, "And of what value, my poor child, is earthly happiness?"

Far be it from me to raise my pagan eyes and ask, "And what happiness, poor shades, have you had since leaving earth?"

Ah, the cloister! Before telling you of Germany I must tell you of our cloister. We moved in on a Saturday, November 5. On Sunday, November 6, the following was pencilled to type some day. Indeed after a paragraph or so the idea of broadcasting the glories of our cloister for the world at large to read made a strong appeal—and then we realized we were not in a sane enough frame of mind to pass on impressions to posterity.

Which reminds me of something I once wrote in Berlin, twelve years ago, when I longed to earn some money on the side and help out. I wrote a story about Carl and me and

the babies and Europe and called it "Just Happiness." We were too hard up to think of having it typed so I printed it by hand, page after page. The first two editors sent it back saying it was too difficult to read. Carl insisted it was worth having typed, though it cost all of $2.50. The only comment I ever got on the thing, other than printed return slips, was that the world really was not interested in the unalloyed happiness of others—they wanted tragedy thrown in. Finally the story got lost altogether.

There is real suffering in not being able to share extraordinary joy with others. Perhaps indeed real extraordinary joy cannot be felt alone—it must, to be extraordinary, always be shared. We are in no mood to philosophize this Sunday morning. We are in a mood to shout to the skies—and philosophers never shout. They ponder, and then give forth their ponderings in softly modulated voices, long pauses in between. Perhaps some philosopher some time might somehow get to that point of bliss where he too would suddenly feel like shouting; but then, being a philosopher, he would necessarily have to ask himself, why shout? Why feel like shouting? What, after all, is bliss? Is there really such a thing as bliss? If so, why? If not, why not? And by that time the psychological moment for shouting would have passed. Perhaps, with it, the psychological moment for feeling bliss. Whereat the philosopher would sigh, in modulation, and conclude, in modulation, that, as he suspected all along, he was mistaken in considering that there ever might really be such an emotion inside of one, the feeling of which could ever cause one to wish to shout.

All the same, I cannot help but feel that the philosopher would be healthier if he pondered less and shouted more. It is true that if you get pondering too much you can think of so many things wrong with the world there surely could be no urge to break into sounds of joy. I am certain no editor of any radical paper ever wants to shout from bliss and happiness. Being personally scant on phil-

osophy and long on joys, I cannot help but feel that the extreme state of happiness—that state where you just cannot "hold in"—is attended with advantageous physical reactions which do not necessarily attach themselves to philosophizing. Philosophizing is a peaceful physical state. In extreme joy it does seem as if all your insides were in one agitated condition of soda pop. It must be good for one's insides to feel that way every so often. You realize that explosion is imminent. Indeed some sort of a psychological explosion does take place, in that you suddenly seem to spread all over the world. In an extreme state of happiness you love everyone in creation. You feel as if you were everybody and everybody was you. You love all ages of history, in that you feel as if you suddenly were one with everything that ever had happened in creation. You feel a poignant different appreciation of every non-human thing that grows—trees, hills, grass, flowers. They are all part of the wonder of this universe which allows you to experience such exhilarating sensations; which permits events so to transpire that at a given time and place everything has concurred to make you sure that after all there never was anyone in the world with such supreme good fortune as your own self. Arriving at which point—you shout. Or if not a really dictionary shout, at least you sing a jumble of every song you know all crooked and on end. And you do make certain noises which have no dictionary name. They are just joy noises. A good philosopher would be disgusted. But there is no philosopher, good or bad, about. There is a small daughter who inquires somewhat disapprovingly why you have sung eleven times in succession:

> "This is the day they give babies away
> With half a pound of tea."

So you can see into what sensible and appropriate channels of expression extreme gladness can lead one. Anyone else may well ask "Why such excitement over an old cloister?" The fact remains, just the same, that there is

such excitement over an old cloister. Since it is over an old cloister, it is indeed to be pondered over by the philosopher why then one should go singing eleven times,

"This is the day they give babies away
With half a pound of tea."

2

Again we must leave it to the philosopher to ponder on the amazing way one little happening, or two or three little happenings, can overnight, as it were, alter the course of human events. We can truthfully say, for instance, that all this joy is due to certain persons drinking a cup of coffee. That one thing leaves me this Sunday morning where I never dreamed—a thousand times never—that I should ever be last Sunday morning. Is not the world exciting?

Going on a thousand years ago, holy men spaded the first dirt away to build the Kloster St. Georgen in Stein am Rhein, Switzerland. Only it was not Switzerland then. Three quarters of a century ago a certain Swiss, long may his name be praised, acquired the deserted cloister. Acquired it, did the father of our Ferdinand Vetter, because of his love for the beauty of it, and to save it from being turned into a factory. Some fifty years ago the son came into possession. Through the years his time and fortune and his skill and patience have gone to preserving the treasures of the cloister, inch by inch. Every touch was reverent. Every restoration was done with gentleness and long study. Much was accomplished with his own hands. The man is now old, grey haired. His life in great part has gone to the preservation of his beloved cloister. A year ago he resigned from the University of Berne, and he and his wife moved to Stein am Rhein to live the rest of their days in the apartment of one of the old abbots, refitted, where necessary, to the simple needs of a scholar in 1921.

The dear Frau Professor found the cloister lonely after the capital of Switzerland. (She is the step-daughter of

one of the great Swiss poets, Widmann. In their home foregathered the great and the learned of the land. On her old grand piano now upstairs in the cloister, Brahms himself often played, and Clara Schumann.)

These are three rather fundamental steps in the ensuing chronicle, none of which can well be disregarded. The Kloster had to be built, Herr Professor Vetter had to acquire it, his dear Frau had to get lonely—or there would be no more for me to tell. For I, ignorant wild western I, had never so much as heard of the Kloster St. Georgen, or of Stein am Rhein. One is never done of being ignorant.

Then follow the non-consequentials, which nevertheless were necessary. The Director of Jim's school and the Frau Director take coffee with the Herr Professor and his lonely Frau—last Sunday, that. The Frau Professor tells of her loneliness. The apartment of Abbot David, built in 1510, could easily be fitted up to rent. Did the Swiss friends know of a *gebildite Frau* (that, please remember, means *educated!*) who might like to rent said apartment? The Swiss friends thought of me. I arrive in Stechborn Monday to visit Glarisegg, Jim's school. The Herr Direktor overtakes me on the road from Stechborn to Glarisegg. And now, says the Herr Direktor, we can see about the apartment in the cloister. I listen to the H.D.'s account of the Sunday coffee party with something of indifference. I am not interested in cloister apartments. Up to date I have never taken such a state of affairs into consideration. Me—living in a cloister. I thank the Herr Direktor, however, for thinking of me as a *gebildite* Frau. He, in return, assures me I must see the cloister. I can do that "*ohne Verbindlichkeit.*" Which is beyond my powers of German. I can make out that I visit the cloister without something. At last the Herr Direktor is able to rescue me from my doubts and despairs. He burnishes up his English, and in a pained and strained fashion, pausing between syllables, tells me he means "with-out Ob-li-gations." Pleasant things to leave behind.

The stage is set for the Inevitable. The next afternoon we are off on bicycles, the *gebildite* Frau pumping away with somewhat unused legs. The Herr Director breezes along, conversing amiably on this and that. He has leg muscles which I eye, after a spell, almost maliciously. They are the result of years of scaling Swiss alps, and putting miles—kilometers—of Swiss roads behind him on a bicycle. I feel a good bit the way I did those first days of working a foot press in a brass factory. My conversation becomes puffingly limited to "Ja" and "Nein." The Herr Director perhaps wonders if he was justified in recommending me as a *gebildite* Frau. Anyway I know I am going to put my bicycle in the baggage car and ride back to Stechborn in a train.

In my mind's eye now we are on the old wooden bridge across to Stein am Rhein. The Herr Direktor has told me to get off the bicycle, he wishes to show me something. My bones creak, my muscles ache. And the Herr Direktor points out the Kloster St. Georgen. It is right here the hopeless feeling overtakes me—my powerlessness to put into words the sensations of the next few hours. I remember clearly that the churny feeling of joy began to stir within me at the first sight of the Kloster from the bridge. First came the two old, tall, straight poplars. Next the irregular roof and turnings of an old Kloster outhouse. Next the great willow, half as tall as the poplars, with one branch bending over the old wall and falling so that the tips of its drooping smaller branches played on the Rhine below. Next, the Kloster itself, all irregular turns and angles, windows of this height and that, here and there bits of dark red paint still adhering to the wooden beams in the plaster, and almost every available space covered with now faded paintings, the largest St. George and the Dragon. It was built right out into the very Rhine. So—did living in a cloister mean living *there?*

Over the bridge we turned an unexpected corner right into an arched way leading past the old prison (1665),

through the old rounded gateway into the outside court—crooked corners, moss-grown tiled roofs at unorthodox angles, weathered planks holding up unsuspected balconies, paintings on walls here, there and all around. The Herr Direktor opened the outer Kloster gate, and there we were in the Kaiser Heinrichs Hof—an old fountain, trees, old steps leading down through an open doorway to the river. Ahead, under a covered way, up stone stairs worn with the footsteps of many an abbot long departed, was the door with its strangely wrought iron hinges and weighty lock. So—did living in a cloister mean entering this world of romance?

The Herr Direktor pulled a bell cord, pulled before by how many friends and enemies of abbots loved and feared?—and a buxom, red-cheeked German peasant girl, she who serves the Herr Professor and his Frau, bade us enter. The Herr Professor was for the moment out, but the *gebildite* Frau was to see the apartment. Through the first hallway, old carvings, painted walls, a glimpse of the little chapel through an open door to the left; through the second hallway, with its carved chests, carved washstand, old fireplace, every bit of wall space paintings, the most noticeable being a rather Sir Walter Raleigh-looking St. Christopher gingerly carrying a bored-looking Christ Child through the stream, tame sophisticated fish almost blocking St. Christopher's way.

The buxom "help" opened a rounded door half covered with the pattern of its wrought iron hinges and lock. All I could do was give a foolish gasp. My western eyes, fed on sky scrapers of late and New York "apartments for rent," had never beheld in their now-past-a-third-of-a-century of gazing, anything remotely resembling this room. I drank in all that was humanly possible in a moment, objectively. Then it sank into my understanding that the Herr Direktor was telling me that this was the living room of the apartment of Abbot David which he and his wife had thought that I, as a *gebildite* Frau, might rent, to keep the

Herr Professor's wife from longing unduly for the sights and sounds of Berne. I turned blank eyes upon him. Did he mean really to imply that I—*I* might live in this room? Yes, this was the living-dining room.

"It's mine, it's Mine, it's MINE!" I cried.

The poor Herr Direktor. He was used to composed Swiss ladies who deliberate duly, and consult with relatives, especially if they are cast adrift in the world unattached to a male.

"*Aber* Frau Parker!" he began. And he expostulated with me on the advisability of keeping calm and at least looking at the other rooms. I did not care, I told him, if there were no other rooms. If I could have just this one, and go in and out of it through those various halls and doorways we had just seen. It was Mine!

"*Aber* Frau Parker—!"

I at once admit I know nothing about art or the middle ages. I majored in history in college and possess a jumbled picture of decades and centuries of warring priests and princes, of trade caravans and robber barons, of chaotic shifting states and kings. Nothing stands out clearly, except the ruined castles along the Neckar we learned to know so well, and love. One is indeed never done of being ignorant. It is most humbly I write of my cloister. I do not know the correct name of anything in it. I have few standards of comparison, having scant acquaintance with cloisters, on the whole. A cat may look at a king, but she never makes the mistake of giving publicity to her ideas concerning the gentleman. It might be argued that I have a perfect right to gaze upon my Abbot David's dining room, a perfect right to love it, but no justification for passing on my raptures to a world much more sophisticated than I. Then world, come see my Abbot David's *Speisezimmer* for yourself!

And I shall rest content to say merely—if only my forbearance will be appreciated, for it hurts not to go into details of glowing love and admiration for every inch of

it!—that my Abbot David's *Speisezimmer* was built about 1500, that it is possessed of wood carvings around the walls, in patterns on the ceiling, around the doors and windows, some old, some modern. It is not just carved, but each bit of work is softly colored in dull reds and blues and greens. The walls are woodwork a bit more than half way, then plaster. Every inch of plaster is painted—the story, step by step, of the founding and history of the cloister—all in soft shades of grey. There are two alcoves in the room, one jutting out south into the Rhine, seven small windows, two facing east, three south and two west. A window seat follows the three sides, in the middle a heavy table with carved legs, footrests worn with the pressure of holy feet. Mine are there now! The other alcove faces west—toward California. As to furniture, there is one brand new chair, dated 1798. Most of the others are a hundred years or so older. There are two old carved cupboards of sorts, two carved and inlaid tables. In a corner stands a large green tile *Kachelofen*—the kind you put a bundle of wood in twice a day and it keeps warm all winter. There is a rice pudding baking in the little box-like hole in it now.

My feet on the foot rest of the Abbot's table, my rice pudding baking in the cloister oven——. Heigh-ho, you Abbot! Tempus does surely fugit.

And the poor distraught Herr Direktor with his pleading "*Aber* Frau Parker!"—as if the hands of the gods could be held up like that.

I do look at the other two rooms—never objectively. They are Mine. There is the carved four poster—but I know my little Swiss friend must have that. It is plump against another green tile stove, in a smaller room, and my little Swiss friend gets the chills at many degrees before I do. For me to be kind and let my little Swiss friend sleep in that carved four poster—carved roof it has to it too!—may serve to appease the soul of Abbot David.

How it must need to be appeased. If the Frau Pro-

fessor desired me to be *gebildet,* Abbot David would surely feel there was something far more necessary in a lady than education. Be good, sweet Maid, and let who will be clever. Abbot David's spirit would whisper to the Frau Professor, "if she is to have my *Wohnung,* indeed she must concern herself with things celestial." Which she doesn't do at all, morning, noon, or night. The Frau Professor said nothing to the Herr Direktor about celestial; the Herr Direktor said nothing to me about celestial. I came honestly enough. But now that I am here, the spirit of it all sinking into my soul, I am forced to admit that whatever Abbot David believed would exist of himself after death is surely not pleased with me as a choice for tenant in his very abode. Bear with me, dear, dear Abbot David. Even your holy soul must surely rejoice to see anyone so happy—even if it is a wicked, worldly happiness. Carved wood and wrought iron and soft colorings are indeed not fit cause for rejoicings, if one's eyes are not lifted more than half the time away from the handiwork of man to the abode of God on High. But dear Abbot David, my God is not on high—he is in carved wood and wrought iron and soft colors, and the willow swishing the Rhine in the November gale, and in buxom peasant Ottilie, and her master, the dear grey haired Herr Professor, and the moss on the tiled roofs, and the three laughing Swiss boys who just sailed up the river and into the Lake of Constance in all the storm.

3

But we must jump back some days before we really moved. We were looking at the Four Poster, symbol of such offerings of compromise as I, uncelestial I, can make Abbot David. Through that room, already mine, as noted, we descended two worn wooden steps into the Kaiser Heinrich's room with its wooden ceiling carved and painted so that it resembled a Persian rug. By that time my insides were in a state which would have entirely alarmed the

sedate Herr Direktor. I wanted to embrace him. I wanted to embrace Ottilie. I should have liked us all to take hands and whirl around in a circle as fast as ever we could. Instead all I did was to make nondescript noises.

"*Aber* Frau Parker!" said the Herr Direktor, now totally discouraged. "You're only a child!" And he had recommended me as a *gebildite* Frau. Poor Herr Direktor. Poor Abbot David. Happy me.

Ottilie then guided us through the entire Kloster, while we waited for the Herr Professor to return. I forgot every creaky bone, every tired muscle. I drank in the Middle Ages. At least a fraction of it. The Herr Direktor played an appropriate tune on an old carved organ while I tugged on a leather strap, which tugging furnished the organ with what was necessary for sound. We fingered century old books reverently in a cloister cell. We went back again and looked at my apartment. Here was that Herr Direktor who had recommended me as a tenant, pleading with me now not to say "Yes" to the Herr Professor to-day. But why, when every inch of me said *yes?* Because—because —one musn't act so hastily. He was not used to people acting so hastily. I must promise to think it over at least one day.

The Herr Professor came, bless his grey-haired heart, and we talked business, which was foolish, because I was going to live in those three rooms no matter *what.* I would eat crusts and skim milk, varied perhaps by a fish I might catch myself out of one of our sixteen leaded windows opening over the Rhine. I would wear the clothes I possessed and buy nothing new until my sons got married in ten to fifteen years. I would journey back to the United States when the time for journeying came, in steerage. I *would* have Abbot David's *Wohnung.* And then to be told, rather hesitatingly, that it was yours for less than one tenth of what you paid for an unfurnished apartment in New York! Unbelievable. With the "freedom of the Kloster" thrown in. And for your daughter the un-

limited use of the Abbots' garden on the Rhine, two fountains and a garden house in it, trees, vegetables, flowers, a path down to a shallow pebbly beach. In addition, to the unending joy of that young female person, there is a swing for her. Where should it be but under the shelter of the old *Kreuzgang,* or cloister way, by the monks' garden in the very center of the Kloster, and just around the corner from that side of the *Kreuzgang* where the old Abbots are buried. There she swings, the bobhaired, five-year-old bit of sunshine, and as I watch her I think, "Oh you Abbots, under your grey stone slabs—What would you think of the world if you could know the part that women are playing in it and the still larger part they will be playing by the time this swinging small Californian finds herself full grown?"

Which again is ahead of the story. Because we were merely talking business with the Herr Professor. And the Herr Direktor's eye glued on me lest I fall—and say yes. Just to show him, I said nothing. I told the Herr Professor I would write him in a day or so. The Herr Direktor and I drank coffee in the Volksheim. There I made arrangements for the noonday meal, dinner. My little Swiss friend, my child and I, should eat our fill for 4.60 frs. (Swiss) a day—say 85c—the three of us. Shades of the Ritz Carlton!

And then I would be bossed by the Herr Direktor no longer. I strode around and we pulled the bell again and the dear Herr Professor himself came to the door and I said "We will move in on Saturday." Then we got on our bicycles—one of them a bicycle which was to have ridden home in a baggage car. One of the riders, the female one, had thought that surely she must needs travel home in a train, for the aches and pains in her bones. Ah, the psychology of fatigue! This time it was the Herr Direktor who panted. This time it was the Herr Direktor who was forced to limit himself to *"Ja"* and *"Nein."* Forced he was, at length, to ask the *gebildite* Frau please to go

more slowly! Twice, on the way home, he shook his head again and said "You're nothing but a child!"

And so in four days we moved.

After four days of rapturous dreamings it did seem as if surely one's hopes must have risen too high. I almost feared to see the abode of my Abbot David again. Then think of finding you had only half noted its wonders in that first ecstatic inspection! Every place there are electric lights, so deftly conceived one scarce notices they are electric lights. They look like old pewter and iron candle-holders. Those carved stands beside the beds with what looked like old pewter bowls set in them are in reality modern washstands, if you please, with running water, and a cork you pull out. We cook our breakfasts and suppers on an electric plate. We have then all that Abbot David had of peace and beauty, plus comforts he never knew.

And we have the dear old grey-haired professor, which is more again than Abbot David ever had. The Herr Professor is almostly childishly happy because we love his cloister so. He beams and beams and comes down stairs from his abbot's *Wohnung* above, or sends Ottilie, every little while, to see if there is anything else he can get or do for us. This morning early he sent down books about the cloister, the morning paper, and a note saying that our desires in the line of milk should be written on the slate which hangs at the feet of the holy Luke. There are so many holies around we could not think where the holy Luke might be, but we found him at last—a more than life size painting on the wall inside the first Kloster gate. He has given us a key of our own to the front entrance. I measured it—six and a quarter inches long. If I had scales I would weigh it and tell that. The Frau Professor is away on a visit. I almost dread her homecoming, for it is very sure I shall not in the least measure up to her idea of the sort of *gebildite* Frau she was after for company. It may be she really was so very lonely though that she will be glad of having just anybody at all—any old

Cloister Gate—Stein am Rhein.

thing—or young thing. At least the Herr Professor is happy we are here. I shall know every inch of his Kloster before I'm done, every story about it he knows.

Already one joke is uncovered. I have just had a chance to learn something of my Abbot David—one of the Herr Professor's books is about the old abbots. I must believe for a moment that the shades of my Abbot David still inhabit the earth. I must be allowed to imagine him reading what I wrote about him and his celestiality, and that he would not approve at all of me. How he must have chuckled when he read about his eyes being ever on God on High! Chuckled, and then he surely winked at the shade of a brother abbot who entered with him to see what was going on in his old haunts.

It remains to be seen if his spirit can stand three boys in his *Wohnung* over Christmas, my own two and Arthur. As for the Herr and Frau Professor, shades of holy abbots and monks, who were once boys yourselves, intercede for me in a double capacity! Soften the hearts of the Herr and Frau Professor, lest they look with abject dismay upon the appearance of three male young. Secondly, in the capacity of holy men of peace and solitude, influence these same three that they deport themselves as becomes the tenants of an ancient cloister. Abbot David, please, oh please may they not scrap once!

(And then, having Abbot David's number, he and I grin at each other knowingly. For, once again to use a slang phrase, evidently Scrapping was Abbot David's middle name.)

4

I can reread those rhapsodies months and months later, and feel sure I did not overstate the case. If anything, I love the cloister more now than I did then. At that writing it held for me only the second hand imagined memories of abbots dead and gone. Now, besides its mellow carved walls and remembrance of good men of the

Middle Ages who crossed its portals, it is rich in immediate memories of my very own. There have been days spent here I shall never forget, some because they were very happy, some, a few, because they weren't. Also at times just the gregariousness of us rose up and demanded a bit of satisfaction. It seemed cruel to be in a place so glorious, and no friends to enjoy it with us, no one with whom we could discuss the books we at last had a chance to read at leisure within its uninterrupted stillness and peace. Often we have longed for solitude. Stein was the first experience of longing for people. Longing for friends, just a few, with whom we could now and then share our unbelievable good fortune.

But that phase was of very intermittent duration. For the most part there was so fearfully much to do. And how fearfully old and subdued we must be growing to call Stein a place of fearfully much to do! For one year in New York we were home five times two nights in succession. In Stein from November 5th, 1921, to December 24th, 1922, we were out all told, counting day and night (and taking in everything in the social, educational and musical calendar) to twelve Functions! The first was a concert by local talent—female voices in the dead of winter singing tremblingly of love and spring. There was the Christmas tree at the boys' school both in 1921 and 1922, one hour and a half's walk distant. There was a reading of his poems by Anton Wildganz of Vienna—how he ever found his way to Stein is still a town mystery. There was a quartet in Stechborn one Sunday afternoon. June Bug and I went by train. A boy from the sons' school carrying a violin music stand and riding a bicycle ran into the child, to his abject dismay, and hers more abject, as she flattened out in her Sunday best in the middle of the road. Which caused the dear Frau Professor somewhat disapprovingly to remark, on my narrating the event to her later, that I was more like a sister to my children than a mother. I suppose it must have had something to do

with the idea that had I been the right kind of mother the bicycle would have run into me. Once some movies were shown in Stein, in the Volksheim. Once I talked to a girls' club—we started it earlier in the cloister—on my factory experiences in New York. My German struck one girl as so funny she giggled all evening, to the chagrin of the other members. Once I went to a 'cello concert in the church. There was tea once and Sunday dinner once with the station guard and his wife; supper once with the baker's family. June Bug's kindergarten had an afternoon picnic. I pushed somebody's twins up a hill to it—hottest day in the year. And once at 3 a.m. I went to a fire.

Here I stopt and read days and days of my New York diaries. Now, in the midst of this peace and uneventfulness, I look back upon those two mad hectic whirlwind full years in New York and wonder how in the world I ever stood it. When I wasn't out it was so remarkable that I wrote "Home!" in my diary with an exclamation mark after it. That's no way to live. But it was wondrous just the same! What if I had been able to look ahead from the scurry and tear of New York to thirteen months and twelve functions in Stein am Rhein! But the fact of the matter is, I've not been idle five minutes in Stein. That is, not the kind of idleness where one chafed at having nothing to do. Every so often of course I would sit still and just think, and look, and admire, and rejoice.

Only those who have been some years in a frame of mind where they can't yet allow themselves inactivity, realize how blessed it is just to sit and think quietly, with nobody but oneself for company. Only a person pretty much at peace with his own soul and pretty much in love with life can allow himself a bit of idleness. It is frightening, otherwise. Perhaps that is why such a lot of work gets done in the world. Because there are so many people for one reason or another too ill at ease with themselves to sit still. I'm not implying for a minute that only par-

tially miserable people get things done. Anyhow, ninety-nine per cent of us have to labor to keep alive. Nor am I discounting that far famed inner urge to work, churning within us, one and all. But I am very much implying that only well adjusted souls dare ever be idle now and then from choice. Really idle I mean. Not a substitution of society functions for social work, golf for the office. I mean sitting perfectly still, doing absolutely nothing but think, and happy at just that.

Surely I've told you of the lecture in Boston, almost my very first, where I got "het up" over the fact that twentieth century civilization allows for so little thinking. The higher up and more responsible position a man achieves, the less time he is apt to have for judicious weighings of judgments and decisions. A mad dash from a committee meeting to a directors' meeting to a business appointment to a banquet. Where is the allowance for a bit of uninterrupted solitude? If anyone should see a friend sitting perfectly still any place, alone, he would not hesitate a moment in deciding the man was definitely ill—indeed more probably fearfully conclude he had passed away sitting up from a stroke of something.

When I got through with the lecture a strange man came up.

"You know that's all true, what you said about thinking. I'm speaking from experience. It got so that the only place I ever got a chance to think was in the bath tub. And then every time didn't my wife rattle the doorknob and call shakily, 'Charlie, are you sick, or drowned, or anything? Surely you don't need all that time for a bath?' 'No,' I told her finally, 'I'm not sick or drowned. I'm just thinking.' And do you know what the woman did? She had a shower bath put in. That was three years ago. I swear I haven't thought since."

But whether it's that civilization goes at such a pace nowadays we all must needs rush about desperately, or whether it's that civilization churns us into a state of

The Market Place—Stein am Rhein.

The Cloister House—Stein am Rhein.

nerves where our own souls drive us on to unceasing activity in self-defense, to save us from melancholia or the mad house——.

Heigh-ho, be that as it may, it was good indeed to curl up in the alcove of Abbot David's dining room jutting out into the Rhine and find that after all one got along very admirably with oneself. And that the world, or rather our corner of it, suited us very well indeed. And gloried in the fact that day in day out there was never an interruption to the selfish peaceful use we chose to make of that corner of it. No telephone, no cares of any sort or description—that chance every mortal dreams about, of doing just exactly what he or she wants to do when he or she wants to do it, and no conscience irritating a person with the notion that a person ought to be doing something else. Just writing, reading, reading and writing.

Though we *did* wish more people could see our cloister!

And indeed, not just our cloister, but its setting and background, Stein am Rhein.*

* What a valuable and necessary training for an effusive intellect working in the employ of Mr. Karl Baedeker must be.

"12-1/2 M. [that's from Schaffhausen] Stein am Rhein (1364') The station is on the left bank, in the village of Burg (Hôt. Steinerhof), where the walls of a Roman castrum with four towers have lately been uncovered. [And I never once went to look at them.] A wooden bridge crosses the Rhine to the picturesque old town (Hôtel Rheinfels, with terrace on the river, R.2-3, pens.6-7 fr.; Sonne [Imagine having to put just Sonne, that way, without a word further about it. And not to mention Herr and Frau Morat.]; Dr. Bohni's Sanatorium, pens.6-7-1/2fr. [and I never went to that], with 1800 inhab. and many quaint old houses adorned with paintings. [How *can* a man hold in like that? If you could see that Rathaus Platz!] In the Rathaus are frescoes by Haeberlin, stained glass, and old standards and armor. Above the Rhine bridge is the interesting *Convent Museum of St. George* (adm. 1fr., printed guide 1fr.), an old Benedictine monastery in excellent preservation, with interior decorations of the 14-16th centuries. [And I wasted a whole article on the place. And at that never mentioned the interior decorations of the 14-16th centuries referred to.]

"The neighbouring woods afford pleasant walks. To the N. of the town (40 min. by road) rises the old castle of Hohenklingen (1945'; inn, pens.4-1/2-5-1/2fr.), restored in 1897, commanding a fine * View of the Alps from Vorarlberg to the Jungfrau [only you could never view them] and of the Untersee and the picturesque

I wonder if there is any place in the world where less happens than in Stein am Rhein—that is, any place where 1800 people live in close proximity. In Rapperswil, down the end of the Lake of Zurich, where we spent a month before the luck of the cloister fell upon us, they at least had wedding parties. In wedding season there was an air about Rapperswil of something happening almost all the time. Nobody ever does outgrow thinking a wedding, even if it unites two souls you never laid eyes on before and never will again, as an Event. I'd turn around any day in the year to gaze at a Bride and Groom.

In New York, come to think of it, I never once in two years got a chance. Someone—some two—must have gotten married in New York during those two years. One's common sense demands acceptance of the fact that marriages take place fairly often among six million people. But where and when, and how, and who looked on? No one can convince me that more of New York's six million were married in two years than Rapperswil's two thousand in a month. I saw them in Rapperswil.

It was almost daily brought home to the most casual inhabitant that about all Switzerland does is to get married. One comes to feel that behind that New York skyline three thousand miles away are people whose main interest in life is getting into a subway a fraction of a second before someone else. Dark clad male and female individuals rush hither and yon, and while of a summer evening on a bus top, or a Sunday at Coney Island, it is unavoidably apparent that two people of opposite sex may possess allurements for one another which can no longer be hid from even the most commercial of public gazes, the actual nuptials, for all the average of us is aware, never take place.

valley of the Rhine.—Another good point of view is the Wolkenstein (1922), a rocky hill with a pavilion, 1-1/4 hr. to the N.W. of Stein; we follow the road to (20 min.) a finger-post at the W. base of the Hohenklingen hill, and then take the path through the woods."

Baedeker: Switzerland: 1911.

In Rapperswil, on the contrary, all one is aware of is nuptials. Some place in Switzerland, one's same common sense tells one, there must be the equivalent for a bus top, and two folk must hold hands and forget that anyone else exists in creation. It is not done in Rapperswil. Every place about are offspring of all ages, and more to come. Sundays the mother puts on her Sunday dress of seasons come and gone, the father wears his Sunday suit, they wheel the baby buggy, the other children toddle along as well as various scarcely differentiated pairs of legs allow. Also Sundays the day begins with the sound of drums, and along the bridge from Hurden tramps in military file some walking club—males of varying ages, sixteen to forty. They are off for a Sunday hike, drum and all. Later the *Pfäffikon* Bicycle Club troops across the bridge, the head bicycler bearing aloft a large standard, flying bravely in the breeze. All men. Later the Zurich lake steamers begin disgorging their Sunday crowds at the little pier of quiet crooked old Rapperswil. Groups of boys and men together, married couples with children, a few scattered smaller groups of girls. If one takes a Sunday trip on the train, here and there and often are joyous parties of laughing, joking youths—not a girl to be seen. Not once yet have I beheld a youth and a maid together, Sundays or week-days. The Swiss themselves assure me the sight is rare.

Yet day after day come the wedding parties to Rapperswil. Where the preliminaries take place—the first embarrassed glances, the first heart throbs, the first hand holdings, the first kiss—where? But the wedding celebration—ha! that we had, one after another, every day in the week, except Friday and Sunday, in our little quiet old crooked Rapperswil. Each time with interest afresh I rushed to the balcony and peered over to see the sight.

"*Ach* then," asked my sweet-faced Swiss hotel keeper. "Do they have no weddings in the United States?"

"Ach," I mourned, "None that you can ever *see*."

Falling in love must be very much the same the world over; but certainly weddings are nothing like the same. I would hear a rumbling in my room. So well did I come to know just what that rumbling meant,—wedding hacks coming along the bridge from across the lake. Or a wedding hack, singular. Usually there are two. Once, one never-to-be-forgotten time, there were ten; but so grand a function as that did not condescend to stop in Rapperswil for the main part of the celebration—meaning, of course, the regular meal. No, they drew up in front of our rival hotel. (You found yourself holding it a bit against the whole performance that it was at the Hotel du Lac and not our Hotel Schwanen they stopped.) Extra waitresses hired for the occasion dashed out with trays, and the ten hackfuls drank red wine. Everybody got out and stretched their legs,—whereupon it became apparent that the Hotel du Lac was not the first stop for light refreshments the Ten had made. One gentleman in a top hat and Prince Albert coat took three wavery snap-shot pictures of the bride and groom in complete shadow. It was the gentleman who was wavery, not the bride and groom. Everybody helped everybody else back into their own or the wrong hacks, and away they drove. For that occasion of the Ten, most of Rapperswil long inured and grown somewhat indifferent to wedding feasts, turned out to gaze, and felt rewarded. Old and young stopped work and play, male and female lined up as near as they dared without being bitten or trod upon by the horses. Everyone was very happy to be stared at. Everyone was very happy to stare. A little one-hack wedding party at the same hotel forgot their own feast in the excitement of gazing at such splendor. I spent most of the time hoping the little one-hack bride was not envying the ten-hacker. I kept wishing that she was saying to herself:

"Yes, she has ten hacks; but look at the husband I drew!"

The only damper to my hopes was that the one-hacker

groom looked anything but an object of bride-like pride of acquisition. Still there is never any telling what a bride really thinks about a groom.

So then, there would be the rumblings of the wheels of one, two, or three hacks on the bridge. We would run to the balcony, if we were not already there. Thursdays and Saturdays we were sure to be already there. These are the special wedding days. In the first hack—and no matter if the weather is almost freezing the hacks are always open—rides the bride and groom. If there is only one hack, along with the bride and groom rides the rest of the wedding party; the best man, the bridesmaid, father and mother and a few little brothers and sisters. Squashy. If it is a real farmer wedding, an *echte Bauern-Hochzeit,* the bride wears a black dress, silk if possible, cut a little low in the neck. Always, always there is the white veil, streaming out in the breezes as the hack crosses the bridge. Always the hack is decorated with flowers. If an *echte Bauern-Hochzeit,* the flowers are a fearful mixture of every variety and kind that grows—mostly dahlias and daisies of colors the combinations of which, if there can be any belief in symbolic meanings, might forecast that the bride and groom would start disagreeing one hour after the ceremony, and never stop. The horses are decorated, the coachman wears a polished hat and has a white bow on his left shoulder. The bride carries a bouquet of red, pink, yellow, etc., etc., dahlias and daisies.

If the wedding party aspires to higher estate, there are two hacks, or three even. There may be only the bride and groom and best man and bridesmaid occupying the first hack. The aunts and uncles and fathers and mothers and little brothers and sisters follow along behind. The bride wears a white dress. The flowers she carries and the flowers on the hack are white. All this happens about two o'clock in the afternoon. Their destination is Rapperswil, and their object is food, food, and more food, together with wine, wine and more wine—all of which,

if they are wise, they order at our Hotel Schwanen and not at that rival hotel up the street. Incidentally some place we must mention that the groom, unless he be of the lowest strata, always is panoplied in a high silk hat. Even most of the *echte Bauern* seem to possess, or be able to borrow for the occasion, high silk hats. The groom having thus been accorded more space than is usual in accounts of weddings.

At a little after two the wedding party starts eating. If it is a modest wedding party—black-dress, one-hacker—they usually eat in a small private dining room upstairs on the second floor. We used to peek through the keyhole, but they are all alike. They sit and eat and eat vociferously, and drink. No one says anything. So much for available local color there.

A two or three hack party eats in the big upstairs dining-room. Away across the room, empty but for the bridal table, a man plays the piano—plays and plays one terrible tune after another. He is hired for the occasion. The wedding party eats and eats *and* eats. After they have eaten and drunk enough to fill each soul with Swiss peace, they may do something else besides more eating. Someone, for instance, may recite something. Someone may sing a song. All of them may dance.

We had a wedding in late October. The temperature was close to freezing. At eleven o'clock in the morning the wedding party started for the church. The old folk were well muffled in wraps and mittens; the bride wore a thin, low-necked and short-sleeved, white, sheer summer dress, and a veil of course, and not a sign of a wrap. The old folk may have caught their deaths of colds. The bride undoubtedly never so much as got the snuffles. But her nose *was* almost blue. The groom's brother led her to the church. Just behind walked the groom and bridesmaid, who held the veil. Old and young, to the number of some ten, followed. We hung over the balcony and shivered in our shoes with the cold. About noon they were back—

the bride's nose really blue. Then they went upstairs to the big cold dining-room and started to eat, and the piano started to play. Some hours later they left off eating long enough to dance intermittently. At seven o'clock they ate again. When I went to sleep the piano was still going, and the eating and dancing—nine steady hours of it! At least the bride at last must have gotten warm.

I asked questions of my Swiss friends. They tell me it may be years before these wedding guests have another party in their lives. This one will be lived over, talked over, danced over, in memory, through more than one long winter snow.

The average wedding party begins to eat at two and leaves off about five. Then they depart for where they came from or, so they tell me, though it makes me entirely uncomfortable to believe it, they ride on to another town and eat more. Supper, I suppose.

Sometimes before departing the wedding party goes rowing on the lake. The bride sits in her white finery, veil, bouquet and all; the groom and best man, in the splendor of their Sunday best and buttonhole bouquets, do the rowing. Almost always, sometime in the course of the afternoon, the bride and groom in all their glory walk off arm in arm to one of the two photograph galleries,—but they come back and eat and drink a little more before they leave our Rapperswil for good.

The leaving is where the young of Rapperswil come in. For an hour they have been collecting, male and female from the ages of two to ten—there is some association of the sexes up to ten. They allow the wedding party to get seated in the hack, or hacks; which indeed demands patience, for the arranging of the bride's veil over the back of the hack is a concern which takes the bridesmaid some time. The coachman with his white bow makes some sort of a Swiss noise to the horses, and with the first turn of the wheels on the stones, the children clamber up to

the sides of the hacks and call in the Swiss dialect *"Furschtei! Furschtei!"* Whereat the occupants of the hacks, while the horses are rumbling them down the street, throw out wedding candies done up in colored papers, with a motto inside each. With every handful thrown out the band of youngsters falls all over itself, each grabbing what he or she can off the pavement. Then they tear on, still calling *"Furschtei! Furschtei!"* in the hopes of a second sprawl after a second handful. It is to be feared that the weighty advice of the mottoes enclosed is not always read and pondered over, though perhaps they are stored away for winter nights. Once I made a collection of discarded mottoes on the street. It was a Catholic wedding. The first motto read:

"So fest und treu sei unser Bund,
Wie Luthers Lehr und Glaubens Grund."

Less provocative of religious or moral controversy were such conclusive lines as:

"Weil du bist der Meine,
Bin ich auch die Deine."

Some one-hack weddings have no *Feuersteins* to throw. It is tragic to the young—or would be were they not assured by their experiences in the past of an endless stream of weddings to come, the great majority of which throw *Feuersteins.* Yet in each *Feuerstein*-less case hope dies hard. The children run for at least a block, calling with the eternal confidence of youth. We were wont to note from our balcony that it is the female who gives up last. Folly, each time, her hanging on like that.

One of my Swiss friends who is socialistically inclined tells me it is but an indication of the growing materialism of even her beloved people that nowadays the children run after the hacks calling boldly *"Furschtei!"* whereas in her day they called:

"Viel Glück und eine Stube voll Kinder!"

In her day, she confesses, they knew that the *Feuersteins* would be forthcoming. I suggested it might then mean merely that the present generation is more direct and honest. Certainly, around the age of six, one can't be nearly so concerned over the arrival in the dim distance of a roomful of offspring to perfectly strange people, as over the possibility of immediate acquisition of candy.

5

We did have one party at our hotel which was not a wedding. Only invited folk come to weddings. Anyone and everyone can come to dance at *Kilbi* time. *Kilbi* is a church holiday and comes but once a year.

Down the street by the station was the *Kilbi* fair—which proved that human nature is the same, or much more the same than different, in every land. For at the fair were two shooting galleries, only the beauteous "Kiss me" dolls as prizes, in my own Coney Island land, were lacking. But the ladies who called after the gentlemen to come and have a shot looked just like the ladies who call after gentlemen at Elk Fair shooting galleries, and First Avenue, Seattle, shooting galleries, and Coney Island shooting galleries. Then there was the strong-arm lady and the strong-arm man and the cow-girl and the snake charmer, and the "spieler" for all of it who looked and talked like "spielers" everywhere, and had the same resigned weariness as soon as he ceased urging attendance on his wares. He took time to go down the steps and through the non-convinced crowd at the bottom to—yes, kick—a man who was peering in through a low crack in the tent free of charge, at the snake charmer. How very much akin the world is.

There were the swings where earnest youths endeavored to go higher than the law allowed. There was the very deformed man, no legs, one arm, selling fortunes, each in a sealed envelope. He was doing a rush business. There was the merry-go-round—this one, small boats which

heaved up and down. The combination of the violent heavings plus the hasty goings-round, caused expressions not wholly joyous on the faces of the few martyred adults, forced to ride once due to the pleadings of offspring whose urgent desires outran their venturesomeness and who therefore needed company. The merry-go-round played the same tune all afternoon, a waltz popular, I remember, in Berlin ten years ago. Owing to long usage, or winter storage conditions, or the war, about a fifth of the notes were missing.

There were the toy balloons and harmonicas and play wrist-watches and Swiss flags for sale, all more expensive than in any store. For the rest it was less like the Elks, and more like Switzerland. There were many booths selling grapes, some selling Swiss cheese, many selling sausages, not "Wienies," some selling roasted chestnuts. And not a peanut to be seen.

But for those between twenty and forty the main part of *Kilbi* is the dancing. Every hotel and café and restaurant in Rapperswil, and the town is full of them, has free dancing, the one time in all the year. Peasants, farmers, country-folk of every sort, besides the towns-people from here, there and all about, flock into Rapperswil once a year for *Kilbi*—hundreds and hundreds of them. The dancing is free, the wine is not.

The dancing begins at two o'clock in the afternoon, at first a few stolid couples here and there. By three there are many stolid couples, and the waitresses scurry about to bring white wine to this tableful of men, red to that. Married couples are on hand, small parties of girls, but as ever, no intermingling of the unmarried. When the music starts, the chivalrously inclined young men stand up and survey the scene. Each, some place, espies a young lady to his fancy. He walks over, bends stiffly at the waist. The young lady looks as a young lady should in a land where the male sex is wont to treat her with more or less indifference,—which means, she looks pleased with herself. They

dance off to some tune everyone dances to in our own United States, the very same, only amazing Swiss words to it. The music stops, so do the dancers, stock-still, each just where he or she was at the last note. The brave and socially comfortable ones converse tentatively, the others just stand. After a brief pause the music starts again.

Switzerland dances more or less as America dances, the same inexplainable steps, the same inexplainable music. Was it only one generation ago these peasant folk were doing folk dances to an accordion?

The music stops again. This time each youth sees his lady to her table and her wine, and he dashes back to his table and his wine. It is of course much cheaper not to take a lady to a dance.

By four o'clock our hotel, at least, is crowded with dancers and onlookers, each with his or her wine, all still stolid and contained. On they dance and on they drink. By midnight the ice is broken and the Swiss peasant thaws out. He laughs, he sings, he claps.

"Yes," the Swiss tell you, "it is not until after midnight the Swiss peasant wakes up."

Since the Swiss peasant retires at about nine p.m. during practically the entire year, it can be appreciated that Switzerland—rural Switzerland—is on the whole a very stolid and contained place. No wonder that weddings are events! And *Kilbi! Kilbi* lasts until three a.m. officially; that is, our hotel music stopped at three a.m. After some twelve hours of wine and dancing the good folk take themselves off by foot, bicycle, and wagon, singing Swiss songs, which are a great improvement on American dance music, yodeling, calling Swiss jokes back and forth. Our sweet-faced Swiss hotel keeper told us the next morning that this year there were not quite so many people out for *Kilbi*, but—and here her pink cheeks shone with her beams of prosperity—this year they drank more wine!

But what we loved the most of all the *Kilbi* was the fat waitress at our hotel who danced practically every dance.

That is democracy for you. There were some stylish and well-to-do folk at the *Kilbi,* dancing. Everyone was dressed in the best clothes they had. But whirling in and out of the dancers was ever to be seen fat Mina in her white apron. No sooner did she fill an order of "more wine," than her cavalier dashed her off. She panted back in time to serve all her tables, then whirled off for her next waltz. Like the bride who couldn't catch cold in her summer dress in the chilliest of late October Swiss days, so undoubtedly Mina was "not a bit tired" at three a.m. Monday morning. That's the way it is with the female of the species.

Goodness knows a waitress in Switzerland deserves all the fun coming to her. Mina was hired "extra" for *Kilbi.* Our own little Tyrolean waitress, the only one our hotel boasted, started the day at six and worked till eleven at night, nor did she ever get a day or evening off, except on the rarest occasions. One Sunday it was pouring rain, so there would be scarcely a single Sunday guest at our hotel, usually swarming with excursionists who ate their Sunday fill. It was our Tyrolean Louisa's birthday. She was allowed the whole afternoon and evening off, to have coffee, and—food for the Gods!—whipped cream, and *sit down* at some friend's. Louisa's wages were around $4.00 a month. Of course there were tips, but few after September.

Our chambermaid, the one and only of the hotel, and it was a fair-sized hotel, was responsible for her regular room cleaning, and, with a little downstairs girl, spent three days a week doing all the hotel washing and ironing—lines and lines of it. Also, on Sundays Anna must wait on table. She started her day at six, and ended it at eleven. She had been there since January 1st, ten months, and in all that time she has had two days off. Anna and Louise got no chance to dance at *Kilbi.* Anna's wages were also about $4.00 a month, with very few tips.

But again I am reminded that life, or one's reaction to

life, is a matter of comparison. Tyrolean Louisa, instead of, as might be supposed, complaining of her sad fate in life, told of how much better off she was than servants in her home land. There a girl slaves early and late in return for two to three hundred *kronen,* and when Louisa left the Tyrol, a pair of shoes cost four hundred kronen. No sooner is a pair of shoes bought and paid for than an apron goes *"kaput,"* and a girl has to slave a couple of months more to buy herself a new apron. With all her improved station, it bothered Louisa that Swiss people are what she called *"ungebildet."* I asked her what she meant by "uneducated." She said that a servant at home would never dream of saying a mere *"Ja"* or *"Nein,"* as it is done in Switzerland, she noticed. In the Tyrol it is always *"Ja,* Frau Menzel," *"Nein,* Herr Myer." Nor for that matter does a daughter ever say *"Ja"* only to her mother, but always *"Ja, Mutter."*

"You see, we are better educated," says Louisa.

6

Indeed I must not forget that once, besides *Kilbi* and all the weddings, we had a Magician at our Hotel. He and his little wrinkled wife ate in our very dining-room. So near were we to greatness! As one is forever warned, it is always disappointing, such nearness. He tucked his napkin in his chin, and made most robust noises over his soup. His performance was to be in our very hotel, in the very room where the wedding parties dance. My little Swiss friend and I felt that to show proper hospitality, since he was a guest of our hotel we must attend his show. We did so reluctantly, I especially, being rather superior to the whole affair. For be it known I was brought up, as it were, on Herman the Great, and have hung on the coat tails of every Magician since. Why should I sit through an evening of a noisy soup-eater in the little old crooked town of Rapperswil?

Indeed I was brought low! We sat far back in a corner, in the one-franc, instead of one-franc-fifty, seats. Everyone was at tables. Everyone had of necessity—not that it agonized anyone—to drink wine. I say we "sat." Most of the time we stood up in our excitement, and I'm sure our mouths were open. I know our eyes were round as saucers. That man was a wonder! He kept everyone laughing, he kept everyone amazed. He did tricks I never saw equalled. Only, as I think of one of them, I shall always have an uncomfortable sensation. He rolled up, swiftly, a plain red cloth into a ball; slapped it, to all lay appearances, into his mouth; gave a mighty swallow, and produced a large beauteous silk Swiss flag from his shoe. Something to that effect. Simple, we'll say. He thereupon asked if anyone in the audience would like to learn that trick. Scores of male hands went up (the room was entirely filled with good townsfolk and peasants). The Herr Magician picked a curly headed youth with no collar, but a large collar button, from the table next to us—one of the boys who has charge of renting boats in front of our hotel. Covered with embarrassment he lurched up to the platform. He was told to sit in one chair. The Herr Magician sat in another. He was given a large red cloth. The Herr Magician took another.

"Roll it, so," said the Herr Magician.

The Row-boat Youth did the best he could. The Herr Magician held his red ball in the palm of his hand.

"Now, slap it into your mouth—so!"—and the Herr Magician gave his mighty swallow.

The Row-boat Youth slapped his red ball honest-to-goodness into his mouth, and it was a sizeable ball. He chewed and he chewed.

"Swallow!" said the Herr Magician.

The Row-boat Youth began to look pained about the eyes. I began to feel actually sick and had to gaze at the ceiling for a space.

"Open your mouth," ordered the Herr Magician, "and we'll see if it isn't down yet?"

The Row-boat Youth, quite agonized, opened his mouth—completely filled, it was, with red cloth. By this time the audience was shrieking—all but the Row-boat Youth, who never was more serious in his life.

"Ach!" said the Herr Magician, "He'll never learn this trick, that's sure."

He removed the red cloth gingerly—it must have felt the size of a bed-spread to the poor chewer by that time.

"What's this?" asked the Herr Magician, and he pulled an egg out of the youth's vest pocket. The youth blushed and giggled.

"*Also,*" grunted the fat Herr Magician, "we'll make him an omelette."

He borrowed a handsome silk hat from the audience. He broke the eggs into it. He stirred and added ingredients and stirred and added more. He held the concoction over a candle for a moment. The youth began sadly to ponder on his fate. After suffering over trying to swallow a square yard of red cloth, was he to stand in front of an audience and choke down this weird mixture? Finally he found courage to inform the Herr Magician that he would *not* swallow it.

"What!" exclaimed the wounded Herr Magician. "After all my trouble you'll not eat what I cook? Then, you shall get it on your head!"

With that he thumped the silk hat full of omelette on to the Row-boat Youth's head. He looked ready to die. The audience gasped and squirmed. Some women squealed.

Whereupon the Herr Magician lifted the hat and there stood a chicken on the head of the Row-boat Youth. The hat was returned in perfect condition. The youth lurched back to his far away table very much relieved in body and soul.

After two long acts of the Herr Magician, his little wrinkled wife who had taken in the money at the door,

seated herself on the stage, blindfolded. There followed what always amazes the naïve of us,—her faultless description of the most unheard-of possessions in the audience. The Row-boat Youth and I fail entirely to understand the hows and wherefores.

The next morning I asked the little Swiss hotel keeper if she did not think it a marvellous performance, the whole evening. She showed a strange lack of enthusiasm.

J—a,—he was quite a magician. The trouble was—the audience was so excited all the time—they drank hardly any wine at all!

That day I allowed the Herr Magician to make all the noises he wanted with his soup, and I looked very respectfully at his little wrinkled wife. They promised to come back and give another performance that winter. Had I known the date I think I'd have traveled all the way from Stein am Rhein to gasp and admire a second time.

I said that in and about Rapperswil at least there was no mingling of the sexes before matrimony. I mingled once —nay twice. Claire Sheridan and I don't seem to move in the same sets when we travel. She sits casually with the rulers of the nations. I get the plumbers and policemen. Well anyhow, nowadays it sometimes happens that my plumbers and policemen do away with her rulers. Or at least make her rulers uneasy.

Lend an ear to:

"THE ROMANCE OF RAPPERSWIL, OR, DO NOT LET YOUR CHANCES LIKE SUNBEAMS PASS YOU BY."

Once upon a time there was an honest plumber. He had a bicycle. As he was riding along the Bridge from Rapperswil to Hurden, the honest plumber saw a female person leaning over the bridge watching two men not catching any fish.

"I will watch the men not catching any fish, also," said the honest plumber.

He leaned over the bridge next to the female person.

"They are not catching any fish," said the honest plumber to the female person.

The female person did not know what the honest plumber said, as she could at that time understand no Swiss dialect.

"*Nein,*" said the female person.

The sun she shone, the bird he sang, the sky he was blue, the air she was warm, the fish he swam, the flower under the trees, she smelt sweet under him.

"Let us take a walk," said the honest plumber.

"*Ja,*" said the female person.

But the walk did not last long, as it was too much of a strain on the female person trying to decide each time what the honest plumber had just said and whether it demanded in answer *ja* or *nein.*

7

It was not many days after the events disclosed in the preceding chapter when one who was a lady in appearance—not tall nor, we might add, broad, with hair of a color poets might well call brown—was walking with a gait bordering on energetic—indeed, if not actually energetic—along a desolate road in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland. Her only female child was playing innocently say a mile and a half away in that quaint stronghold of the Middle Ages, Rapperswil.

Suddenly, all unpremeditated and without warning, a succession of explosions resounded upon the late afternoon air. The woman's past rose before her. Her future was no more. This was the end.

But stay, reader. Learn that it was a motor-cycle of the honest plumber. It stopped beside the woman, who had stepped to one side of the road to die.

"Will you go for a ride?" asked the honest plumber.

"*Ja,*" said the woman.

She had never ridden on a motor-cycle in all her life.

She straddled a small seat behind and on finally apprehending his directions, the woman put both arms around the honest plumber. Away they went due south.

An hour later they rode due north and the next day the female person moved to Stein am Rhein, Canton Schaffhausen.

Well, let Rapperswil have its weddings. Stein am Rhein had a fire. Perhaps in a town more eventful than Stein am Rhein I'd not have arisen at 3:15 a. m. to watch a house burn. Certainly I never felt inspired to like actions before in my life. I regret that. I wish I had gone to at least one fire in the United States so that I could make comparisons. I fully intend to get up at least once in the dead of night in every foreign land I ever inhabit, provided I hear the fire alarm. That experience in Stein was to me a startling psychological revelation. I wish more light. Then, if ever we attempt a Ph. D. Degree our Doctor's Thesis can be "Differentiation of Reactions to the Principle of Combustion as Manifested in Flame Unexpectedly Between the Hours of Midnight and 4 A. M., as Exhibited by Seven Differentiated Nationalities." Parts of it might be published by the Saturday Evening Post under the title "How They Take a Midnight Fire, from the Dagoes to the Dutch."

For that fire in Stein a line of action was adopted which I fully supposed all creatures, regardless of race or color, followed once they made up their minds to leave a warm bed in the black of night to satisfy their instinct of curiosity regarding the burning of something some place.

I pulled on a pair of stockings, slipped my feet into house slippers, since they were nearest the bed, put a pair of bloomers on over my nightgown and a rain cape over everything and tore—or rather tore is too energetic a word to express how I got out of the cloister. It was, of course, pitch dark. I didn't know whether to be more concerned over bumping into carved saints, or over being

heard by the Vetters upstairs and their assuming I was a burglar. For naturally they would not conclude that a properly brought-up unattached female would prowl out in the dark of early morning to see a fire. When I reached the Rathhausplatz the town was lighted from end to end and the fire bell and church bells clanging away for dear life. Indeed, they had clanged for fifteen minutes steadily before my sleepy brain could decide what it was all about and should I get up and see or stay in bed where it was warm. Evidently several firemen had gone through the same mental conflict. They and I appeared at the Rathhausplatz at the same time. They looked around dazed, and wondering in what direction to run further. Then they saw two females walking left, so they went left.

Frau Hauser's head was sticking out her window next the "Zur Sonne" in the Rathhausplatz. Somebody's head was sticking out almost every window. The Hausers sell us our pots and pans and soap and hair pins and post cards. I could just recognize her through her window box of geraniums.

"*Wohin?*" I called up.

She said, "Through the old town gate left and five minutes out the country road." I caught up with the two females. They were very spick and spanly dressed, yet didn't look the kind who stay up all night. I asked them if they were going to the fire. They said they were, but they walked as if they were going to the baker's. Said I to myself, if I've waited thirty-seven years to see a fire at night, I'm not going to crawl to it, so I called goodbye and ran.

What a sight! It was a good-sized building—an inn on the first floor, living apartments above it, small house built on left, barn right. It was about half done for when I arrived, and nothing more to do, so the local fire authorities seemed to conclude, but let it go on burning and keep the house next door from catching fire.

However, my interest in the fire soon was relegated to second place. I gazed about me at the audience and—gazed. All of Stein was there, or was arriving. Every mother's son and daughter of them was dressed as if ready for an important business trip to Schaffhausen. Every man's necktie was tied just so, every woman's hair was curled and brushed to perfection, collars, ties, belts, exactly in place. Everyone said "good evening" politely, stolidly, to everyone else. Please, somebody go to the next early morning fire in the U. S. A. and tell me if it is done thus "*bei uns in Amerika.*" From what I've seen of Europe I'd guess that Italians would rush out to a fire at 3 a. m. without so much as the addition of even a rain coat. And once there, every Italian would hurl his or her arms around every other Italian, and at least half of them would sob. Not necessarily because a fire would go so deep in the Italian nature, but because Italians do seem so to enjoy sobbing and a fire would serve as some excuse. I'd guess we'd be some place between Switzerland and Italy.

And the cow—I forgot to mention the cow. Perhaps an Italian cow would act just like a Swiss cow. I'd like to feel that an American cow would look at least once at a fire. That Swiss cow, directly across the road from the burning house, went on chewing grass and never looked up one single time. I'd swear that cow had never seen a fire before in her life, had never seen one-eighth that many people at once in her life. Now I know what the doctors mean when they say a nursing mother ought to be "as placid as a cow."

8

Perhaps Stein am Rhein would have proven too peaceful over a stretch of a year and more had it not been for the boys' school being but half an hour away on the train and one and a half hours to walk. That meant I got there about once a week. During summer and early fall it was

for tennis with the boys and swimming afterwards in the Lake of Constance. Once I worked all afternoon haying on the slope above the school. Several times we went prowling off into the woods, thick all over the hill sloping up from the lake. Too, it was good to have the chance of learning first-hand something of experimental education as developing in Germany and Switzerland and Austria, and one big school along something the same idea, *École des Roches,* in France.

The educational system in our country is a different problem from Europe. I know next to nothing first-hand about education in any part of the world, that I should dare burst into print on the subject. But I have talked to those who do know much. And they tell me that in the United States on the whole the public schools lead in new educational methods, our private schools for the most part representing the conservative older and often outworn pedagogical theories and practices. In Europe, on the contrary, it is next to impossible to get any innovation into the public schools. They are hidebound, outworn to a degree, without the channels for mutual exchange of views, for further self-development, such as summer school university courses for teachers and the like, which exist at home. Here it appears impossible to convince any public school system that hours of even very young children from eight to four may be harmful. Until recently only a scratch had been made on the surface of satisfaction with the old autocratic order of commanding teacher, eternally submissive pupil. Even now sports in the public school regime are more or less a novelty.

To those who rebelled against the hide-bound, inelastic, outworn public school methods there was but one course open. They had to break away from the system and start their own private schools.

The great pioneer of the new movement for an experimental era in secondary education was Hermann Lietz,

the German. Continually one stumbles upon examples to refute the theory that the individual today is practically powerless to mould any phase of worldly affairs for their betterment. Hermann Lietz is one of those refutations, as was Pestalozzi before him. Lietz' influence through the children he trained, through the men he influenced and inspired as teachers, several of whom have themselves formed schools on the Lietz model, is to-day permeating in countless directions to the good of European mankind, and therefore the world.

Indeed, before one gives full credit to Dr. Hermann Lietz, must Dr. Reddie, of Abbotsholm, England, be put in his right and just position as the inspirer of the German educator. In 1889 the "New School" was started in Abbotsholme. Later, Dr. Lietz was one of the teachers and co-workers with Dr. Reddie. In 1897 he founded his own first New School in the north of Germany, at Ilsenburg, and gave it the name of *Landerziehungsheim*, "Educational home in the country." Now throughout German-speaking Europe the letters *L. E. H.* are part and parcel of the language. Among French-speaking folk as near the same type of school as has evolved is called *École Nouvelle.* Later, Dr. Lietz formed two other *L. E. H.s* at Haubinda and Bieberstein—glorious locations all three must be, from the pictures I've seen, in the midst of woods, hills, meadows, gardens. Someone said "Bieberstein is the most beautiful school in Germany—yes, perhaps in all Europe"—an old castle on a hill, transformed into a modern school, ancient castle halls now serving, one as a gymnasium, another as a theatre, and the like. The sport field is just below in the valley. The younger boys and girls are in Ilsenburg,* boys and girls of the next age in Haubinda, and the older boys in Bieberstein. Had it not been for the war and the present position of Germany and Germans—a large-sized "had"—I prob-

*In April 1923 the school at Ilsenburg was divided and moved to Schloss Gebesee near Erfurt and Schloss Ettersburg near Weimar.

ably should have put the sons in a Lietz instead of a Swiss school, since they would have learned German better and far more quickly in Germany than where they hear so much Swiss dialect. Yet I know I shall never regret Glarisegg. There is more to a school than its facilities for learning a foreign language.

The basis of Dr. Lietz' pedagogical ideas, and the foundation of all true *L. E. H.s* wherever found, is in its broadest aspects the old "Sound mind in a sound body"—and for this fulfilment the first and main prerequisite naturally is that every *L. E. H.* shall be in the country. A cornerstone of this *L. E. H.* structure is a deep feeling of confidence and trust between teacher and taught—an entire abolition of the old domineering instructor. The profession of the *L. E. H.* teacher Lietz likens to a gardener with a tree. Growth comes from roots; concerning weather, much of the soil; with the roots themselves, the gardener can do little or nothing. But if skilful he can help the tree grow straight, can prune the branches, cut away dead wood, make for symmetrical growth; see that the soil itself is as good as science can make it. The child, a tree; the educator, a gardener. It makes it easy to picture the wisdom of the middle course in education—between too much training, and not enough. So many things can harm a young pliant tree, left entirely to itself, even if its roots are of the best stock, and the soil perfect: winds, blights, lack of irrigation in summer—and on and on. On the other hand, over-pruning and too much digging and unending stakes for support, wires pulled so tight they leave scars in the bark forever after. . . . And the parent trees standing so close the sapling gets no sun of its own. . . .

There are many gardeners in the educational world, but alas, how few who know much about trees!

And probably at least five famous educators have fully covered all the points raised, and ten times more about trees and gardeners, leaving quite nothing further to be

said by pedagogical me on the subject of trees and gardeners.

Dr. Lietz' early idea was to be a minister. Soon he came to feel that there was nothing valuable which could be done with or to a man after he was grown, once he had gotten a wrong start. The place to begin was with children. And he evidently met with tremendous success. His educational object was two-fold—first, individual, to discover each child's abilities and possibilities, in the rôle of helper, not master; second, to train that child to fit into the social whole, to take his or her efficient, constructive place in family, community, nation, world. Without the goal of fitting youth to higher and more useful citizenship, he felt the profession of education purposeless and useless. Said Lietz:

> "Wer die Jugend hat, hat die Zukunft!"
> Who has the youth, has the future.

It would be difficult to find co-workers, teachers, they told Lietz. From the start he was fairly swamped with Germans who caught his enthusiasm and begged for the chance to labor with him. And Swiss.

I remember the story Herr Zuberbühler told, the Swiss director and one of the founders of Glarisegg. As an advanced student in Jena, preparing himself to found a school in Switzerland which would part company with orthodox Swiss public school education, he visited the Lietz schools. He obtained permission from Dr. Lietz to return later and teach under him. When the appointed time arrived, Herr Zuberbühler bought a bicycle and rode the long stretch from Jena to Ilsenburg. The last part of the journey it poured rain. He arrived in the school court caked in mud, soaked through and through. Dr. Lietz greeted him—he was evidently not an effusive person—at once walked over to where the cord of the great school bell hung, and pulled it. At the unexpected sound, the entire school left their desks and assembled

questioning in the court. Herr Zuberbühler, soggy and dripping and muddy, gazed about inquiringly.

"I just wanted you to see the kind of man I want for an *L. E. H.* teacher," Lietz announced seriously. "You may return to your class rooms."

That was the new teacher's dripping introduction to the school.

Other cornerstones of the *L. E. H.* are emphasis on manual work of all sorts, along with mental training; material simplicity in all things,—clothing, furnishings, food, though there is no curtailment in amount. At Glarisegg a new boy from wealthy parents found life altogether too simple. He sent for some cushions for his chairs. It wasn't long before it seemed wiser, in the light of their reception by boys and teachers, to send the cushions back home again. And just this very day in a letter from the older son: "G——, the English boy from Alexandria, is not satisfied with Glarisegg because he can't have a servant undress him, make his bed, shine his shoes, etc., so he's going away after a month of Glarisegg."

A phase of the spirit I admire at Glarisegg is the attitude of the school toward the servants. There are numerous "hired help" of all sorts. They are treated more or less like members of the same big family. One must bear in mind that many boys come from homes of many servants and where the chasm between server and served is great. There is a good bit of community singing at the school. The woman who does the cooking, several of the maids, along with wives of the teachers, are in the chorus.

Lietz tells of getting a sudden inspiration one morning in his class on political science. A worker from a nearby village, many years at the school, was laboring under the school window. "Would you like to know just how people live in the village of X?" Lietz asked. Everybody interested. He called in the old worker, and pupils and worker and teacher spent the hour asking and answering

every sort of question as to work, wages, amusements, family life, political interests, of the nearby village.

There is the problem of religion. The attitude of Glarisegg is that it is not a subject apart, to be "taught" like geography. Religion and citizenship go hand in hand—citizenship in the community of Glarisegg, in the world at large. Religion in its true sense must permeate all relationships. Which reminds me that a nice American woman I know became interested in Glarisegg and almost decided to send her boy there.

"Do they have prayers twice, or only once a day?"

"They don't have school prayers at all."

"What? O dear, then it wouldn't do for Johnny."

Also the new school movement lays stress on school trips of all sorts. Since the schools are founded in the country, there must be trips at intervals to cities round about, to supply now and then those things the country lacks—art, music, theatres, museums. Vacations there are always walking, bicycling, climbing trips in smaller groups, or even, especially for the older boys, journeys with one or two teachers from Switzerland into Italy, Austria, Germany, France.

And lastly the whole *L. E. H.* movement is strongly anti-alcohol. Which means a good deal more in Europe than it ever could or would have at home, for 98 per cent. of the boys come from families where wine or beer is consumed as water at least twice a day, children themselves often indulging with full parental approval.

I don't imagine Glarisegg would especially appeal to parents who look approvingly on the average American boarding school for their offspring.

9

So then, the sons are—if I used their lovely expression I'd say, "*verdammt glücklich,*" in their school. ("*Sau schön*" it is in Glarisegg, according to the young.) June Bug adored her kindergarten and her kindergarten

"Tante" in Stein am Rhein. She learned an atrocious dialect almost perfectly and brought home through the year a collection of odds and ends of diseases, from snuffles to whooping cough. And I loved my cloister, and wrote and read, and read and wrote. And journeyed forth and away ever and anon for this cause or that: vacations with the children, errands in Zurich, a friend in Davos, Christmas in St. Moritz, spring vacation in Italy, summer in Germany, fall in Italy, more errands in Zurich.

It was on one of said excursions I met a Swiss young woman who narrated the following. I wrote it up soon after—it seemed a chain of character glimpses too good to lose. In rereading the thing just now, one or two seemed the sort better left unsung. Sherwood Anderson could make good use of them, but I lack the courage. So I give an expurgated series of sketches, but true as far as they go. I've changed the whole thing just enough so that if the young woman might ever come across this account she would have the feeling that others could not recognize her.

This particular trip was toward the end of summer—Indian summer, we shall say, if it is allowable to speak of anything in Switzerland as Indian. I was all eyes for a chubby Swiss lad of some five years who first took a large bite of large pear, and then a large bite of large sausage. There is a special fate hovering over the young which decrees that most of them stay alive, no matter what they do or eat. The wages of indiscretion with those of tender years are often scarcely, if at all, apparent. Because the child of five did not die from pears and sausage under our very eyes is no reason for whole-hearted recommendation of a daily diet of pears and sausage for those bordering on the age of five.

A pleasant-faced Swiss young woman of about twenty-five sat directly next to me. Almost everybody talks to almost everybody else in a Swiss third-class car. The

Swiss woman remarked that the small boy with the pear and sausage was a something-or-other small boy, and I said yes, he was. Then she asked me something-or-other about children, and I was afraid to commit myself a second time, so admitted, reluctantly, that I could not understand the Swiss dialect. The League of Nations should abolish the Swiss and all other dialects. Small minded people like myself sometimes get irritated at dialects. Certainly those of advancing years cannot take time to settle down and learn the Swiss dialect, if it is turning them grey to learn simple French and German. But if people in trains and other places persist in talking the Swiss dialect, one misses very much gossip. Especially in Switzerland when in trains and other places almost everyone talks to almost everyone else.

The Swiss young woman was accommodating and immediately began to talk High German. We started a conversation about children, always a safe beginning between two strange females. I had three of my own,—did she have any?

She? *Um Gotteswillen*—she was not married!

So—? pronounced in that complimentary tone of voice which implies that it seems incredible that anyone so attractive could remain so long, or rather at all, single.

Um Gotteswillen, indeed she was not married!

Now there was no need for such vehemence about it. I was quite justified in asking her why such vehemence.

Because she knew too many people who were married.

Then she modified it somewhat: she knew too much about men.

So? How so?

Her mother used to take boarders—men boarders.

Ach so—

Yes, she said, any mother with a daughter she would like some day to see married ought never to take men boarders. With each succeeding boarder the daughter's estimate of the male sex would surely fall.

St. Moritz.

But sometime, I reminded her, a nice man boarder might come along and marry the daughter—perhaps the mother would have that in mind.

The young Swiss woman merely sniffed.

What was the matter with men?

Everything!

Goodness, what a state of mind for a female person of twenty-five years! She asked me how far I was riding. It was a couple of hours yet. She was traveling even further. She would tell me of her mother's boarders.

In the first place, biologically and narratively, before there were any boarders there was a father. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." But how, the Swiss Fräulein asked me pointedly, could you honor a father and mother whom you could not honor? Her father had been an artist, a well-known Swiss-Italian painter. She remembered that he and her mother had words over a period of eight years, and then, on the day following her eighth birthday, they separated. She guessed her mother was as much to blame as her father. Her mother was a pianist. Her mother wished to continue playing after marriage. But while the mother played, the babies got into the father's paints, or if not always his paints, at least always something. The father argued the mother should stop her playing and tend to her children. The mother stopped, and then let her soul grow bitter. When one's soul grows bitter, one's tongue grows bitter also. The father hired a little studio away from home. Then the mother took to playing again. But her soul had been too long bitter, her tongue too long bitter, and now her playing was bitter. The children ate irregular food at irregular intervals. Often the mother played hours at a time, and when the father came home he raised his voice and stamped, and once he threw Goethe's Faust with a fearful bang on the piano keys. That night's supper was a terrible memory to the Swiss Fräulein.

Sometimes she and her little brother stole over to her father's studio. If he were alone, he might talk to them a while, gently. But always sooner or later some woman came to see him, and then he would tell the children gruffly that it was time for them to leave. Once they ran back home, and there was a man visiting their mother. She told them to run out again quickly and not come back for a good while. They did not know where to go. Always at their father's studio some woman came; always at their home, some man. Always at supper unforgetable words between the mother and father.

On her eighth birthday her father came home from his studio a little early. He found a man, a violinist he was, calling on the mother. The children were in the next room, hoping, hoping that at least a birthday cake might sometime be forthcoming. Soon they heard the front door close; they heard their father's voice raised high; they heard a crash. Then they heard the front door close again, and silence.

The little eight-year-old girl and her brother crept into the living room. In a corner sat their father, his face in his hands. He did not hear them. On the piano, scratched and marred, was the picture of Bach their mother loved, broken into bits.

Later the father took his hat and went out. Much later still the mother came home. The father went to his studio. The picture into which he had put much of what was left of his soul had a great daub of black paint across it.

The next morning he came home, packed up his few possessions, and departed. The Swiss Fräulein thought he went to Vienna.

For two years after that the mother and children lived with the grandmother—the only peaceful years the Swiss Fräulein remembers in her life. They ate three meals a day, with *Kaffee complet* every single afternoon. In winter, when their feet got wet and cold, their grandmother changed them into warm stockings and slippers she knitted

herself, and then she read to them. The mother mostly played the piano. Those were her most peaceful years, as well.

Alas, the grandmother died, and the calm years died with her. All she left her daughter—because by that time it was all she had to leave—was her house and a small, too small, monthly stipend. There was nothing else to do then but for the mother to take boarders. Only one at a time, in the grandmother's room.

The first boarder the Swiss Fräulein remembered was a man of about forty. He slept under their roof five years, the longest, by far, of any boarder they ever had. He was an unusually pleasant man, kindly, thoughtful. The household felt themselves most fortunate. After almost five years he decided to go into business for himself. He took all his savings and plunged, only, within a few months, to lose everything he had. . . . He began to borrow a bit of food now and then—sugar, bread, butter, jam. At first he paid back everything promptly. Soon he began to take longer to square accounts. After some months he borrowed foodstuffs, and failed entirely to return them. He started borrowing silverware—a spoon, another spoon, a knife and a fork. They disappeared. He became taciturn, morose, complaining. Then it became apparent that he no longer "borrowed"—he just took. Paintings disappeared off the walls, silverware from the sideboard. One night he failed to come home. The next day there was no word from him, no sign of him the next night. The third morning the Swiss Fräulein's mother read a little item in the newspaper—some children had found his body in the river.

One of the next boarders to impress himself upon the memory of the Swiss Fräulein was an architect. She was about fifteen then. He used to carry a little account book around with him and immediately write down in it every *centime* he spent. But his interest in where his money went was second to his concern over what was going on

around him. The mother and daughter might be having a conversation in the kitchen. When the daughter opened the kitchen door to go to her own room, like as not she would run plump into the architect, caught unawares with his ear to the crack in the door.

Once the mother had a friend calling on her. They sat in the upstairs sitting room, directly over the room of the architect boarder. It was not long before the mother and the friend heard a crash below them, and groans. They rushed downstairs. There lay the architect boarder on the floor with a bloody nose and a bump on his forehead. On top of him was an upturned table and chair.

"*Um Gotteswillen!*" cried the mother and the friend.

They would know however an architect boarder could get himself into such a plight. He explained, I should say quite naïvely, through his groans, that he had placed the chair on the table and was standing on the chair so he could get his ear nearer the ceiling in the hopes of hearing the conversation—or at least bits of the conversation—in the room above. And somehow, in his endeavors to find the most strategic acoustic spot for his ear, he must have stepped too near the edge of the chair and it and the table and he went down.

Soon after that event, desiring something to listen to without endangering his life, the architect boarder invited the mother to tea in his own room. He ransacked the town to find the least expensive tea, and returned with a somewhat faded looking package, but a good brand. The party he prepared himself, following minutely instructions as to how tea should be made, borrowing only bread, butter and jam from his guest—and cups and saucers and plates and spoons. At last all was ready. The tea looked a strange sad color. It had a strange sad taste. The gods sometimes visit adversity upon those of their poor humans who try too hard to save. Purely by mistake, we are assured, the storekeeper sold the architect boarder a package of tea which had served for window display only—it was filled

with sawdust. Architects cannot be expected to know all about foundations and stairways and casements, and at the same time be able to recognize at first sight the difference between sawdust and tea. In the end, therefore, the guest also supplied the tea.

Soon after this event the architect boarder began to yearn for the less problematical domesticity of home life. He inserted an advertisement in a Berne newspaper for a wife. Out of fifteen applicants, he chose the most prosperous sounding. There was a great fuss over the wedding. The Swiss Fräulein's mother was invited. There were ten hacks for the wedding guests; there were speeches, flowers, music. One week later the bride separated from the groom. The groom wished to return to his former boarding house, but a successor was already installed in his room.

The successor was a Swiss minister's son. He had been a student in Munich. After a few months back in his homeland, the daughter of a law-abiding German family appeared in Berne. He got her a room three houses away. She was his "cousin." After a spell of things not going as promised, the German girl got an inconvenient hysterical streak, cried her troubles to her landlady and to the ex-student minister's son's landlady, and finally there was nothing for the minister's son to do but lug her back to Munich, since she seemed unable to go alone. It was kind of him—ministerial influence does crop out. He put her in a Droschke at the Munich railway station and told her to go home and stay home after this. The next "cousin" he acquired came from just outside Berne. If she up and took to wailing she could surely get home by herself.

Anon came a tall, bald *Advocat* to the home of the Swiss Fräulein. It was not long before he fell madly in love with a plump blonde lady who played the cello. He poured forth his rhapsodies to the cynical mother of the Swiss Fräulein and to the Swiss Fräulein herself. They were relieved when the nuptial date was decided upon and they

could look forward to a less amorous occupant of the grandmother's room. Again such a wedding as it was! Too fine, this time, to invite the Swiss Fräulein's mother. But the daughter stood where she could see the hacks go by, and she read out loud in the paper next day of the dignitaries who were present.

Besides loving her cello, and playing very well, the plump blonde loved horses, and rode very well. Every day she rode. After a few months she was joined now and then by a certain professor of literature in the university. Soon she rode every day with the professor of literature. Within a year she left the *Advocat* and took up her permanent abode with the professor of literature.

At the account of the next boarder, the Swiss Fräulein and I laughed until we could laugh no more. *"Ach Gott, ach Gott!"* she cried, and wiped her eyes. *"Ach Gott, ach Gott!"* cried I, and laughed still more. This particular gentleman was a government employee of some lowly sort. He was short, with scant yellow hair and a scant, pointed yellow beard. He had pale blue-green eyes. His most noticeable characteristic was that he spoke in a very peculiar fashion, having some shortcoming with his nose. The Swiss Fräulein tried to explain it to me in German, but my foreign vocabulary concerning nasal limitations and afflictions is very limited. It may have been he had severe adenoids. Whatever the name, German or English, of the trouble, he talked most strangely through his nose. Whenever the Swiss Fräulein quoted him she wrinkled her own nose and used the most amazing tone of voice, which she claims was exactly his, even to its sounding like a woman. And, if you please, it was this boarder who had aspirations to go on the stage. Moissi then, as now, was the greatest actor to play in Berne, Zurich and Geneva, or, for that matter, perhaps in any other important city of Europe. To the name of Moissi all theatre lovers bow their heads. He is the Great. *"Ja!"* snorted the little bearded government clerk through his nose, "let Moissi be

the Great while he can! His days are numbered! Soon it will be I, *I* to whom all pay homage!'' And he beat his little chest and struck a Hamlet pose.

He spent his nights learning the great tragic rôles by heart, those rôles in which the renowned Moissi for the moment reigned supreme—supreme, until the government clerk uncrowned him. For months the Swiss Fräulein did her school studies, her ''homework,'' and later went to sleep, to the sound of Herr Weisbrot—yes, Herr Weisbrot—rehearsing his parts in the room below. He stamped up and down, he thumped the table—the same table which fell on the too interested architect boarder. It used to be after midnight, always, before he ceased his subtle underminings of the unsuspecting Moissi's fame.

At length, in sheer despair, the Swiss Fräulein's mother took upon herself to inform Herr Weisbrot that he could not become great until he should have his nose operated upon. Finally convinced of the ultimate necessity for an operation, he informed the mother, again in a tragic Hamlet pose, that he must first make his great name—there would be more time, and incidentally more money, for an operation after that. First, Moissi was to be brought low, then he could have his nose attended to. He spent his spare office moments in the next few days copying out of the Berne directory the names and addresses of every doctor in the city. Whereupon he unfurled his findings before the eyes of the mother and asked her please to mark which doctor he should have operate on his nose when the psychological moment arrived.

About this time the Swiss Fräulein was twenty years old. Also about this time Herr Weisbrot made valiant attempts to accompany her mornings to school—indeed college it was then. But the Herr Weisbrot's legs were shorter than the Swiss Fräulein's. Therefore she was able to make her desires not to be inflicted with his Hamletian company outdistance his desires to accompany. ''Aber

Fräulein!" he panted through his unfortunate nose, *"bitte nicht so schnell!"* Fräulein strode on.

One night Fräulein was doing her Latin. Her mother was reading the evening paper nearby. There came a knock on the door. Herr Weisbrot would speak with the mother regarding a certain Italian translation of one of his great parts. He would speak in private, in his room. Once there he dramatically closed the door and stood poised against it as though he dared the world to attack him from the rear. He sighed as heavily as his narrow chest and handicapped nose would allow. He thrust two fingers of his left hand into the front of his vest. He dropped his pale pointed yellow beard upon his shirt front.

Did the gracious Frau really think it was because of an Italian translation he had called her to his room? *Nein, nein!* It was because of matters of the soul—and—of the soul. It was not enough to have one's art, satisfying as that art might be. With all his great ambitions, he found himself often lonely—nights. He was in no position to marry, at present. That would be to sacrifice his art too much. He did, however, feel that some sort of an—arrangement—might be entered into whereby he would not feel so—lonely. After deep and mature consideration he had come to the conclusion that he would be willing to form some sort of a purely temporary alliance (*Verhältnis,* he called it) with the daughter of the gracious Frau.

But the daughter of the gracious Frau must realize that she must change,—indeed her attitude toward him should undergo considerable alteration. She had a tendency to be what he was forced to call *kalt.* She showed inclinations to run from him on the street. She was continually dashing into some room when he sought her company in the house, and closing the door immediately after her. Her morning and evening greetings to him savored of too little warmth and appreciation. If the daughter of the gracious Frau would see to altering all such shortcomings,

he, for his part, was willing to consider some sort of a—*Verhältnis.*

"And what," asked the daughter of the gracious Frau, "did that *Schaffkopf* want this time? Either he has to leave this house soon, or I do!"

The mother opened out the glowing possibilities sketched by the successor to Moissi. *"Du lieber Gott!"* was all my Swiss Fräulein found words to say. And the upshot of it was that the gracious Frau had once more to announce to a tenant that the unexpected arrival of relatives meant his room must needs be vacated.

Some months later the gracious Frau met Herr Weisbrot on the street. "Ach, ach, gracious Frau!" he snorted, and shook both her hands.

How did it go with Herr Weisbrot?

Ach, it went so well, so well! He had not yet made his dramatic début,—indeed he was still—temporarily—in the government employ. He had not yet, therefore, been able to have his operation. *"Aber, aber!"*—in his agitation and pleasure his nose scarce allowed him to speak at all—he had at last—a *Verhältnis*—with an unmarried—dressmaker!

Nor did artistic affliction fall singly in the shape of Herr Weisbrot on the household of the Swiss Fräulein. It was at that same time said household possessed a cook with operatic ambitions. She was some forty years old and as strong as an ox. One night she got out on the roof and sang at the top of her lungs, nor would she come down off the roof, to the intense enjoyment of the crowd which gathered below, and the embarrassment of the Swiss Fräulein and her mother.

One day, attired in a bright red silk waist and a small sized man's straw hat, the operatic cook hurled herself on the bosom of the Swiss Fräulein's mother and said she was going back to *"Mamali und Papali,"* and off she went. A year later the mother received a post card. The ex-cook of forty wrote that for one year now she had been sewing

on her trousseau. She was very happy. It was a beautiful trousseau. She sent greetings to everyone. Down in the corner was a P. S. Perhaps even yet she would be able to find herself a husband.

The next cook had no apparent ambitions of any troublesome sort. She was faithful and had a small appetite. After a year or so it became apparent that she would soon possess a child. She was very pleased. She must, however, find her a husband as soon as ever she could—there was not much time before the baby would be born. She advertised and acquired a brawny Swiss farmer. She fitted herself out in the customary black wedding dress and white veil and rode to the church and from the church to a restaurant, where the celebration was held. Indeed they drove by the home of the Swiss Fräulein, so that everyone might wave to everyone else, and the white veil streamed out behind. And just in time it was, for a week later the baby was born. One short week of happiness and relief—and then she, and the new-born baby, died.

Do not conclude these gentlemen form a representative cross-cut of the Swiss nation. Merely the mother of the Swiss Fräulein had a string of bad luck. It's a pity boarding house keepers aren't more inclined to belles-lettres. There's not a one of them, I'll warrant, but could give the world some entertaining literature. Or then, some literary genius out of themes might turn to taking boarders.

Express companies, moving vans, storage businesses,—if St. Cecilia can appropriately be considered the patron of music, why could I not be considered the tutelary deity of them in the moving business? For Stein am Rhein represented our eighteenth place of abode in fifteen years. Do I hear a groan? Nobody at this end making it. We've lost much by moving about at such a rate. To my notions we've gained more. One can always settle down when the

grey hairs and the rheumatics appear. One's enjoyment of travel, change, the trail that is always new, is at its height when one is young. I'm sorry I've not stayed in one place all my life. I would be a thousand times sorrier if I had. When, at seventy, I do settle down, I can close my eyes of a quiet afternoon and see the whole beloved world before me—live again in this land or that, feel the nearness of strange peoples, the music of strange tongues, taste the strangeness of strange foods. Sunsets in the Alps, storms on the English coast, street fairs in foreign villages, New York harbor in the late afternoon. And in every town or city, in every land, some friend or friends to journey to in memory. Not the same sort of friendship built up through years of proximity. Friendship fashioned from treasured counted hours together, because from the nature of things we knew the time was short. How much of oneself one can give in a short time, how much from the other can one receive! Time in bulk plays a worthy valid rôle in friendship. "We have lived next door to each other twenty years." And yet—"We saw each other two days in Italy." Not even a god exists who can weigh the respective values of those twenty years and two days. One can live all one's life in California and never see Yosemite. If one has but a night in Rome one will see the Coliseum by moonlight (given, of course, the moon).

PART TWO

1

I suppose those who are wont to travel conventionally would actually be pained by a recital of our methods. Yet the more I see of conventional tourists the surer I am that I never want to change places with one. Just the thought of engaging rooms in advance and being forced to keep to a schedule and fussing over baggage and rushing to Cook's for mail and to make more reservations. Oh—give us a rucksack and a map—and a letter of credit. We are as conventional as the next when it comes to liking to feel we can pay for what we just had and what's coming. A wee bit of the spice of life is lacking where one is so uninterruptedly certain of meeting all expenses. And yet—I'm not sure that the resultant calm digestibility of existence hasn't something to be said in its favor. Yet, after five weeks of feeling actually rich, I envy the really rich less than ever. For one could enjoy one's wealth only if everyone else was in possession of more or less the same worldly goods. And that state being arrived at, I suppose the feeling of being rich would disappear. It's all full of supposes and mights and perhapses, because I should have to have more than a five weeks' experience, and perhaps without the confusing adjuncts of three rucksacks and two small boys before I could write a really assured and valuable treatise on "Wealth."

I'm thinking I can never recollect this trip to Europe without a vision of Jim's recalcitrant pompadour coming to mind. Nor will I ever be able to gaze on Jim's future perennial struggles with his recalcitrant pompadour without recollecting Europe. Nandy once remarked that every

time Jim removed the stocking-cap which did what it could to keep his hair turned backwards, you'd have thought he was unveiling a monument.

But the trip—

In the first place, I planned it out ahead of time, every inch. It was down in black and white just when we would leave Stein am Rhein—Monday, August 17; when we reached the next place, when we left it, and so on, hour, minute, and second, up to the hour, minute and second we got back to Stein am Rhein, August 20. If you haven't everything planned there is no sense of adventure in suddenly deciding to do something or go somewhere else. The fact of the matter was we deviated little from the original schedule. But we always had the footloose feeling that we could deviate any time we felt like it. Some folks can shrug their shoulders happily and say "We have no plans whatsoever. We're here now." But that doesn't suit us, either. It is inconceivable living without plans. It is more inconceivable to think of not altering them.

So then, the trip was planned, to a degree. What went into the rucksacks was planned, to a degree. The boys wore one of each and packed another of each, and bathing trunks and a toothbrush. I took no change of outer garment. I expected the boys would fall into something surely and need a complete change. I felt competent to stay dry, though I realized one dress traveled in every day for five weeks would mean I'd look like a refugee from Budapest when I got home. The one time the boys were wet enough, though not from falling into anything, to necessitate a complete change of outer as well as inner clothing, all such were reposing in a locked post-office. But of that in its place. And not Budapest would have owned me at the end of five weeks. I started out in a flowered article of bizarre colorings warranted not to show a single spot from a glass of upset milk to a bottle of upset ink. So far, good. But the flowers, wherever the sun

shone upon them, lost their bizarreness, and wherever the sun did not shine their bizarreness was as untamed as ever. Also, I had flattered myself, the stuff was the kind which would look equally appropriate tramping down the Danube and dining with friends in Berlin. But I didn't know we were also going to drift three days down the Neckar in a leaking row boat and climb the highest mountain in Germany roped to a guide. Verily, much was demanded of that one garment. We've been through much together, it and I. And after all I did feel foolish in it only once, and that was when it and I were roped to that guide and scaling the rocky cliffs of the Zugspitze. I cast longing thoughts across the Bavarian mountains to Stein am Rhein and my perfectly good khaki trousers. Just the same I noted it was the gentleman on that trip who had the most mountaineering costume, the hobnailiest shoes, the greatest number of maps, who panted the hardest and called up *"Aber bitte halt!"* the oftenest to the guide.

Of course we all had our *pelerines*, or raincapes. There is no American equivalent that I know of. A Swiss male uses his *pelerine* as raincape, blanket, dressing gown. Draped over a well-filled rucksack, which is the proper style, and not the rucksack put on last over the pelerine, it detracts somewhat from a certain uprightness of demeanor one rather expects in stalwart males about to scale precipices. In warm non-rainy weather (one is told such has been experienced in Switzerland—at least someone once saw an anthropological record to that effect. Authorities differ as to whether that warm, dry week was in the Early or Later Stone Age). If warm, non-rainy weather were to make its appearance, then, the survivors of the shock would roll their *pelerines* neatly and pack them under the rucksack lapel.

In addition to raincapes—mine was an old Munich one bought ten years ago and now rather moth-eaten, but politely so in unstrategic localities—we had along a First Aid outfit packed in an old sock. I used up a whole can

of adhesive plaster on blisters of my own the first ten days and then the First Aid outfit was left unmolested the rest of the trip. And in addition we nobly packed Robinson's "History of Western Europe," which weighs so many pounds you'd not believe me if I told. We meant to travel intellectually. If we saw a statue of Frederick Barbarossa the boys, with that healthy curiosity so typical of youth, would of course ask "Who's the guy on the horse?" And not having been able to plot out in advance just what statues would cross our paths and where, rather than using up days and nights making an alphabetical tentative list of whom we might find done in bronze and where, it seemed wiser to take Robinson along. Jim wanted Van Loon. I'm sure he would have weighed less—no book could have weighed more. But, perfect as Van Loon is in his way, as an amplification of Baedeker, Robinson seemed more inductive to hasty intellectual satisfaction. We would also, through Robinson, piece German history together as we went along.

But what really happened, as the gentle relative has already surmised, is that we packed Robinson from Stein to Heilbronn and saw no statues of anyone but Bismarck and the last two German Emperors or *Würtemburger* princes.

So instead of reading out loud, the eager young and I were crawling into bed as fast as the law allows, and asleep before we got there. So we mailed Robinson from Heilbronn to Heidelberg, and felt him again in Heidelberg and mailed him on to Oberammergau, and felt him again in Oberammergau and said there should be a law against books weighing more than ten lbs., and left him in his wrappings and packed him back to Stein. Not once was Robinson opened.

Of course we had a Baedeker along. I don't respond soulfully to folk who stick their noses in the foreign air and say "We never use a guide book!" There are people who live in Seattle, Washington, and say, "We never

carry an umbrella!" Almost any Sunday supplement has an illustration or two of somebody doing something they feel sets them sufficiently apart from the rest of us. Personally, I like to know where I'm going, even if I go some place else, and what lies along the way, which may possibly decoy me from my original destination, and who built what and when the French blew it up, or when the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus crossed over. I like Baedeker the night before better than the very day.

And we had two Tauchnitz volumes of the "Tramp Abroad." I confess I did really believe we would read that through. I don't know exactly where I thought we'd read it, or when. We did make a start one pouring rainy Sunday in Wimpfen—and that about sufficed for the trip. When one sets out to see the German nation in five weeks, there is a direct ratio between the holes in the feet of boys' stockings, the number of times shoes get half-soled, the amount of adhesive tape mother uses on blisters, and the amount of reading out loud one accomplishes. Lazing on the summer sands of California—"Got the book along? Read a bit to us!" Striding down the Neckar; rushing from the Deutsches Museum to the Rathhaus to the Gallery—no, not even Mark Twain can be fitted in. But the joy of that one rainy Sunday in Wimpfen justified bringing him along.

Vacation began Saturday, and the three boys descended on us *en masse*—Art, Nand, and Jim. We had hoped Art could go on the whole German trip, but it was not to be. We had him as far as Stuttgart, and then he went directly to Bremen to spend the summer with relatives of his mother and father. We met again the last night in Germany, so that he could cross back into Switzerland with us on the family pass.

My idea of purgatory at present is three male youngsters at once in an ancient cloister. If it were my cloister my sufferings would be mild indeed compared to what they are as tenant. But then I'd not go buying and own-

Rathauss—Wimpfen.

ing old cloisters and antiques to fill them with until the offspring had reached mature years. And then it would be but a moment, did I buy an old cloister and fill it with antiques and settle in it, before the children would be marrying and leaving the babies with me during vacations, and then as the grandchildren got two or three years old they'd pull a thousand-year-old statue of John the Baptist off its pedestal and poke a stick through the stained glass windows and make chalk marks on the ancient mural paintings and take a knife to the ancient carved wainscoting and beat the ancient pewter with a hammer and fill the ancient baptismal font with bricks and pry out the tiles of the ancient ovens and lose the keys to the ancient chests and drape the ancient Virgin Mary in some of my cast off—or best—garments and put another, and the youngest, grandchild in the cloister garden fountain and for all I know dig up the bones of the ancient monks themselves. All of which my young would have done at one time, but they rank as outgrown tendencies at the present. Except digging up the old bones. They might take to that even yet. Well—it seems then to be a choice between a cloister with antiques and grandchildren. I lean toward the grandchildren.

Nay, as intimated, the need for decision could be even more pressing. A choice between renting part of an ancient cloister filled with antiques and having three boys at a time in it—my own two and Art. So we have arranged a compromise. Instead of all three coming home at once every three weeks for the week-end, one boy comes each week. Each may always bring a friend. In the rôle of host a certain sobriety descends upon the young as they advance in years. Not earlier. Around six to eight, say, "company" can have a disastrous effect. We show off, especially physical prowess, copiously. Heave chairs, kick a ball through the window, swallow something large whole. How blessed is growth. It brings new phases with it, but it also leaves much behind. Only to-day I was

reading the old European diary of ten to twelve years ago.

"München, May 9, 1912. Poured rain in a. m., so we played in our rooms. Boys hurled everything out of windows and watched a balloon, and I sewed and cooked. (Suppose they were at the throwing-things-out-the-window-stage now, with the Rhine flowing speedily by six feet deep directly under every window we possess!)

"München (still) May 13. . . . Boys got into everything to-day. . . . Nandy turned street hydrant on—thought we'd never get it turned off." (Suppose they were still at that stage and turned the cloister fire hose on—and drenched all the plaster saints and madonnas and Christs till the color washed off. The plaster ones might cave right in from the wet).

"May 29. Jim ran away to-day" (if it had been our cloister and that aforementioned Rhine swirling by—steep banks on all sides).

"July 20. Rain, so boys had to play indoors. No one can conceive of what that means—they get into *everything.*"

"July 23. Glorious day." (I declare, the Lord does provide mothers with blinders, for when I read on I wonder that I started off with "glorious day.") For on July 23 it appears the two sons had a terrible fight at breakfast (details omitted), then follow slight allusions to mishaps which occur with irresponsible and untrained years; then son Jim was missed, and after searching high and low he was discovered high—straddling the roof—and ours a four-story house. Neighbors were gazing awestruck from every window. No sooner was he rescued, and one would think somewhat subdued, than there was a ringing of bells and scurrying of pension help from all sides—the Jim again. I flew in as many directions as possible at once to explain that nothing was desired—it was all a hideous mistake—reentered our bedroom—and the boys had tipped over a pitcher of water on the floor. I fin-

ished mopping that up just in time to see Dad's hat go sailing out our fourth-story window. By that time the hour had arrived for the mid-morning milk. Somehow—that eternal word of youthful happenings—somehow the small table managed to tip over just as the boys were to sit down—two mugfuls of milk to clean up off the floor. The sun appeared, so in despair I sent them down to the pension garden to await my arrival, when we would go for a walk. When I got down there they were stark-naked—had undressed and thrown all their clothes into and on top of and over a hedge. "Glorious day." Because, forsooth, I went to a very attractive art exhibit in the afternoon. Evidently my soul didn't need much consoling. Otherwise I should ruminate now on how much comfort I could have gotten out of the situation then by imagining how much worse it all would have been had we been quartered in an ancient cloister filled with antiques. Nor would the hat ever have been recovered from the Rhine.

No, boys *do* grow up. If you look at each period isolated, unrelated to the past, you can get discouraged and, like our beloved doctor at home, come to feel the height of ambition is to keep your sons out of the penitentiary. Goodness, those terrible days when life for the male offspring was one fight to the death after another. That stage seemed to last an eternity. Every so often I'd meet some mother who piously informed me her own dear children never had fought. They lied, those women. Nobody can tell me they didn't. I hated them. At the other extreme were the dear souls who told me not to bother if I came home after a dinner party and found blood tracks going up the stairs—boys fought like that for years. It was all in the day's work. I loved those women, even while they were discouraging. Never shall I forget the charming quiet woman I sat next to at a luncheon in that lovely Contra Costa Country Club. The sun shone through roses and wistaria onto the balcony where we ate.

She had two splendid strapping married sons—they'd been students of Carl's and two of his favorites. I asked her (it was the depth of one of my periods of despair over the combatative tendencies of my male offspring. I really hoped to find some honest soul who would tell me there would be only a few months more of it—they were about nine and ten then)—I asked the lovely person next me if her sons had been wont to fight.

"Oh, yes," she replied, comfortingly.

"How long did they keep it up?—I mean to what age?"

"Well," she said with her soft voice, "the last fight they had when they drew blood was in their Freshman Year at college."

No wonder the memory of that luncheon will remain.

But the decision is nevertheless unanimous that the boys do not fight now anything like as much as they once did.

Though they *do* still fight. And when it happens I hasten with utmost despatch to remove all the antiques beyond the danger zone and then I pray that the dear Herr and Frau Professor who own the cloister are at present not in their rooms above us but in a more distant and remote quarter where the sound of thuds cannot penetrate, and if it isn't out of their systems by then I reach for something—anything handy, and whack whoever is for the moment on top, and that surprises and outrages both contestants to the point of changing the subject, so to speak. The fight is off, and I'm always asked indignantly why I didn't come down on the other one, because he started it, and I reply defensively that I can't tell ever in advance which one the object in my hand is coming in contact with. My one and only and motivating idea is that the fight shall terminate by fair means or foul before some object carved or moulded or painted or wrought around 1276 A. D. comes to eternal grief. I know that no educator would approve of my conduct in the matter. I attach no whit of glory to myself in my own or anybody else's eyes. But I *do* save the antiques.

So then, Saturday, August 15, arrived, and three boys with it. And pouring rain. Which meant they had to keep more or less in close proximity to the antiques. They tried fishing out my bedroom windows, but June Bug had a cold, and too much rain and wind came in. They did go swimming—but that only served to put new vigor in their bones. They packed and unpacked their rucksacks numerous times, and that kept them busy. The only thing to look at or do in all of our beloved Stein am Rhein is the Rathhaus,—one room containing armor. But we'd already viewed every single separate weapon in minute detail. There are about as many as would fit conveniently into an average "hall closet." The young considered it the "classiest" exhibit of its kind ever. It was almost too bad to waste the Zeughaus in Berlin on them when they got such satisfaction out of the one little room in the one little Rathhaus in Stein am Rhein.

Sunday dinner we ate in our *"Zur Sonne,"* where we eat every midday meal. Schiffel's *Stube* they call it,—pictures of Schiffel, framed letters of Schiffel, and an engraving of the *Schlacht bei St. Joseph*—whatever and wherever that was, two colored somethings of Napoleon at Waterloo. The ceiling is low, uneven, beamed, yellow. The windows are hung with orange-colored curtains. A big green tile stove stands in one corner. A five-sided bay window juts out over the sidewalk, big enough for a good-sized table. The dear *Wirt* and his wife, Herr and Frau Morat, feed us twice as much as we contracted for (two francs a meal a piece, forty cents, for soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables, fruit and cookies. Only almost always there is an extra fish course, and in season lettuce salad, and often surprises for desert). But even Herr and Frau Morat are a bit relieved when the three boys are done and out. I *don't* see why children aren't born with perfect table manners. It would add years to every mother's life. Vitamins and gland treatment are as good as useless in comparison.

This Sunday, drizzly, cold, we rounded the corner from

the cloister entrance to the Rathhausplatz, and behold—a crowd. A crowd for Stein. If five people can be seen at once on the Rathhausplatz it is enough to make the local Herr Lusk feel anxiety. Something in the air. The Republic is in danger. Call the troops! Publish a report! Give a banquet! This time there were all of thirty people in a circle, and in the middle of the circle stood three lads about eighteen, two with violins, one with a guitar. The music began again. The melody was carried by the guitar youth playing some sort of an object with his mouth—it sounded like the old comb and piece of paper days. They played well, the crowd was appreciative, and after every number newcomers stepped up with their stolid Swiss shyness and deposited more centimes with the guitar youth. We gave June Bug our collection. In her excitement she dashed up before we could restrain her in the middle of a piece, blushing scarlet. The nice guitar man stopped playing, took the mouthpiece out and thanked her as though she were the queen. The three were German high school students who had crossed the border early that morning and were making what they could during the day. They would have to be back across the border before nine. It broke our hearts that the weather was so against them. They were fine looking fellows. They came up later and had hot coffee in the *Zur Sonne,* somebody's treat. They continued playing just below our windows, so that the meal was a somewhat unrestful and twisty, though highly enjoyable, affair.

Monday morning came at last and with it, wonder of wonders, a bit of sun. We ate much breakfast, which tendency on our part sets us a bit low, I fear, in Dora's estimation—Dora, the Swiss friend who was with us until September. When Dora starts any place she begins to lose her appetite several days in advance, and on the morning of her departure can eat nothing at all. Indeed she feels it so unnatural, our way of doing, that she gets

"Reisefeber" for us. She stays home with the June Bug, but whenever I start off any place Dora can eat no breakfast that day. Someone has to act as if they were really traveling.

2

Breakfast done, we shouldered our rucksacks and were off for our first experiment at seeing the world—how shall I put it?—on the jump. We've always taken Europe in unruffled leisure, months or a year in one place. We secretly jeered at those who did otherwise. We even went so far ten years ago, our other trip, as to say we'd rather not see a foreign land at all than blow through it like a hurricane. But I don't know. Certainly no human being lives who ever tore through a strange town at the rate we ran—literally honest-to-Gawd *ran* around Treves. And yet I'd not have missed Treves for anything. One could with profit gaze hours upon the Ponta Negri, sit a half day in the ruins of the ancient Roman amphitheatre. We panted by the Ponta Negri, we dashed into the amphitheatre and dashed out, perspiring. Yet we all three can close our eyes and see the Ponta Negri as plain as day, and there is clear conception of that amphitheatre in our minds. We all three got a distinct feel of the permeations and meanings of the Holy Roman Empire. We say "We've seen Treves." We have. We made no Pittsburgh survey of it. I've not the identical feeling and assurance about Treves, after those two or three hours, that I have about Stein, after ten months. But, all the same, Treves is part of me now, and not robbers, fire or the deluge can tear it from my soul. I entirely withdraw the assertion that if a person can't unpack all her nicknacks and stay in a place till the postmen and the police know every friend she has on earth, then she'd better not stay at all. No, travel on the bound has much to be said in its favor.

So then, we were off, the boys in their short rather bright blue trousers, as worn by boys in the *L. E. H.s*, and their school tams, Jim's bright red, Nand's navy blue, Art's—lost. Nand is as tall as I am. Jim is not far behind him in size, though his pneumonia last spring put him back a bit. And my bizarre-flowered dress and our four rucksacks. Only scarcely ever was I allowed to carry mine. A gallant son, one or the other, always insisted on carrying two, mine and his. And then, as noted later, often we mailed one rucksack on ahead, reducing the load by so much.

All of us kept diaries. During the trip I often felt like adding the word "alas." For just as we had no time nor energy for Robinson's History of Western Europe and Tramp Abroad, so it did often seem we had no time nor energy for diaries. I kept mine religiously, but that was because I always woke fairly early and got the thing done before breakfast. It was utterly impossible to do them at night—we were all three too weary. I remember Nand claimed in America that if ever he really did get to Europe he was going to keep a diary every day of his entire trip. The first I knew of that resolution was in reading over a letter of his to Lucy Fitch Perkins, immortal author of the immortal Twin Books. She once sent Jim one of her own drawings. Nand was as proud of having it in the family as if it had been his very own, so wrote along with Jim to express his appreciation of Mrs. Perkins in general. He was quite sure—it was almost two years ago—that never had such books been written as the Twin Books. He told Mrs. Perkins he expected them to add to his enjoyment of Europe, once he ever got there. When he did get there he was going to keep a diary and afterwards write a book himself—wish I could remember the exact title—"My Trip Around the World, or Boys' Geographical Helper." One rainy Sunday afternoon he spent on his Opus I.

Porto Negri—Treves.

THE CORRECT I. W. W.

by

Carleton H. Parker.

Do not disturb.
Important.

I.

A single man in a lumber camp.

In a good lumber camp the men would have breakfast at seven-thirty, and start work at eight. The lunch hour is from twelve to one o'clock, and stop work at four-thirty.

The men get two dollars, and room and board. They get two weeks vacation with payment, and get half Saturday and all Sunday off. Besides that, they get all the national holidays off.

For breakfast they have one bowl of mush, as named here, Cream of Wheat, Cream of Barley, Qaker Oats, etc., one glass of milk, and three pieces of toast. For lunch the men have, three coarses, first coarse contains peas, rice, aspargus, meat (different kinds), etc. The second coarse contains deserts, such as named here, tapioca, cornstarch, raisin, rice, etc. The last coarse is a glass of milk and 5 pieces toast. For supper the men have three coarses. The first coarse contains soup (different kinds). The second coarse contains peas, rice, spinich, etc. The last coarse contains a glass of milk, and three pieces of toast.

II.

A married man in a canning factory.

In a good canning factory the men would begin work at eight-thirty. The lunch hour is from twelve to one o'clock, and stop work at five.

The men get five dollars a day with-out room and board. They get two weeks vocation with payment, and get half Saturday, and all Sunday off. Besides that, the men get all the national holidays off.

For breakfast they have one bowl of mush as named here, Cream of Wheat, Cream of Barley, Qaker Oats, etc., one glass of milk and three pieces of toast. For lunch the men have three coarses, first coarse contains peas, rice, asparagus, meat (different kinds), etc. The second coarse contains diserts such, such as named here, tapioca, cornstarch, raisin, rice, etc. For supper the men have three coarses. The first coarse contains soup (different kinds). The second coarse contains peas, rice, spinich, etc. The last coarse contains a glass of milk, and three pieces of toast.

I am sorry that I can't write any more, I am only ten years old. I will write more when I get older.

End.

But the actual diary writing was a thorn in the flesh, though it did get written by both sons, all but some seven days out of thirty-five. Both started off in the detail inspired by novelty. Had the initial enthusiasm of Jim, especially, kept up longer than it did, we'd have had to leave him behind some place to continue his literary career while Nand and I saw the country.

3

A meeting I attended in New York soon after arrival there in 1919 was devoted to the subject of the business end of books. One subject discussed was "What Sells a Book?" Some thought book reviews helped, some thought they didn't help at all. Some thought advertising was a great thing, some said pshaw. Some said it was the personal word of the book seller. Some said it was the personal word of a friend. And I suppose it's a bit of all of that together.

Why, when you travel, do you visit the towns you do? It's about like books. Someone writes about a town and you read it. Someone tacks up an advertisement of a town with a turreted picture of it in browns and reds and greens and you look upon it. Someone in a travel bureau recommends strongly you stop off in ——, and you listen to him. Someone who is a personal friend and whose judgment you value—albeit the judgment previously may never have concerned choice in towns—says, "Promise me without fail you spend at least a day in ——. Otherwise you might just as well not go to Europe at all."

If all of these recommendations concern themselves with the same town, there's not a chance on earth the individual will escape without seeing that town. Often one twists the pointer of Fate in this direction or that for much less cause than such thorough recommendation.

We went to Villingen because I remembered a postcard Carl had brought back from there ten or twelve years ago—a poster brown tower with a poster red roof with a

bit of poster green ivy here and there. Villingen spelt Romance forever after. Because of the artist who did the card. Certainly life is scarce long enough to permit a pilgrimage to every town on earth which boasts a mediæval tower. Especially attractive poster-postcards of mediæval towers should be viewed by susceptible persons with caution.

For after all, almost the loveliest part of Villingen was that series of poster-postcards—we bought two more and mailed them to friends, hoping to sow the seeds of discord, Wanderlust, in their hearts. But most of Villingen is very modern, of boresome modernity. It was of course highly valuable to have gotten the twelve-year-old Villingen itch out of my system. By the simple expedient of gratification. Something within me is now forever still. How would the system feel when one had beheld every spot on earth toward which one had felt insatiable longings? Does a numbness creep over the soul or does one explode? Probably nobody has ever lived to find out. Probably we shall not ourselves be able to offer conclusive proof this way or that. Some contrary publisher will get out a book by some contrary critter telling of some corner in Abyssinia which willy-nilly must be seen before death, and at the age of seventy-nine there will still be thirst for strange places unquenched.

There are those in the industrial world who hold that the advantages of class conflict are strengthened by a strict adherence to the representation of every employer of labor, every capitalist, as fat, double-chinned, wearing a diamond stick pin and a diamond ring, and smiling pleasurably when little children are mangled to death in his factory or he runs over the struggling father or seven working class children in his green limousine.

Just so are sprinkled throughout our land those who are convinced Progress and Patriotism depend on no variations from that notion of the German nation as completely peopled with men of the same figure as the Class

Conscious Proletariat idea of the typical capitalist, consuming noisily quantities of sausage and beer, snorting at his women folk, refusing fresh air in railway carriages, gratified at the report of mutilated Belgian babies, unspeakably irritated at the idea of anyone not a German having anything on earth.

There are undoubtedly double-chinned capitalists who wear diamond stick pins. There are undoubtedly fat, sausage-consuming Germans who snort at their wives. One of them was in the station at Villingen and snorted at me—because his wife didn't seem to be handy and he felt the inner urge to put some female encumbrance in her place. I wasn't able to get a ghost of an idea what it was about, except that he didn't seem to think I ought to be standing in front of him in the ticket line. One of the cruellest, most heartbreaking acts a mortal can be guilty of is not to pay attention to a person who is scolding.

We discovered a Hotel zum Wilden Mann in Rottweil and longed to stay there. We groped about in halls and up and down stairs and could discover no one at home. To spite them we took to the Lamm. If we couldn't have the Wild Man we refused to put up at the Lion near by. Like the disgusted backwoodsman who threatened that if he couldn't be sure of enough liquor to get good and drunk he'd just stay sober altogether.

July 18 was a red letter day. We rode from Rottweil to Tuttlingen. (Note in my diary: "Boys rather lively in train!") And there again—a postcard got us to Villingen; one sentence in a book got us to Tuttlingen. In J. K. Jerome's "Three Men on a Bummell" he made a statement to the effect that the stretch of the Danube from Tuttlingen to Sigmaringen was the most beautiful twenty miles of river in all Germany, if not all Europe. So on the strength of that we made up our minds to walk it. That postcard overdid Villingen. Jerome K. Jerome was an honest man (not that we've seen every mile of every European river, but we are perfectly satisfied with the

Danube from Tuttlingen to Sigmaringen). The packs felt a bit heavy that first day, but the woods we passed through the early part of the morning were the kind to make one forget every trouble on earth. In Jim's diary "We followed a blazed trail through the beautifulest woods I ever saw in my whole life." We came out into a clearing once and there something about God's Open Spaces had the effect of inspiring Nand and Jim to mortal combat. Goodness knows what about. Boys and rucksacks rolled and tugged and banged. In my dismay I led off on ahead instead of the path right and we floundered about aimlessly through hot ploughed fields trying to strike the way again. In the woods once more all was peace. The energy of the young! We were hungry, packs were heavy, we'd already walked hours. But the boys continually tore off right and left working through the underbrush following what they insisted were "animal tracks." They must have covered twice as much ground as I. When the undergrowth disappeared they used up their surplus strength in a continual and vigorous, though praise God peaceful, pine cone fight while on the march. No fair hitting above the waist. I expected the seats of their trousers to be pine-coned through before the morning was over.

By 12.30 we had reached Fridingen. Lunch for the starving! There is enough Christian spirit in me to wish to warn even mine enemies away from Fridingen. Jerome K. Jerome said nothing about Fridingen. However, Jerome K. Jerome's day was not ours. *C'est la guerre.* Even though Fridingen was as unbelievably dirty then as now, at least then one could be sure of food when sore enhungered. We tried three as unappetising hostelries as the whole of Germany boasts. Nothing. In the third, several working men and peasants were eating. The sight and sound of food near drove us to acts of brigandage. No food for us. But these others? If they left anything, the very friendly landlady explained, we should have it. We gazed about. No one was eating in a manner to allow

hope that anything would be left. "But can't you buy food?" No, there was none to buy.

I had the American idea that money will get anything, so out we went. There was one place in town where food could be bought, of the grocery store variety. It was locked. There was one bakery. It was open. The floor was covered with loose boards. Three loaves ready for baking on each board. A cat was busily eating the dough from one loaf. We bought a baked loaf and departed. There was a pile of wood outside the grocery store. We flopped on that to wait for the place to open. It was a dirty, muddy alley, chickens clucking around our feet. Had we not been starving we could never have gotten down that soggy, bitter bread. At last a key turned in the grocery door. A dash from the wood pile.

Had they cheese?

No cheese.

Had they butter?

No butter.

Had they sardines or any canned goods?

No canned goods.

What did they have?

The woman poked about dismally.

They had macaroni and buttons and matches.

In desperation we returned to the last *Gasthaus*. No, nothing much was left over. The good soul thinned out some soup for us to make it go around, and produced from some place much cheese and bread. I had some beer (or as my elder son's diary has it, "Mom a glass of bear"). We felt like lords when we arose. Lunch for four including tip, twenty cents.

Every inch of the Danube from Fridingen to Beuron, that night's destination, was a treat for the eyes. We planned before leaving Switzerland, gazing down into the crystal clear Rhine below our windows, that we would swim during the summer in every big river in Germany. Half of us did try the Danube. The other rivers were too im-

31993

possible. I could get up no enthusiasm for even the Danube. Anyhow I got into a scanty bathing suit and took a sun bath in the green grass, while my eyes feasted on a castle ruin high on the cliffs above. If you gaze ten minutes on a castle ruin in such a setting—towns, railroads, kilometers distant—as sure as you're alive you hear mailed knights riding down the mountain road, the echo of the hunting horn from another hill. Boys about to bathe naked in the Danube looked more or less the same then as now. And stuck one toe in first and said the mediæval equivalent of "Gee, Mom, it's cold as ice." And Mom, warm on the dry bank, called the mediæval equivalent of "O be a sport and jump in!" (To quote exactly a twentieth century American's diary, "Art and I were the only ones which went swimming. It freshened one up swell.")

I know naught of the commercial value of a castle on the Danube in the eyes of a Robber Baron compared to other possible sites, but I'm sure the wife of the Robber Baron uttered sighs of rapture as her lord led her up through the steep woods to his new stronghold on the rocky cliffs. Gazing sheer down from the turret into the canyon below she put her golden head on her lord's steel shoulder and said, "My dear, my dear—I wouldn't exchange this for the castle of my cousin's on that bare old Rhine for all the booty in the realm!"

Perhaps her lord sighed less contentedly and said, "The view is indeed all to the good. It remains to be seen about the loot."

If I warn my enemies away from Fridingen I urge all friends to rush to Beuron. It nestles in a curve of the Danube about the eleventh century Augustine cloister, now one of the busiest and most prosperous of monasteries, since 1887 Benedictine. They own about all of Beuron and the fields about. "As we neared Beuron we saw the priests working in the hay. It was very queer to see that." The town was filled with a most agreeable type of German, there for a short summer "cure." I don't believe foreigners

know the place at all. The hotels are attractive, the food good. We got a room under the roof of the Pelikan with four beds in it, charges less than five cents apiece. A most delicious three course supper which filled our souls with peace cost about eight cents each. A breakfast of cocoa, rolls, butter, jam, came to five cents each, and dinner next day of soup, meat, mashed potatoes, carrots and peas, pudding with fruit sauce, cost ten cents each.

It poured in such torrents next day that we had to abandon our plan of walking on to Sigmaringen. Instead we kept on the continual jump from one side of the train to the other trying not to miss a single castle ruin on the wooded cliffs above.

In Sigmaringen, according to Jim, "we were starting off for the museum when a tooth of mine came out, it was very unexpected." Since Nature was merely taking her course it wasn't unexpected. But Sigmaringen will go down to history in Jim's mind as the place he lost a tooth "so unexpectedly." Now if I'd lost a tooth in Sigmaringen there'd have been something to talk about. When I arrive at the point of losing my teeth I suppose I'd really better be staying home. "Grandmother! Jim's second daughter's third baby has just arrived!" "Do tell. And I've just lost another tooth, unexpectedly."

Sigmaringen has a jewel of a small museum, said to be the finest private collection in Germany—the property of the Prince of Hohenzollern, as is the castle where it is located. I should like to own about every single object in that museum, except the armor, and the sons would receive that with open arms. Such wood carving, ivory, gold and silver work, old boxes, altar pieces, furniture! There was no feeling that some one had rushed forth with a net and dragged in everything old regardless. Each single article in the collection gave the impression of being the loveliest of its kind obtainable. I pray to heaven I shall never be asked to do something Wrong and the contents of that museum offered me as a Bribe. If I picture that situation too vividly I

shall go into a decline worrying. While Jim's appreciation at the time seemed sincere, his diary and mine don't sound exactly similar on the subject of that museum. "The guide showed us around at everything. It was very interesting and at last we signed our names and left." Nandy also gives more glowing space to a cutlery store where I purchased a pair of nail scissors (the very best in the shop, twenty cents). "In a store we saw a knife with 87 blades to it, and lots of other swell things."

Ah Tübingen! The 20th of July was perfect from start to finish. The sun shone in a cloudless sky. Boys never scrapped once. What more to desire? We left Sigmaringen early—fourth class of course. We travelled altogether fourth class in Germany, for two reasons. It was so cheap that it added to one's sense of adventure to get anything in 1922 for so little money. For instance the two hours from Sigmaringen to Hohenzollern cost about four cents apiece. Secondly—and I am honest in saying it was just as important a reason as the cheapness, if not even more so—fourth class was vastly more interesting than any other. Practically all Germany travels fourth class, including those who in prewar days travelled first. The fourth class cars are third class with the number changed on the outside. If you travel first or second you have your own country men, or no one, for company. And to me one of the joys of travel in a land where one speaks and understands the language is to talk to the people of that country on the train. Germans especially are proverbially friendly and talkative while travelling. One picks up untold information and local color. Besides just the interest in seeing who travels fourth class nowadays in Germany.

It was the very next day between Tübingen and Stuttgart that a charming grey-haired man spent most of the journey talking to two of the boys. As we got off the train a man stepped up to me, tipped his hat politely, and asked, "Do you know who that man was talking to your boys?" No, he was a stranger. "I thought you might

be interested to know that he is General von ————, one of the oldest families in Germany, one of the most important generals during the war.'' And travelling fourth class.

The big sight of the trip Sigmaringen-Tübingen was the Hohenzollern Castle, reached about noon. Parents with male offspring ought to feel duty bound to give said offspring a sight of that turreted castle crowning the hill. It was destroyed in 1423, rebuilt in 1850-56. The inner restorations are hideous beyond words. But outwardly in its dramatic setting it is the dream castle of the young. ''If they wanted to keep us out we would of had to lower three drawbridges and of had to of gone through seven strong doorways (gates) and then we would of only been in the courtyard.''

After a robust lunch served inside the castle—we were in our customary state of starvation, though we had consumed much chocolate and biscuits on our hour's climb up to the castle—we sat out in the sun on the castle ramparts, looked out over the valleys and Swabian hills, and the young planned diligently a luxurious cave they were going to dig next term at school.

Throughout the five weeks in Germany I came to have the tenderest affection for that cave. It served as a continuous cocktail to the sons. We would emerge from a picture gallery weary in mind and body; or it was a bad train trip, no seats, for the Sunday mob and tourists; or a long hungry wait for an overworked waiter to bring us food. Enthusiasm in life was at low ebb.

''Boy, you know what—I been thinking about that cave. I'll bet you big money—anything you want to bet, what do you want to bet?—we can make a sixth room behind the kitchen where we can keep all our secret papers and weapons and things like that. Want to bet?''

And they were off. Time, hunger, weariness—vanished. *C'est* The Cave. The more castles we saw, the more intricate became cave plans. Even I began to think of

it as a cross between the Royal Palace in Berlin and Nürnberg Castle. I was led to promise much in the way of furnishings for interior decoration. At present writing historical accuracy forces me to report that the cave consists of excavation about 2 x 2 x 1. But it was responsible for the German trip being a 100 per cent success.

It was at the Castle Hohenzollern that Jim caught a bee in his red school tam, or, as Nandy wrote it, "In the act of walking around the Burg Jim caught a bea." We were all leaning on our stomachs gazing down the sheer embankments to the forest below. Jim thought to shake the bee out again to freedom—and his tam fell over the wall down to the bottom. "Lucky it didn't stick to the wall someplace in the middle of its flight. I had to run down through the gangways and get it. By that time it was time to go, and we started running down the hill. We didn't get very far until Nandy had something the matter with his foot so we had to walk a little bit and then we started running again."

As soon as we returned from the German trip I wrote an article which fits in here, on the German Youth Movement. When there is so much discouraging going on in Europe it is just as well to give a bit of publicity to such constructive signs as show their heads above the mess.

4

It was almost supper time. We had fared forth by train early in the morning, at noon we had climbed a high and hot hill and explored a noble castle at its summit. We had run most of the way down, not only because we had to, in order to catch another train, but because it is the natural and accepted way of male young around thirteen to descend an incline. And now, arrived at Tübingen, we were still hot, and hungry, and the prospects of finding rooms, and a chance to drop our rucksacks, and find food, were growing slimmer and slimmer.

Tübingen is not a city of hotels at best. We tried four.

Three were filled. The fourth asked a hundred and twenty-five marks for a bed.

Now if once you've paid eight dollars in New York City for one night in a hotel, you certainly ought not to get squeamish over twenty-five cents, which was the exchange value at that time. But life is a matter of comparisons of all sorts and the Danube Valley was nearer to us, geographically and chronologically, than the Belmont. And along the Danube we had paid from twenty to thirty-five marks for a bed, and always in a very good, if not the very best, hotel, and had fallen into the habit of reckoning by such standards. After Frankfurt, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, one hundred and twenty-five would have seemed indeed a bargain. We'd have exclaimed, "Come on and enter in,—this is our lucky day!"

But after the Danube we said, "One hundred and twenty-five marks appears a lot to pay for a little one-horse hotel like this." And so we walked on out. Writing from Switzerland, it does seem as if I must have been suffering from softening of the brain to walk out of a hotel because a bed cost a bit over one franc. But it is the truth. (According to Nandy's diary, which I didn't quote in my article: "We first looked for a Hotel. We saw a pretty good one and asked how much they (beds) were, and if the poor old fools didn't know anything more than to charge 125 marks for one bed one night. We then took for the fresh air.")

All the time we were really searching for a *Christlicher Hospiz* which had been highly recommended. It was in such a locality that the worthy inhabitants of Tübingen felt justified in directing us only three blocks at a time. Should we reach that complicated and twisted point, we could ask another inhabitant how to proceed from there.

Arrived at the *Hospiz,* the kindly *Wirt* informed us it was entirely occupied, and always was. With the air of, "If you had written a year in advance for rooms, it would not have helped in the least."

But we had to find a place to sleep!

He eyed us, the three small boys, and me, the mother of two of them, and our four rucksacks.

"Are you travelling alone without your parents?"

That was flattering to one of my advanced years. I loved the *Wirt*.

"You can try the *Jugendherberge.*"

And he came out into the street with us and directed us on up the hill toward the castle.

For one thing, I didn't catch the name of this place we were to look for, and had I caught it, it would have meant nothing to me, one way or the other. I thought it merely the name of another hotel. On and on up the hill we walked. Finding ourselves at the entrance to the ancient castle court, we said, "Let's go in while we're here and have a look."

Inside the old "*reiches aüsseres* Portal" (Baedeker) the first thing to greet our eyes was a door ahead with a sign "*Jugendherberge*" on it. Exactly what we were looking for!

The building itself was a rather small, low, many-sided affair built into the castle wall and extending far down the precipitous hillside. Were we going to be able to sleep in part of an old castle? There were three exclamations of "Oh Boy!"

I went on ahead and rang the bell. A wrinkled old maid opened the door. "We were directed up here to find rooms." Four beds we wanted.

Yes, she had four beds.

By that time I was quite careless as to what the beds might cost. She could have asked any price—in marks—and I'd have paid it gladly. Or the young would have paid it for me, to sleep in such a spot.

Where had we come from?

We had slept the last night in Sigmaringen, had visited the Burg Hohenzollern during the day. But we lived for the time being in Switzerland.

Oh so, foreigners. Her face fell. Then she would have to charge us extra for the beds.

I had heard that was the way it was done nowadays in Germany. It seemed absolutely just, only to date it had not been practised on us. So—a possible one hundred per cent to whatever the rate was. Why had we not settled for one hundred and twenty-five marks down the hill? Still it was worth any price to sleep in part of a moss covered castle.

So, how much would the beds be?

Yes, as foreigners, she would have to charge us six marks.

I didn't quite understand.

Six marks. Otherwise it would have been four. She was sorry.

Naturally my face looked queer. Whose wouldn't nowadays, to be told one could get a bed for a bit over a cent? But the old dame thought it was dismay.

"Well we *have* beds for one mark fifty."

No, I said the six marks beds would quite do.

I called the three boys. They were wearing their Swiss school tams.

"So—so, are they *Schüler?*" asked the woman.

Yes, in a Swiss *Landerziehungsheim.*

So . . . Then for them it would be only four marks a bed.

And naturally I wondered where in the world we were; what in the world a *Jugendherberge* was. One thing certain, we would stay and find out, no matter what we might discover we had gotten into.

So I talked that evening with the housekeeper. She answered many questions. She gave me literature on the subject. For the next four weeks I asked questions of the wandering youth. The elderly woman presented me with a list of all the *Jugendherbergen* in Germany, so that we could sleep every night in one. But that is not a thing a person of American dollars can do with good

conscience, even though one paid according to other than *Jugendherberge* standards. *Jugendherbergen* are not for tourists. They are for the youth of Germany who can afford nothing else.

And it is in such youth as nightly use the Herbergen that much of the hope of Germany lies. If one understands German; if one is interested in finding out everything possible as one journeys through the land; if one has German friends, then indeed can a trip through Germany be as depressing an experience as the gloomiest soul could hope for. But if one will feel gloom and gloom only, then remain away from the Jugendherbergen. For there, willy-nilly, the blood tingles with the glad discovery that even in a land spiritually tortured, bitter, bleeding, in countless cities and towns, is an oasis where health, enthusiasm, joy in life and living, find expression. Could one go so far in this over materialistic world of today as to venture that a nation with the youth of modern Germany has an asset which eventually must triumph over even—the *Valuta*? Yet again it seems as if the *Valuta* must in time strangle and silence even the songs in the *Jugendherbergen*. Or is youth unconquerable?

The young of Germany have long loved to wander, a rucksack slung over their shoulders, a few marks in their pockets. They were wont to stop nights in a simple *Gasthaus* or hotel, on further the next day, "for to admire and for to see." But the time came when it was no longer possible for the wanderer to pay for a bed in the very simplest *Gasthaus* in the land. In California one might ask, why need a roof over one's head? But in Germany it can rain nights on end in all seasons of the year. The climate has surely been the main factor to prohibit any sleeping bag *mores* from developing in the Fatherland.

But wandering is good for the soul of youth. Yet even the soul of youth must rest some place of nights. Six years ago was launched the first *Jugendherberge*, in order that no young person, male or female, with the love of the road

and adventure, the curiosity over distant towns and cities, need repress his or her longing for the lack of the wherewithal to pay for a night's lodging. In any *Jugendherberge* he or she was to find a bed so cheap that the most poverty-stricken heart could wander on. And wander on they do, by droves.

5

Did you step out of a taxi to see the new Museum of Applied Arts in the erstwhile royal palace in Berlin, and find a barefoot, bare headed boy of sixteen with his guide book entering just ahead of you? Did you roam with your Baedeker through the Dresden Gallery and note the sunburnt girls in their cotton dresses of bright colors, cut after the old peasant pattern, bareheaded, stockingless, sandals for footwear, or the bareheaded, barefooted boys and young men? Did you have to wait a moment on the curb at Frankfort until a group of youths and maidens with their rucksacks, guitars, pots and pans, passed by? Or didn't you notice? If you did notice, did you wonder at all where those travellers slept nights? No four hundred mark beds for them, even though four hundred marks may be but a few cents, and "ridiculously cheap." They each and every one slept in the various *Jugendherbergen,* for from one to four marks a bed.

With the *Jugendherbergen* numbering in the hundreds, it is difficult to say what sort would be considered typical. Some are old, dirty, inhospitable-looking, or to quote exactly, *ungemütlich.* Others are new, attractive, spick and span. Our own in Tübingen—We four laugh to ourselves and say, at least we are not apt to sleep in anything *worse!* But Tübingen was probably below average. There the *Jugendherberge* had been the castle prison. Ours was one of the rooms *de luxe,*—four markers we! It had been a prison cell, one small window high up, in a wall at least five feet thick. The door was a massive thing, heavily ironed. There was a small door within the door through

which food was wont to be pushed in the old prison days. There were four narrow iron beds in the room, two next each other, two double-deckers. There was a stained wooden table. There was an iron stove, I imagine absent, alas, in the prison days. These various articles completely covered the floor space, with the exception of the necessary room needed for opening the door.

The mattresses were dirty, and of course there were no sheets. Each of us was given two blankets. They were dirty. So we slept with all our clothes on, our Swiss rain capes over us. Each of us was given a wash basin. There was a sink in the hall. Eventually some object was found on which to set the basin, and then along with the youth of Germany, we and they made a great splattering in the prison hall. The cheaper beds were in the larger rooms, ten to twenty beds in a room, sacking stretched along poles, no mattresses. As the housekeeper explained, they believed in hardening the youth of the nation,—there should be nothing approaching luxury in a *Jugendherberge*. Her own quarters, good soul, were as remorseless as the rest.

Does it all sound rather lacking in fascination? That is why it is always a mistake to look and run. The beds were sad. But not the spirit.

We four ate supper below in the town in a garden restaurant on the river. Then we bought a raspberry pie and ate it in a park. At the same time in that same park a band played music under such trees as we had never seen. And the students with their faces slashed from duelling as of yore, only more so, strolled somewhat superficially up and down, up and down, bowing as stiffly as of yore to bosom comrades. It was the first experience of the young—this trip abroad in a German university town—and their eyes were wide with the novelty of it all.

"Look at that student,—he almost got his nose cut off once!"

"See that one just passing by in the green cap,—he's got three scars, one right under the other!"

"There's one in a bright orange cap. He probably fought right this very day! His forehead's all bandaged up."

"Don't they ever get tired taking their caps off to each other?"

It had been hard to drag them away from the student parade, the music, the boats on the river.. Up and around we wound to our prison on the top of the hill. Weary, we flung ourselves down on those Herberge mattresses. But not until we had seen a number of our fellow lodgers. Tanned, always hatless, almost invariably barelegged, often barefoot (shoes and stockings are coming to be something of a luxury and wear out too quickly on the *Wanderung*), they strolled in with their rucksacks, some with a loaf of bread under their arms, others with a bag of plums, or a bottle of soda water. Immediate comradeship exists in a *Jugendherberge,* as in the tramp or hobo jungle of our own land. Everyone shares everything. Probably a great number can afford only bread. But it is eaten with a fellow wanderer of the road, there is hilarious exchange of wander experiences. No stiff student bows in a *Jugendherberge.* A stranger enters, puts his blankets on a spare bed, and immediately is addressed by all present as *du.* Which, more than by any other single illustration, describes the spirit of the *Jugendherbergen.* A German is *Sie* to every other German but relatives and the most immediate and close friends almost all his life. The spirit of the Herberge makes him *du* from the first greeting.

From down the hill and across the river floated up to our erstwhile prison the music of the band. I lay on that Jugendherberge bed wondering if a prisoner of the old days ever had that solace. And then from across the hall came the sound of guitars and singing.

The band below was a military band. Most of the audience were militaristic students, old for their years, tight in the conservatism, the traditions, which bind students of all lands, and German students especially. Across the hall sang the Youth of Germany, loosening themselves not only from

the conservative traditions of the rest of Germany their own age in years, but still more imperative for normal, wholesome development, breaking away for at least a time from the tragic bitterness and cynicism which to-day holds Germans of every age in its grasp.

On the train from Zollern to Sigmaringen, fourth class, an old ex-teacher was talking to a stranger next him.

"I have fifteen hundred marks left."

"And when that is gone?"

A shrug of the patched shoulders. "What do the others do? The gas."

A mother was exchanging cares with her neighbor across the aisle.

"Last night I fed five people on two potatoes. That was our supper. They cost me nine marks, those two. And then when my Mann got into bed he said, '*Ach*, Lena, why do we go on like this? Why not turn on the gas?' "

The day before a strange woman had told me of her friend.

"She's a widow. The child is sickly. It had to have shoes. The mother sold her last piece of jewelry—a pretty pin it was. It just did for a pair of shoes. And they wear out so fast nowadays."

"And what will she do when the child needs something else?"

"*Ach*, she says before that they'll both be dead."

"How terrible!"

The stranger shrugged her shoulders. "She says she'd rather have it that way."

I asked the finest young German I know, a man of about thirty-eight years, a staunch Republican even ten years ago when he had scant company, what he would advise as to the wisdom of educating American boys in Germany today. He looked aghast.

"If I could but send every boy now in Germany to the

other ends of the world! Keep your boys away from it! What has a boy in Germany today of the environment he needs? He hears but two subjects ever discussed at home,—embittered politics, national and international; despair over the cost of living. What is German home life? Once it was something we pointed to with pride. Now it is a thing of hatred for the outer world, anxiety for its own preservation, broken nerves, sickness, discouragement, despair. That environment for growing children!"

"But the schools?" I ventured.

"They too were once something we could feel pride in. I'd take every boy out of them now if I could. The children arrive at school from such an atmosphere as I've described. Eager, healthy enthusiasm,—how can there be any? The majority are undernourished, nervous, two years behind in size, one to two years in intellect. Over them is a teacher, likely as not arrived at school from another such home atmosphere,—nerves, anxiety, discouragement, despair. . . . Of course," he added, "here and there prosperity does exist. But in some ways its effect on the children is as bad as poverty. There is a nervous haste to spend money as fast as it is made, and before the mark slumps still further—a wild living-for-the-moment. . . ."

I glanced down at the Frankfurt evening paper lying beside me. There was a featured article on some technical financial subject by the very friend to whom I was talking. Naturally I congratulated him.

"Yes," he replied, smiling, but not a happy smile. "And today I had to have a pair of shoes half soled. It cost me fifty marks more than what I got for that article."

He went on. "I've always said I'd have hated living in Germany had we won the war. Surely it would have been unbearable, the militarism of it all . . . And yet, I wonder if that really would have been worse than this . . . If I could breathe other air again for just one year! To get away from Germany,—the bitterness, the worry,

the desperation, for just one year . . . I'd do anything, go any place—except France!"

"It's the caged feeling," so many of our old friends told me. "The knowledge that no matter what happens, how much worse things get, the *Valuta* keeps us right here. To get away just long enough to make a new start!"

The songs continued drifting across the hall, but subdued and softened by two heavy prison doors, and walls built to keep sounds—and souls—confined through all eternity. Youth will not be imprisoned, youth will not bear the caged feeling, youth revolts against and escapes from nerves and anxiety, discouragement and despair. Sun-burned, joyous, youth had broken with the adult world of cynical prosperity, of embittered poverty, and was singing age old songs of youth in the *Jugendherberge.*

The unspeakable relief of those songs, after the misery heard on all sides riding in the fourth class car; after the stilted self-sufficiency of the students in the park. . . .

As far as I could learn, no one has the exact figures to show what proportion of the youth of Germany is definitely organized. The general consensus of opinion puts it at "more than half." Not long ago an attempt was made to consolidate the Youth Movement. Each organization sent one delegate. There were over three hundred delegates present. It was found that among such a number, interests, aims, ideals, were too varied to admit of national unification. Some organizations are out and out religious,—combatively catholic or protestant; some are political, varying in shades from the palest conservatism to the wildest hues of anarchism, communism, socialism. At one time the socialist organizations within the Youth Movement were giving trouble. Practically all organizations are spontaneous growths from the bottom up, so to speak. The socialists, however, were launched, watched over, influenced, by the various adult socialist parties.

But it is the spirit of the Youth Movement to resent adult interference. It was to get away from what adults had done to the world that gave the Youth Movement most of its impetus. Youth as youth felt itself stronger than the principles of socialism.

But the great majority of organized youths are neither religious, in the narrow sense, nor political. One would be safe in declaring that they are, however, ethical. The Youth Movement, apart from the proselytizing of political or religious creeds, is an idealist revolt against the materialistic mess the world finds itself in. It is perhaps the brightest spot in that mess on the whole continent of Europe. There is nothing that a boy or girl of eighteen can do to reform the currency, reduce reparations, stabilize industry. But the world is richer for the spirit of thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women, revolting against the superficialities and mediocrities and tyrannies of modern civilization; convinced of the inborn beauty and generosity and comradeship of human lives; demanding the best in art, literature, music, drama; building up health, spontaneity, straightforward wholesomeness.

Some carry their ideals to extremes; some, after the initial enthusiasm, continue in the movement half heartedly; nine-tenths of it all may dwindle into that neverendingness of virile dreams become emasculated fancies, of high hopes become half-humorous retrospect. But for the present it is giving youth, and some of the rest of us, encouragement to meet the future.

6

Practically everybody who ever sleeps in a *Jugendherberge* belongs to some organization of the Youth Movement. He or she may be a member of the *Wandervögel* or *Pfadfinder*, of some athletic club, a loose school organization or a proletarian workers' group. The fact of the *Jugendherberge* makes all youth comrades for the night,

to talk of matters of this world or the next, in lighter or serious vein, but as youth, and not echoes of disillusioned age. One and all abstain from drinking and smoking. It is a rule of the *Herbergen;* it is part and parcel of the Youth Movement. The Youth Movement stands practically solid against alcohol, narcotics, prostitution. But organized or unorganized, the *Jugendherberge* holds itself ready to receive any wanderer as long as a free bed remains. To translate rather literally:

"The *Herbergen* shall stand for the service of fusing the people (*Volkverschmelzung*) and wiping out class differences, of training up a truly united German people." Their unadorned purpose is "to furnish a simple, almost costless opportunity to rest for the night after the day's exertion, and thereby make possible an *"allgemeines Jugendwandern."* They have been founded, these *Herbergen,* by localities, organizations and clubs of all sorts, churches, factory owners,—anyone who could gather the necessary money to make over some old building, or part of a building, into a usable shelter, or, in exceptional and proud instances, to build a new building for the purpose. The more pretentious are furnished with opportunities for cooking, quarters for drying wet clothes, slippers, looking glass, games, books. Usually coffee, still called that in Germany, can be bought for breakfast in any *Herberge.* The universal rule of the wanderer is that he shall feed himself from his own rucksack.

Recently a young Swiss school teacher spent the day with us. He had just returned from several months in Germany, teaching in one of those idealistic colonies so prevalent today in discouraged Europe. The last three weeks he had wandered through the land, sleeping each night in a different *Jugendherberge.* In the spring he had left us with great expectations as to what life on that island in the North Sea among those brave idealists would be. Three months of a strange soup, and soup only, three

times a day, with "salad the sixteenth of July," and three months of living twenty-four hours among half-nourished dreamers "who talked too much," had cooled his own erstwhile Swiss fervor for the Higher Life. But the *Jugendherbergen* had restored all his lost confidence in humanity. He claimed it had been the finest experience he had ever had,—each night sleeping between two strange wanderers, each night a new comradeship with youth who were filled with enthusiasms kept healthy by contact with the world at large, who opened their hearts in frank exchange of thoughts and experiences, who had been able, at least for the time being, to put all political, social and industrial bitterness aside, who looked upon each new day as the open sesame to further adventure, to new friendships. "*Ach,* it was unbelievably fine!" he exclaimed.

I told him of the youths we had met who had been on the road for six weeks, and averaged twenty-eight marks a day per person,—three meals, such as they were, bed, railroad fares, all extras. That, remember, was less than three cents. The Swiss school teacher was scornful. "That is luxury! I met boys and young men who were managing on two hundred marks a month, for *everything,* Many, many had no more than three hundred. Happy?—they were the happiest lot I've seen for many a year."

He told us of his young Austrian friend, a youth of some twenty years, who hungered to see the world,—on Austrian *kronen,* mind you! And for that matter, he had none of those. Youth *is* unconquerable! He started out from Vienna three months ago with a slim rucksack, and his trade as a carpenter. He walked Italy from end to end, did Switzerland quite thoroughly, and was in Dresden when our Swiss friend slept next to him in a *Jugendherberge.*

"How did he manage it?"

"Somehow or other he picked up a bit of carpentering here and there,—enough to carry him along several days or weeks, the way he lives. The whole trip he had

walked,—walked barefoot. For clothes he had a pair of knee breeches and a coat. No shirt, outer or inner . . . He was the finest fellow I met the whole trip . . .''

The young Swiss school teacher chuckled. ''I invited him and another Austrian to see 'Fidelio' at the Royal Opera House in Dresden. Both of them were without shoes. I felt rather uncomfortable as host wearing shoes and stockings when they had none, so I took mine off and all three of us went barefoot—in the Royal Opera House!''

''German Youth,'' urges the book of the *Jugendherbergen* in somewhat poetic phrases, ''wander! Flee from the nerve weakening diversions of the city and seek recreation in the peace and quiet of country life. At least once a week away from the treadmill of life, from the daily dust, away from the atmosphere of man-made standards in which city life enslaves you, away from hard stone streets! Away to the country where soft grass borders the paths . . . and the wind sings in the mountain woods! A new day entices to new shores.

''And then sitting again at home in the narrow quarters of the big city there will waft in during our daily work a soul-filling memory . . . of the song of birds, the music of the spring, the smell of earth and flowers, and the narrowest and darkest rooms, be they in the back building of a tenement house, will become gilded with pure sunshine—until the next *Wandertag*. . . . To wander, especially the wanderings of youth, is to enter fairy land, full of wondrous flowers, pure, and sweet, and healing.''

On the first page of the book of the *Jugendherbergen,* in bold and decorative type, is the exhortation:

GERMAN YOUTH!

''Take thought on your wanderings of the seriousness of the times, and avoid everything garish in deportment and

clothing! Forswear unnecessary adornment and loud ways! Avoid alcohol and tobacco on your travels! Sing proper (*anständige*) songs. However, cease all singing and noisy pleasure where it can annoy others. Your actions should earn you love and respect. Spare meadow and field, woods and shrubs! For the land is holy and everything it yields. Protect our German native land!"

Today, in every city of Germany where there are worth while things to see,—and that means the majority of German cities, German youths are tramping about learning to know their native land. Every week end they are pouring out from the cities and towns, students and workers of both sexes, obeying the advice of the *Jugendherbergen* book without perhaps ever having read it,—"Away to the Country!" Tonight, in the cities, in the country, *Jugendherbergen* are sheltering the wayfarers. And with that shelter comes in addition the chance that every youth who shoulders his pack on the morrow has made another friend, if but a friend of the road, never to be met again. And a friend, if but a friend of the road, is of more moment to healthy youth, praise God, than the cruel vagaries of the *Valuta*.

It does not pay to economize too hard while travelling. Those *Herberge* beds were over hard. All three boys talked in their sleep. Jim sat up suddenly in the middle of the night and called, "*Was sollen wir machen?*" It is at least comforting to realize a child's command of a foreign language has reached the point where he talks it in his sleep. "*Hinlegen und schlafen!*" I informed him and pulled the lad back by his shirt collar. We decided the next morning that romantic as our prison cell was we would prefer in the future to keep out of jail. We were all too sleepy the whole next day, and besides it was too hot, to do anything but *bummel* leisurely about Stuttgart.

Since we had saved 483 marks on our night's lodgings

we decided to live high when it came to the midday meal in Stuttgart. We hunted up what to us looked the most stylish place to eat we had seen in all this trip to Europe, the new terrace of the Hotel Marquard. It was far beyond Parker standards. An immaculate waiter brought one course perfectly served after another, while we listened to the band music in the park. That meal, served that way, in New York City would have cost us at least $12 without tips. In Stuttgart with the poor old mark where it was, it came to one dollar for the four of us. Later we tried to go swimming—no place to swim except in a river too dirty even according to the boys. We took an open car ride to the end of the line, got off and drank ice cold lemonade while I read Jerome K. Jerome aloud. We put Art on his train for Bremen, and then to our weary, hot joy discovered a Charlie Chaplin film across the street from the station. Only to be told they allowed no children in the movies in Germany under eighteen. Goodness knows, considering most movies, I'm all for that —it's worth bringing children to Europe if for nothing else than to get them away from the eternal movie pull at home. Switzerland allows no children under ten in the movies, and between ten and sixteen they must be accompanied by adults. The boys have been once in a year. So we window shopped, having missed our train, due to my time table being a week out of date. In our customary state of hunger we sat us down at a sidewalk table for a hurry supper. The waiter said they had cheese sandwiches, ice cream or chocolate. I said bring all three. "*Ach,* gracious lady," he fairly wept, "they do not mix!" "Bring them anyhow," I said, "the responsibility's mine." He wrung his hands and eyed us anxiously from time to time. He knows we died soon after. That night we slept in Heilbronn.

That next day was a joy! Just accidentally my eye lit upon an infinitesimal reference in Baedeker to Weinsberg. So away we tore, a short train trip out. There in the

boiling hot noon sun we tramped up the hill to the ruined castle of Weibertreu, the boys removing all garments en route but their trousers. Mark Twain tells the story of the castle in his "Tramp Abroad," only we remarked that he was a lazy loafer. "And therefore, as the sun was blazing hot, we did not climb up there, but took the place on trust, and observed it from a distance; while the horse leaned up against a fence and rested. The place has no interest except that which is lent it by its legend, which is a very pretty one"—the story of the capture of the castle in 1140, the determination of the victor to put all males to the sword, the pleading of the women to spare their husbands' lives, and its refusal. One grace was granted, that each woman might remove from the castle as much of her most valuable property as she was able to carry—and each woman crossed the drawbridge with her husband on her back.

But the idea of Mark Twain remarking in a bored tone that "the place has no interest except that which is lent it by its legend." That was because he stayed down below. And yet Jim's diary bears him out, though Jim's actions and exclamations at the top belied his diary. "Then we went up to the old ruin there wasn't much left of it but the story" (nor had he read Mark Twain as yet. I'd remembered the story from years ago and told it to the boys as we sat in the shade of a tree in the ancient ruined courtyard). The contrast of that little cuddly quiet ruin and arrogant Burg Hohenzollern in all its glamour, of two days before! We had the very hide lectured off us by the conductor on the train going back to Heilbronn because the train hadn't come to a full stop before we got on. The tragedy of it was that before he had managed to get more than two-thirds of what he had to say out of his system the train entered a pitch dark tunnel. Samson deprived of his locks was no more powerless than that conductor in total darkness. Not a word further

Heilbronn.

could he utter. (The trip to Weibertreu and back to Heilbronn cost less than four cents for all three of us.)

The Rathhaus in Heilbronn with its carved and colored ceilings is worth a long trip for itself alone. It will always stand out as one of those things in Europe which I must see again. The last thing the friendly old porter showed us was the room for civil marriages. I've never attended a civil marriage any place. I wonder if in the whole of America there is a room for such as lovely as that one in Heilbronn. I've always imagined two scared young things whispering "I do" and putting up their right hands to swear to it while a man with glasses who hadn't shaved since day before yesterday looked at them boredly from across a golden oak ink-stained counter.

In Heilbronn there is first the waiting room, in case there is a rush of business and one must needs give others time. Over the door leading to the marriage room is a mural painting, modern, of a young man in something of a Robin Hood costume on his knees before a charming peasant girl in her Dyrndyl costume, a conventional rose bush garlanded over both. Once in the small room where the marriage takes place, the only light which enters is from panes of lavender glass. On the wall directly behind where sits the official, directly in front, therefore, of the bride and groom, is a fairly large mural painting which a good part of America would surely never countenance. For it is the nude figure of a man holding protectingly the nude figure of a woman, whose head rests trustingly on his shoulder. At either side are allegorical figures which offhand I gathered meant to imply that even united, and with love, life was something of a struggle.

I notice the boys' diaries have nothing to say on the subject of the Marriage Chamber. Instead what made the heart appeal to them in the Rathhaus was a mounted fish,—a Hecht which had lived to the ripe biblical age of three hundred years, and was three meters long. What's marriage compared to a Hecht? But, nevertheless, I in-

sist it must be satisfying to be married in a town as quaint as Heilbronn in a room as appropriate as that *Trauraum.* Hecht or no Hecht.

Then began the long planned tramp down the Neckar, Heilbronn to Heidelberg. We had mailed on to Heidelberg the largest rucksack filled with clothes (and Robinson) we wouldn't need for several days. It was hot, oh, my, but the first part of the way to Wimpfen led along a foot path between trees which met overhead. Clouds gathered blacker and blacker. We were just able to reach the shelter of a large new bridge before a terrific thunderstorm broke. For company we had two cows and their wagon, two boys, three men, and a peasant and his wife with a load of grass.

To the road again, in sunshine. Soon we overtook a long empty wagon. After due consultation we nerved ourselves to ask the nice peasant driving his poky horse if we might hang the rucksacks on the spar which stuck out in the rear. Sure we could. By and by he asked us if we didn't want to balance on behind ourselves. The boys were elated at the idea, though I really preferred walking since my gait kept comfortably with the horse's. The man and I indulged in a running conversation on every subject under the sun. He flattered me too, like the *Wirt* in Tübingen, by asking if our parents weren't worried at our roaming around thus alone. After a bit I was glad to ride myself. He was the nicest, friendliest peasant ever. The last few miles I got to worrying over whether I should offer him money for the "lift." Goodness, that can be a vexing problem. In Germany nowadays it only vexes one way—no fault of mine that the dollar is worth what it is. For there is no question as to whether you can afford to pay something to somebody. It's rather how or what or whether. And the better acquainted the shy peasant and I got (he was building himself a new house, though he had no wife in sight and wasn't at all sure he wanted one) the more convinced

I became that I ought not to offer him money. When we finally parted in Wimpfen I could tell by the way he shook hands twice all around, by his beams, by the way he waved and called till we were out of sight, that I was surely right. Money would have spoilt the whole thing.

Often those weeks in Germany I felt the concern, such as many a really rich person must feel, the desire, the ability, to give cash to the needy—but how do it? It seems so easy to say "Why just *give* it!" Yet it is all but impossible to do. That day on the road to Wimpfen we passed a family,—father carrying baby, another baby asleep in a wagon on top of some sad looking potatoes and household wages, a small boy trudging along wearily, a thin tired looking mother. Why not stop and give them a thousand marks? And yet *how?* It seems now as if I ought to have found some way of transferring that cash from me to them, but at the time I wracked my brain and could feel out no decent way to do it.

Wimpfen filled our souls with complete satisfaction. All you have a right to look for in any town standing for eight or nine hundred years was there—towers and walls, old churches, crooked narrow alleys. And the Neckar winding down below.

I hope such brevity as I exercise stands me somehow to some good account in the world. For I longed to compose pages on the fascinations of Heilbronn. I long to compose further pages on Wimpfen, and what we did and saw. At any rate I must record that I was able to make a wealthy gesture in Wimpfen. The hotel where we planned to stay was full. At the "Sonne," however, they had rooms. I said three beds. The proprietress seemed pained. She would prefer the two boys slept in one bed and I in another. Otherwise she would lose money on us. She couldn't risk letting them each have a bed in one room and me another bed in another room, reducing the second bed in that room to unrentableness. I saw her point, I felt her pain. I also saw how narrow the beds

were. Suddenly exchange rates flitted before my brain.

How much is a bed?

Forty marks, at that time less than ten cents.

"I will pay for the other bed in my room," I announced. I felt like Mrs. Rockefeller. She looked at me as if I were Mrs. Rockefeller. Never before had I been able to run amuck like that financially.

The next day we made another monied gesture, without precedent. We indulged in the luxury of three saline baths with an attendant dashing about to prepare same. Cures and baths other than ordinary garden variety H_2O have never fitted into our scheme of things. We soaked in queer smelling water, which wouldn't allow the soap to lather, for three cents apiece. While they were making all in readiness (it took time as water had to be heated) we sat on a lumpy woodpile in a leaky woodshed (it was pouring) and I read Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad." The attendant was in despair; insisted we sit inside. But we didn't like the smell.

Is it an equal joy to everyone to read about places one has just visited? To read about a place one is actually in? We chuckle with glee over the experience always. And Mark Twain had been right in our Wimpfen, had eaten where we ate and were going to eat again. Travel books are fun if you've never travelled to the places described, and still more fun if you have.

We had planned to tramp all day Sunday down the Neckar. As it was, the torrents of rain never ceased until five. We wanted to make Neckarelz for supper. It meant brisk walking, and Jim seemed loath to walk that briskly, until the idea struck him of kicking fallen green apples along the road. Then he fairly ran. He and Nand did race once from one kilometer post to another. We got interested timing ourselves, and learned that at a good gait we needed ten minutes to get from one kilometer stone to the next. We passed through castle-crowned and old walled villages, but could spot no place as dusk was com-

ing on—a perfect dusk, invigorating, soft color effects after the all day storm. Always we kept thinking that around the next hill would be Neckarelz—never was it there. At seven-thirty we sat on a pile of stones beside the road, wooded hills behind us, apple trees above us, Neckar before us, and consumed the last of our supplies. At 8 p. m. we reached Neckarelz.

There were seven unattractive inns or hotels, infinitesimal things, to choose from in that unattractive town. We were dead tired, hungry. Not a single hotel had a single room or bed free. Every hotel was filled with a noisy carousing stuffy crowd of Sunday Germans. We had to have food, we had to have beds to flop on. Hastily I scanned the map for the nearest town. It was Mossbach, up the valley which came in at right angles to the Neckar. By running we could just make the last train there. Baedeker didn't so much as mention Mossbach. It was already nine o'clock. If we found no bed or food in Mossbach——

Instead, a friendly person on the train led us direct to the Prinz Karl Hotel, one of the very nicest we came across in all our travels. And there we ate, at 9.30, a filling and delicious supper specially prepared, and retired to three spotlessly clean rooms, grateful to the Lord. We were torn between the idea of staying in Mossbach days, and the pull back to the Neckar. For the day before we had been smitten with a wild longing to rent a boat and go gliding down the Neckar in that. We woke the next morning to the sound of pouring rain, ate the best breakfast we'd had since Switzerland (real milk in the cocoa) and even so—tore forth the last minute possible and caught a train back to Neckarelz. By the time we reached Neckarelz, four minutes away, the sun was shining!

Then to find a boatman! or a man with a boat! At last we were directed to a man repairing a bridge.

One of the great fascinations of travel has nothing to do with the things one sees or the friends one learns

to know. It is the very dramatic, almost momentary, contact with individuals here and there, and yet, though the contact lasts less than fifteen minutes, something is carried away to enrich one for life. The same thing can happen without travelling, indeed, yet there is something about the receptive frame of mind one is in while on the road which allows a few minutes out of eternity to count for more than in every day life. There is something in me now that wasn't there before because of that boatman in Neckarelz. And because of a certain street car conductor and a waiter in Frankfurt, and a cab driver in Nürnberg.

The Neckarelz boatman had no boat to rent—only his own which he needed every day for ferry purposes. We talked about our plan, about Germany in general. Considering the state of his country he advised me against our plan. Mainly because he felt sure whoever rented me a boat would charge too much for it. He was bitterly disappointed in his countrymen. Over and over he referred to the *"unverschämte Menschlichkeit"* prevalent when it came to charges—the expression has become a by-word in the familly. For that reason alone we should never forget the boatman. "Unashamed humanity." Considering the prices we had been paying to date we certainly could not feel we were being taken advantage of. And just anyway, that man wasn't sure rowing down the Neckar was the thing for an unattached lady and two boys to be doing. Tramping in our case was quite adventuresome enough, though he approved the economy of it. (Riding in the train to Heidelberg would have cost perhaps ten cents apiece.)

We left Neckarelz boatless, glorying in the sunshine, filled to bursting with energy. We made detours, we explored woods, we discovered a wee third-class ruin up on a hill—Binan. Such joy and excitement as the sons displayed over that find! They pranced and tore about every inch. They discovered an old ladder, by the use of

which we got up into the tower. I felt like a cruel fairy-tale stepmother ever to think of parting my sons from that small ruin. They implored to be allowed to stay just one day and night there,—then just a day,—then just one more hour. "It's the swellest ruin in the world!" Neckar ruins are heaven for small boys, since they are untouristed, and while nothing startling is ever discovered there is the air about each one that if you could just stay longer, in some dark corner you'd be sure to come upon a war chest filled with booty. It's a hard-hearted parent can drag offspring from the fascinations of a mediæval castle. But alas, there was Heidelberg to get to and the Rhine ahead, and the Mosel and Berlin and Dresden and Munich and Oberammergau. Gee golly gosh, we couldn't set up housekeeping in each pile of bricks we tore up to.

In every town we passed we enquired after a boat. The current of the Neckar is so strong that boating as such doesn't exist. Only those own boats who need them daily for crossing back and forth across the river to work in fields or woods on the other side.

Lunch that day in Neckargerach. Soup, meat-cakes, potatoes, peas, bean salad, floating-island pudding—eight cents each. But I'm not going to tell prices any more. It will become either aggravating or boresome. Anyhow, from Heidelberg on we ran into no such standards as along the Danube and Neckar. From my diary of that day:

"What some would call 'typical' German at table. Immediately, Where did we come from? Where were we going? Our plans were all wrong. We should have planned it so and so. Going on to Eberbach? Ridiculous. Wouldn't find rooms. They'd be too expensive anyhow. Ought to stay on in Neckargerach. Not time enough? We could easily walk to Heidelberg in a day. Using valley road? Mad. Too hot. Ought to walk through

woods. If we'd wait till to-morrow he'd walk as far as Hirschhorn with us. 'The MUT.' "

The Minneburg ruin across the river and up the hill from Neckargerach. *Ach* parents. Take your sons of thirteen and fourteen there, I plead with you! Never were there such castle ruins for the young! Except for sinful ugly restorations along one stairway, the place is practically untouched. The boys invented ways to scale partially stairless towers, to get out on unapproachable walls. They disappeared in caverns under the earth. Nor did there ever seem to be an end to those ruins. They ramified out into the woods in all directions. It wrenched all our hearts to leave. It was only the thought of that boat which parted us from Minneburg.

And at last, outside of Zwingenberg, the Lord of Good Luck nodded in our direction. We got a Ferryman to part with a leaky ancient tub, but only, alas, as far as Eberbach. To possess it until Heidelberg was out of the question. Price to Eberbach and cost of getting it back to Zwingenberg, thirty cents, 158 marks—"*unverschämte Menschlichkeit*"?

Maybe we three weren't the most blissful souls in all creation as we scuttled into that old relic. Mark Twain would put up the claim with a straight face that it belonged to Götz von Berlichingen, the same who owned Mark Twain's horse which drove him from Heilbronn to Weibertreu. Götz passed on sometime around 1530. Certainly it is more fitting to drift down the Neckar in leaky remains of a boat than to approach castle ruins and old towns in something spanking new and shiny.

We glided down stream, scarce touching oars to the water. When a sudden rainstorm burst upon us, we beached the craft in a little nook and sought shelter under a tree. Jim, as always, busied himself at once looking for birds and nests, though he got wet doing it. (His interest is purely scientific, not possessive. The natural science teacher at school has enthused him to the point where

he would almost leave a castle ruin for a bird.) The rain took up so much of our time that we had to pass several ruins unvisited. Oh woe. As it was we did not reach Eberbach until seven. The boys, after being perfect for days, had a fearful fight on the float where we tied the boat. We were all starved—that had much to do with it. I announced "No more boat!" Consternation. I meant it too.

7

I left the boys to ruminate on their sins while I hunted a hotel. A moment later I ran into Nandy and the ferryman from Zwingenberg. He had followed us all the way down to announce that after all he had a boat he could let us use until Heidelberg—one dollar for the boat until Thursday! (That was Monday night.) I forgot all my fine disciplining. I almost embraced the boatman. Boys and I did embrace each other for joy. Tams were hurled in the air, chortles of "O Boy!" "O Gee!" "Mom, you're a *darling!*" And oaths to heaven that never, never would they fight again as long as they lived. No beds to be had in the hotel. We got a room with a private family. House must have been built by Götz's father. Our room slanted at an angle of several degrees. We climbed up the slip of linoleum to the washstand, slid down it again to the bureau.

In Eberbach next morning we laid in a supply of food to stow away in our boat. That was no fun at all. If one wishes to enjoy Germany one must stay away from all stores patronized by Germans. The expression on the face of a German woman with a child in her arms when she hears the price of any foodstuffs takes all joy out of life, if you're where you can see it. And then she buys six carrots and goes wearily out. We moved heaven and earth to get milk in our cocoa where we ate breakfast in Eberbach. We got it, but paid what the Neckarelz

boatman would have reckoned an evidence of *unverschämte Menschlichkeit.*

A German woman at the same table fed her three children of three, four and five years—black coffee.

Between Eberbach and Neckarsteinach, the next night's stop, we made pleasant friends, two young Germans in an Old Town canoe who were travelling thus for the sport of the thing from Heilbronn on the Neckar to Bonn on the Rhine. We let other nations have their queers and call them "typical." When we run across two men like our canoe friends we're apt to say they were typical—but add "typical Americans." One had had his right hand almost shot away in the war. They had a canoe book for all the rivers in Germany. Had we seen the chapter on the Neckar first we might not have made such a fuss over renting a boat. "Keep to left! Rapids." "Keep to right! Rocks!" And we'd been sprawling all over the stream, and continued to sprawl.

In Neckarsteinach we met the old hard luck tale when it came to locating bed and board. Every hotel filled. Finally we located one bed on one side of town in a private family. Nand took that. Jim and I got two beds nearer the river. We ate at a hotel in between—but first visited all four castles. Two of them especially were filled with memories of ten years ago.

The next morning it was Dilsberg after breakfast, the wee town, built as compactly as a town could be built, and that goodness knows how many hundred years ago, on the top of a pudding bowl hill. It too, of course, has its castle ruin and an old well, down which you drop burning papers to get an idea of the depth. Wells always give me the shivers. I'd rather build chimneys than dig wells. Though my creative soul hankers after neither job. I'll sit by the fire and drink tea, blessing him who enables smoke to go up and out and him who gets water from the depths of the earth into my cup.

For that last day of our boat there ought to be colored moving pictures to do us justice. As we neared Neckargemünd, as thoroughgoing a rain storm broke upon us as my soul ever lived through. The only trees in sight were of an unsheltery variety, but perhaps better than nothing. At that they were quite a way up a very steep bank. We barricaded ourselves against slipping down, ate our lunch drippily, and out came Mark Twain again, as nothing showed signs of altering from wet to dry. And then rain fell which made the first half hour under those trees seem a Palestine drought. The trees might just as well not have been there. We tried to cover the rucksacks and ourselves with our pelerines, but either we or the rucksacks kept continually slipping in the red mud. Once both rucksacks rolled down the hill. The boys slushed after them, but they were already caked with that same red mud so that one could scarce see the stuff the bags were made of. We were a sloppy wet mess from A to Z. Of course the rain stopped—rains do. To the boat again. About half an hour later it started to pour again. Pshaw, what was rain to us?

"It's raining, father."—small high voice.

"Let it rain!"—gruff.

"I was going to, father."—s. h. v.

We let it rain. And rowed on. Really rowed—no drifting. Two boys at the oars.

And then, just as we rounded the bend where we could see Heidelberg ahead, the sun shone.

I sit here and dream back to that sight. Heidelberg seen from any angle in any season at any time of day becomes a memory to treasure always. As we saw it that Wednesday, approached from up the river in a boat, a late afternoon summer sun bathing every leaf and stone in misty shimmer after a summer storm——

Nandy's diary: "Mom wouldn't let us look up toward the castle till we could see the whole thing at once and when we did see it, O boy! It was the best, biggest, and

most beautiful castle I've ever seen, and then Heidelberg too with its old bridge and towers with canon shots in them and the town itself. The sun was just shining a little through the haze. It made everything look so lovely. Heidelberg looked at that moment so peaceful as any town could be." Then came the real thrill of shooting the rapids, making one of the bridge arches properly, clearing the rocks right and left below. A fitting finale.

On the way to Heidelberg we'd come to a monumental decision. We made up our minds we would stay at an expensive absolutely first class hotel! If you have never done such a thing (unless you were invited to such by others) you don't know what an awesome idea it can be. Parkers always look for something off the main thoroughfare—clean but no class. The cheaper the better. I know of no more comfortable way to save money than by going to a cheap hotel, provided it's clean. The hotel is the very least important item in travel, because we are never in it, except to sleep. And then we are in it nights consciously about half an hour at most, and another half hour until we are up and off in the morning. What's it to us if gold cupids are holding up a gold-framed mirror over a marble-topped table with gold legs, or if there's a cracked looking-glass over a washstand covered with a piece of oilcloth? In my sleeping moments I am utterly oblivious to gold cupids; in my waking moments it's the same face I look at, no matter what the mirror, and it takes me two and a half minutes to do my hair, be gold cupids in attendance or a crack.

And yet—there is something to that suggestion, "Try everything once." We'd been putting up in some queer looking hostelries since we started out; we'd spent precious little money,—from one to ten cents a bed. If we couldn't afford a splurge in Heidelberg, exchange being what exchange was, we could never afford one in our lives. So we scraped all the mud off that would scrape off, and full of riches and importance we breezed in to the

Hotel Victoria. At least I breezed in—the boys waited outside.

There were no limits to my demands. I wished a single and a double room and a bath between. Just like that. Didn't even ask the price. Didn't care. The gold-buttoned *Portier* said he could arrange it, though he took a good deal of time to come to that decision, since he had to change around several reservations. Meanwhile I eyed favorably the plush carpets and velvet hangings and white enamel woodwork and well-put-together people who looked as if they always stayed dry and never patronized *Jugendherbergen.*

And then, everything settled, though with no enthusiasm on the part of the Portier, I called the boys. They bounded up the hotel steps. The *Portier* took one look at them and the red clay rucksacks, another look at me. He called me back into the office. He broke the news politely that after all he'd made a mistake—he had no spare rooms left in the whole hotel.

I wanted to make him swallow one of his own large gold buttons. I contemplated taking the express back to Switzerland, dressing in my best black lace evening dress and black velvet evening coat with its fur collar and tripping into that haughty *Portier's* office, saying to him, "I wouldn't stay in your old hole if you paid me!" and swishing off before his chagrined eyes to the rival hotel across the street. And then, almost at the same moment, the thought entered my head,—this is the sort of thing negroes have to put up with every day in our land, and sometimes Jews. Now I know a little wee bit how it feels. And I'm glad I've had one more experience in common with some of the rest of the world. For after all, almost anybody I know, and I myself, could stay in just about any hotel we wanted to and could pay for, a hundred times out of a hundred. I doubt if any one I know, outside of my negro, and perhaps some Jewish friends, have ever been turned out of a place they could

pay for. One more experience in life. Nandy wrote: "At the first hotel which was very stylish didn't want us on account of the way we looked. We were wet from the rain and the two rucksacks were muddy, especially one of them. We had also old clothes on. I had a hole in my sweater also."

Since Heidelberg had more tourists than it could easily handle, I didn't blame the Hotel Victoria for not wanting to fill up on Parkers when they could so easily fill up on much handsomer guests. But those handsomer guests who would sleep in those Parker beds—what would they know of the joys of gliding down the Neckar three days in an old row boat? When I remarked on that fact to the young, the only fitting remark they were able to think of for the Handsome Ones was "Gee, the poor boobs!"

Anyway, listen to the reception of the young for the place we finally did find which would let us stay. "At last we got a double room with four beds in it at the Hotel zum Ritter. This building is very famous in Heidelberg; it is the only building which the French didn't burn or break up. We wanted to eat once here so that we could say we'd been in it, we'd eaten in it, but to think we've slept in it is something unbelievable."

So there—that for the Hotel Victoria.

Of course I knew all along at the Hotel Victoria that I could have explained that we had clean clothes in a rucksack in the post-office and into those clean clothes we intended to change at once. The spirit didn't move me to any explaining. It moved me only to one glare. It was just as well that the Hotel Victoria didn't take us in. For when we got our wet rucksacks unpacked and did get to the post-office to claim decent garments—the post-office was closed and locked for the night. I tried in desperation at least to buy shirts the boys could change into. Stores closed and locked for the night. Heidelberg is almost American in its hours. In the parts of Germany

we'd been traveling through, stores seemed to stay open until the owners went to sleep over the counters. Then they shook themselves, locked the outer door, turned out the light and went to bed. In a small shop in an alley I did manage to purchase a change of socks and stockings apiece, and gave thanks to heaven for that much dryness.

That night—Parker luck, Parker luck! If that very night there wasn't a castle illumination! If you think that doesn't deserve excitement and gratitude, ask the man who's seen one. It only transpires perhaps six times a year. And we ran into one! It is a red letter experience for an adult. For two boys—the thrills of four old-fashioned 4th of Julys rolled into one. The evening was balmy. We got our own boat and watched the wonders from that.

"After supper we took the boat out to see the *Schloss-beleuchtung.* It came just at the right time, just as we got there, on the same evening. That's what I call *Parker Luck.* It was just like Venice, I imagine, with all the colored lanterns reflecting in the water, from the other boats. We didn't have a lantern because we didn't know about the lantern business. Quite often you would see a skyrocket or something go up. We were waiting a long time for the real *Beleuchtung.* It was good and dark now when suddenly a canon was fired and at the two ends of the castle flames and things flew up and then all over there were little red fires. It made it look just like when the French burnt it up, it gradually died away till you couldn't see the castle any more. When it was red you could see the castle so well against the black background of a hill; after the castle they did the same with the bridge, Schloss hotel and another hotel up high on the hill. It was a lovely sight. After that we went back to the hotel and slept soundly."

My young seem to get much enjoyment of a soul-filling variety through gazing at places of abode they formerly occupied. When we first came east in 1919, Mrs. Ehrich took the boys and me for a week-end at Wellesley. *En route* we motored to Cambridge, since Jim had a burning desire to see where he was born. All his nine years of associations with the Parker family evidently had led him to have scant hopes of having possessed a fitting birthplace. We stopped the machine in front of the red brick apartment house at the corner of the Harvard Yard, and Jim gazed long at the windows of the apartment where he first saw the light of—night, it was. Then he turned earnestly to me and said: "I can't tell you how much I thank you and Dad for letting me be born in such a nice place."

In his bread-and-butter-letter later to Mrs. Ehrich, he wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Ehrich:

"You don't no how I liked the trip to Boston, the things were so nice that we ate and everything. There were so many things that I liked about it, and I think it was very exciting when I saw the place that I was born in at Cambridge. . . ."

Eagerly the two boys had looked forward to viewing the home we had lived in that glorious year in Heidelberg ten years before. I tried to get up my courage to visit some of the neighbors—if indeed the same people were living in the same houses—but couldn't manage it. We had moved into the house on Moltke Strasse when it was brand new. Now attractive ivy was growing almost to the roof. There was the balcony from where crooked-nosed Anna, bless her, was wont to survey the landscape. We walked all around the block, and looked from the street behind at the back balcony from where Nandy and Jim in their tender years now and then shook down sand from their sand-box into the wash lines of Frau Kennerknecht below. Jim had his second, Nandy his third birth-

The Great Barrel—Heidelberg.

day in that house. It has always struck me as one of the queer tricks of Fate the way we've moved about the world, leaving behind us homes so filled with intimate glowing memories, and then absolute strangers move in and inhabit those very rooms, every corner of which fairly sings with our innermost associations. Absolute strangers in that living room of my old home where we were married; in that little apartment in Seattle where we started our first home-making; in the bedroom where Nandy was born in Oakland, where Jim was born in Cambridge, where June Bug blessed creation with her early gurgles. Strangers in that room in Seattle where Carl died——

If it had not been for the boys I'd never have reached the point where I could have faced the old closer Heidelberg friends. Just as the sons wished to see the former home, so they desired to meet their father's friends. I hadn't thought ever to go back to Heidelberg at all. Yet there I was, and before the day was over we'd visited the loved family doctor of those old days. His wife had died, and he had married again. He knew us, or rather me—not the boys, of course—at once and rejoiced that we'd not forgotten him. His daughter was engaged ten years ago. She and her *Braütigam* had been married nine years, two children. The son was married. I saw them all. Then Herr Professor and Frau Gothein, and Herr Professor and Frau Lederer. Carl's memory was fresh in all their hearts. I was so glad for the boys' sakes, for my own too, that I did manage to make those visits.

It was about five that we reached Heidelberg Castle. I had dreaded seeing that marvellous sight again—it was so rich in memories. Then I feared that it couldn't be as beautiful as I'd remembered it—and how often during the last ten years had my thoughts gone back to that Castle! And somehow it seemed more beautiful than ever I had seen it before.

"Then we went up to the biggest sight of all, the Castle

of Heidelberg, that had been nearly ruined, but it was too strongly built. First, we went through a little part of the *Schloss* garden to get to the *Schloss*. We saw everything in the whole castle, the old part and the ruined part and the big and little castle and Perkeo the Dwarf who is said to have drunken 18 bottles of wine at a time. We saw the biggest barrel in the world; it could hold 300,000 bottles of wine and has been filled three times. We also saw the tools with which the barrel was made. We also saw the big *Festhalle* and garden. We saw most of the rooms which are left and a Turn where the side was blown into the ditch. Everything was fine there." And in my diary I say "We did the park part—there is nothing more beautiful in the whole world."

But that night I learned how it felt to revisit a loved haunt and have the very blood chilled by the changed aspect of things. Proudly I led Robert Salinger, whom we'd run across, and my sons to the Weiser Bock, that favorite haunt of ours in the old student days, sure always to be filled with more local color than any other spot in Heidelberg. "I'll show you real student life!" I knew too the dear old *Wirt* and his portly Frau would have some memory of Parkers tucked away in a corner of their hearts. How they had welcomed us in the old days! How proudly they had called our attention immediately on our first supper there to Mark Twain's name carved by himself on one of the much-carved tables!

Have you ever seen the play of "Old Heidelberg?" Then you will understand.

We opened the door to the Weiser Bock. One dim light burning. One *Fräulein* knitting behind the counter. Not one other soul in that room which rang with the clink of glasses ten years ago, bright with the color of corps caps, resounding with student songs.

"Maybe we are early," I said forlornly.

In the course of the evening four men came in. Robert recognized one as a porter from his hotel.

Where was the old *Wirt* and his laughing Frau?

Both dead.

Where were the students?

They didn't come any more.

At least I could show the boys Mark Twain's name.

The tables were all covered with more or less soiled red and white cloths. In the old days the carved tops were left proudly exposed to view.

"Can you show me on which table I'll find Mark Twain's name?"

"*Wer?*"

"Mark Twain—or Samuel Clemens?"

"*Ich weiss nicht.*"

The *Fräulein* thought a moment.

Oh yes, there was some American's name on one of the tables, but she didn't know which one.

We found it at last by ourselves.

8

One of the high memories of Frankfurt is an omelette. And the waiter who brought it. Indeed, honesty compels me to state that one of the high memories of the entire German trip most often referred to by the family is that omelette. And that waiter.

We ate supper under the trees in the *Palmen Garten,* all three of us in a jovial frame of mind. The world struck us that night as hilariously funny. We laughed so much while we ate that we couldn't seem to get a satisfied feeling as to food. Soup, large veal chops, potatoes, salad, mineral water, much bread and butter—still hungry. We explained our unfinished condition to the also jovial waiter. He had laughed with us most of the evening. What could we order which would not be over expensive and yet would assure us of feeling well fed? He pointed to what he swore was a marvellous omelette. But it was ninety marks for one order, and we'd been

spending far less than that for a whole meal on the Neckar and Danube.

Ah, but no place in the world was there such an omelette as that ninety-mark omelette.

Yes, but three multiplied by ninety made it a two-hundred-and-seventy-mark omelette.

"Order but one!" he whispered in my ear. "On my honor, it will be enough for three."

I swear that omelette when it arrived had at least eight eggs in it. It was filled with something marvellous—goodness knows what. No one single human being on earth could have consumed that one single omelette. All three of us together just did manage to get the last of it down. We sat back uncomfortably happy. Of course it will be 270 marks, we all agreed, but it was worth it. And on the bill stood 1 omelette—90 marks.

It added to our hilarity that night to watch a large table of German corps students. They came in in groups of three, four, two, or one alone, and as each member appeared every single man stood up, brought his heels together, took off his cap, and shook hands stiffly with the newcomer. After watching that unrestful procedure for a spell, Nandy figured a German student "sat down one per cent. of his life." Had they been forty American students, on the arrival of each tardy brother there'd have been some remark about "You poor fish, why didn't you get here earlier?" The student sitting next would have slapped the arrival on the back—and otherwise no one would budge. People all over Europe, male and female, seem to have a mania for shaking hands, though no one else does it in quite the ramrod fashion of the Germans.

Would you know what we did one day in Frankfurt?

1. Left the pathetic *Christliche Hospitz*, where we at last had found shelter, about 8.30 and chanced upon an attractive Dutch Cocoa *Stube*. There we ate breakfast.

2. Window shopped. (Frankfurt was our first big

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Frankfort.

city together in over a year. We must be pardoned if we stood minutes fascinated before a Zwilling Steel shop and gazed upon such knives, scissors and the like as only a German steel shop can display. And if I grew enthusiastic over pocketknives, the sons in turn patiently let me gasp in female fashion over female trumperies and geegaws.)

3. We got into the front hall of the Goethe Haus, "but when they asked if we were foreigners, and then said seventy-five marks, it startled me, so we departed. It is, of course, ridiculously little, but compared to the one-mark fee in the Heilbronn Rathhaus, and two and three marks, never higher, almost every place else, it foolishly took my breath away—as if it were $75. Anyhow, Goethe's house would mean little to the sons, and in my state of ignorance not a great deal to me."

4. So we passed Goethe's house and hastened on to the Kuntsgewerbe Museum. That Museum is one of the best of its kind in all Germany, leaking museums at all corners. The guide was especially nice and intelligent. We seemed to have the whole place to ourselves. "There," writes Nandy, "we saw everything under the sun from 400 B. C. to 1900 A. D. All hand-work. Old and new books, porcelain work of all kinds, wood carving, glass cutlery, the earliest cartoons, furniture, old church stalls. You see when they had to stand up they pulled the seat up and sat a little bit on the carved ledge there. God wasn't supposed to see the way people sat because they were almost standing. We saw hand written books that were so beautifully printed by hand and pictures all by hand. It was a wonderful collection of books. Then we saw some old rooms . . ."

From the Museum to the—

5. City Art Gallery. "That had a very nice collection," says son Jim, "mostly painted in the time of the Renaissance." So much for Frankfurt's pictures.

6. "Hungry," says I, "and full up of sights, so we found a mediocre restaurant opposite the post-office.

7. After lunch all three lay down a spell.

8. The *Römer*. "It has twelve buildings, altogether, but we didn't see them all inside. We saw the *Kaisersaal* first, where they had a picture from every German Kaiser from Karl der Grösse till Franz II. There was another room called the reception room, I think. I'm not sure about it. Where they received all the Dukes and Duchesses." . . .

9. The Cathedral. "'We climbed and climbed up a long flight of winding stairs and saw the Bell Tower, then went up further where a man lived." "Never went up so many steps in my life—round and round and round. . . . Up as high as possible. Old man lives up there—hawls his provisions upon a pully." I wonder if the same person ever gets up there to see him twice. This season a fairly steady stream of partially unbalanced souls like ourselves pass his open steeple doorway, but I'd say 100 per cent. non-repeaters. If the others felt like me, they were altogether too out of breath for sociability anyway. But he has a view, no denying that.

10. O Boy—ice cream and cake. (German ice cream—without cream; German cake, without—goodness knows how many ingredients are lacking. And how their cakes of ten years ago tasted—oozing butter and eggs and whipped cream!)

11. The Zoo. In every city in every land we must always see the zoo—of course. In every land one pathetic moth-eaten elk looks as pathetic and moth-eaten as the last. No lion or tiger or bear has ever been seen to move. I take that back. In certain zoos in certain cities certain of the fiercer animals have been known to pace up and down, up and down, up and down their cages. We have watched as long as we could hold the clock back and our patience intact to see if they'd ever do anything else but walk up and down—they're walking yet. If you have

absorbed Chas. G. D. Roberts' animal stories by the peck—and we have worn his volumes almost threadbare—it rather ruins a zoo for you, and yet gets you back each time to the next zoo to gaze upon albeit wrecks of the animals about whom Roberts composes his incomparable stories. The Frankfurt Zoo was extra pathetic and extra moth-eaten—all of it. Everything was losing its feathers and molting and furless in patches and extra dreary-eyed and motionless. Except the monkeys. Pollyanna monkeys. What if there were wars and pestilences, unemployment, short rations? The monkeys and Pippa could sing the same refrain. They chased around their confines as if conscious that with them alone now rested the possibility of anyone's getting their money's worth out of the Frankfurt Zoo. It took the police to move us along, and we were still laughing as they locked the Zoo gates behind us, laughing for three Frankfurt blocks as we all three at once reminded the other two of this ridiculous performance or that of those irrepressible Frankfurt monkeys. We had seen and were to see superior Zoos, but never superior monkeys. To what inexcusably serious heights *Homo Sapiens* has evolved in its march—or series of hops—onward from the ape stage. A fat man in a silk shirt playing golf . . .

And No. 12. We ate supper outdoors across from the *Römer* and

13. Went to bed.

I defy anyone to cram more into one day. That's what is known as "touristing." Let them scoff who will scoff. I was a scoffer once myself.

Bullay. Sunday, July 30.

"A day of old sights, and new. One grand mix-up over trains in Frankfurt. Hotel man told us all wrong, ticket man told us another way. *Portier* another. Nearly went crazy. Finally paid *Zuschlag,* got third class tickets, and ate breakfast in third class *Wirtschaft,* cocoa, egg each, and bread. Left 7.55 instead of 7.04 as expected.

Train packed. Stood all way to Mainz. And hot—oh, my. But weren't we happy at the glorious weather! Prowled through Mainz and saw the grand old Dom—grand inside. Shops crowded so close, hard to see what it's like outside. Had to show pass at station and French every place. How the Germans on their sunken mark must hate catering to those fat French officers. Got aboard Rhine boat—perfect seats. Boat crowded with French, few Americans. 'Dante' Englishwoman from Heidelberg castle, alone—tragic, the travelling old maid, thin, homely, nervous. But even more tragic if she must forever stay home. Frenchman and wife ordered whole roast leg of something—veal? Post-card man finished it later! Two Frenchmen at our table looked like clerks. They ordered *hors d'oeuvres,* salmon and potato, veal steaks, vegetables, etc., and wine—1,600 marks. They bought countless post-cards at a few marks each. Stuck all stamps on the backs! Day was divine, trip divine. Much difficulty getting lunch—at last I went after it. Bought 'Legends of Rhine' and read out loud. On boat from 10.30 to 3. Post-cards all looked as if thunder and lightning were about to descend. Our day so perfect we couldn't buy such cards.''

Coblenz. Hot, but the excitement of the young over American soldiers! When Jim discovered post-cards of 4th of July and *baseball,* thought he'd expire. Station much further away than we thought. English signs every place. French and American soldiers. Train for Bullay at four. Beautiful trip up Mosel. Saw the very Pension where Dad almost settled us in Cochem ten years ago. Walked up to Marienburg—hot, oh my. Fascinating up here! Little hotel (five rooms) built into old *Kloster* ruins. *Wirt* said only one bed, but I said we *had* to stay! Brought another bed in. Boys sleep two-in-a-bed. Decided we'd stay two nights. It is too lovely. We want to stay a week! While I was taking head-to-foot basin bath, boys explored. Went up in tower, etc. We sat in

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Coblenz.

lovely old garden and had lemonade as soon as we landed. Delicious supper of scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, heaps of salad. Dining room all old, carved, stained furniture. Pleasant other guests. Jim bathed right after supper, Nand later and washed his socks.

Bullay. Monday, July 31, '22.

This glorious spot! It is 5.30 p. m. I'm perched on the top of old stone wall in a comfy canvas chair, fruit tree above me, Moselthal curved in all directions below. Grape vines and woods, small clustered towns and river. I could sit up here weeks. We've been gone just two weeks today. This is our first stop for breath. Boys have climbed trees and ruins, done hand stands and springs. I've sat on my wall and napped, and written three scanty letters. It's too good—just doing nothing. Jim and Nand had a fearful scrap early this morning. Jim snapped towel at Nand, Nand jumped out of bed and shoved Jim against door—key went into his back. Such a racket. Waitress ran to see *'was los.'* Both young very sobered after talking to. After breakfast (Jim too ashamed to come down and eat) boys took soiled clothes down to Alf to be laundered. Before that it had poured torrents. Wet rucksackers sought shelter here. Sun came out. I sat in garden until twelve, when boys returned—had had "swell time." Very good lunch, soup (rice), roast, beans, potatoes, mushrooms, stewed cherries. Nice Dutch mother and daughter here—we visited in garden. I slept till three.

Moselkern. Tuesday, August 1.

Surely we never dreamed we'd ever be in this place before last night! We were booked for Treves to-night. Up early, perfect cloudless day. Boys good all night, spite of two in bed. Breakfast and off. At bridge boys branched off to collect laundry. I gave Nand 200 marks, not knowing what cost would be. It came to 29 marks!!! —Two sport skirts, three underskirts, one nightgown, two washcloths, one towel. Heavens. I mailed things and reserved good seats. Nice chore woman cleaning car—one

eye. I tipped her. She asked me if foreigner. Yes. From India? Why India? Once woman from India there and she too was friendly! Moselbahn trip *beautiful,* but a bit slow and overlong for the young. Train bumps and humps and crawls along, station every other minute. Old man scolded Jim for wriggling around so much. Much friendly talk all over. Woman back visiting Moselthal, home of her birth, after sixteen years. I was sorry no one at station to meet her. Prettiest German woman ever—didn't look German at all. Gypsy. Much scolding against exchange, America, etc. Rode 9.37 to 1.47. Dutch friends had told us Treves uninteresting, so we cut down time there, leaving at 4.31. Alas, we should have had hours. Treves was historically an inspiration. To see those evidences of the glory of Rome! The Porta Nigra, Kaiser's Palast, the ruined amphitheatre—we thrilled to it all. The Dom with its thousand and more years of architecture; the Liebfrauenkirche—that we loved! The old Gothic portal, fifteenth century pictures on pillars, stained glass, etc. Also lovely old *Kreuzgang* and old graves. We flew around like mad, and then had to leave much unseen. Dear old, old lady showed us Liebfrauenkirche and told us how she took refuge there when the French were bombing the city. We saw many French soldiers drilling, etc., and some doing bayonet practice. Must be cheerful sight for Germans. Saw oldest house in all Germany, from early Roman times. The wonder of it all! We landed in Treves starved, so at once hunted up "*zum Steipe*" in Rote Haus—built in 1450. Good food, but alas it all took time from Treves. After all sight-seeing, we bought cards, cakes, fruit and tore like mad for train. I'll always think of Treves as one mad tear from one Roman ruin to another. Luckily I'd bought our tickets first. Had to wait long in line.

"Such a fourth class car as we found ourselves in! If they were all like that I'd pawn my earrings and go third. Square compartment about twelve by twelve, bench along

either end. Sign saying nine sitting places, eleven standing. By the time we left Treves, eleven sitting, 32 standing—all workers, one other woman. Men patched to unbelievable extent; could scarce find piece of original cloth. Each smoked worse tobacco than the next. If winter, and windows closed! All—or many—jovial and full of jokes. Six or so mere boys. One little fellow by door. Little man wanted to get out; pushed him angrily back against kind-faced very patched man, who pushed him angrily back again and almost out door. Poor little innocent kid. Man in worn ex-soldier uniform. Little by little all got out, left few newcomers. Reached Moselkern at 6.30. Found Hotel zum Anker (good hotel full) three nice beds in one room, forty per. Wrote diaries by Mosel. Beautiful lights on rocks and river with sunset. Supper at eight. Bed at once.

Cöln-Berlin. Wednesday, August 2.

"A wild day. Up at 6.30. Breakfast at 7.30. Rather sad. Bags checked at station and tickets bought and we were off for Burg Eltz. It had rained earlier—my heart broke—so we wore *pelerines* and carried umbrella, but sun shone gloriously after few steps and stayed out. Walk up Eltz valley—divine in early morning—or any time. Crossed and recrossed Eltz (countless trout in one place) then up through woods. We tore all way. To our dismay sign on that most marvellous castle said *'Heute Geschlossen.'* Others disappointed too. Prowled around and finally old man said we could see *Burg* after all. What a treat!! First room old arms and armor, then old bedroom, boudoir, living room, etc., etc., kitchen (whole ox cooked at a time) dining room, etc. Comfy old chairs, clocks hundreds of years old and going still, carved furniture, gaily painted walls. Lucky old count uses it now summers.

"Raced back through valley and made 10.48 train in good time. Same kind of fourth class, pleasant people. Woman with child with bandaged head got in. Jim got

up to give seat. Fat German man plumped himself in it. Poured while on train. Ate lunch in Coblenz. First really rotten meal in Germany. Bought a few cards, tickets for Cöln, and finally express boat came, about half an hour late. Many Americans and English aboard; one smarty American youth I wanted to kill. Queer old maids and attractive young ones. Rather cool and very blowy. We went downstairs and had lemonade and coffee and cake at four. Talked long with two American men. One International Harvester Corporation, other literary type. (Paid 600 marks for a room in Heidelberg and thought it cheap on the whole.) We discussed everything under sun, especially how everybody, Italy, etc., down on French.

"Trip from Coblenz to Cöln not as lovely by far as Bingen to Cöln.

"Cöln at 5.45. Dashed for Cooks for mail (little) saw glorious cathedral—about my favorite in all the world. Hired hack and saw town. Not a great deal to see. Driver left us at restaurant near Bahnhof. Supper, train. Tried by tips, etc., to get three beds on train. No chance. Stretched out comfortably at first in three third-class benches; before night was far gone I'd hauled Jim from his crowded quarters into ours (might as well be crowded together) and spent night trying to sleep sitting up. Germans all sore because no light. I'd merely turned it off! Doesn't pay to economize on a sleeper. But I'd tried hard enough to get one."

And Jim's immortal lines on Cologne: "The towers of the cathedral rose to view and we went to the office of Thos. Cook & Son."

9

Berlin again, after more than ten years. As much lacking in "tone" as ever, streets not so clean, children begging—unheard of ten years ago. And yet, for some reason I liked Berlin this time. Always I'd said I shouldn't care if I never saw Berlin again. (Who re-

ferred to it as "an imitation diamond in a drummer's necktie?") Perhaps it was the perfect weather. Perhaps it was that there really is so much of intrinsic value in Berlin for sightseers, a whole education right there.

How we did sight-see! First, even before we looked for rooms, for the one and only time in our lives we rode in a "rubberneck wagon," up in front with the driver. I always think of O. Henry and rubberneck wagons at the same time. The tragedy of the ride was that we were too busy talking with a German friend on the sidewalk and didn't know when the picture was being taken. Everyone else sat and smiled and stood and smiled—nothing of us but backs. But we paid the exorbitant (in marks) price asked and own a picture. Who knows but what a United States Congressman was one of the party?

In the next two and a half days we saw a Ukrainian exhibit of peasant work (merely because it had moved into a place Baedeker had starred as containing something of more importance, moved elsewhere); the marvellous Museum of Ethnology (sons gloried in that); Kaiser Frederick's Museum, filled with old favorites,—Botticelli, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens, little Dutch interiors and all and all; and the Museum of Applied Arts downstairs; old church pieces, altar carvings, Byzantine and oriental treasures; the Rosegarten, and Tiergarten in general, where sons could stretch their legs. We ate at the Rheingold Café of beloved memories, now in this room, now in that, boys mightily impressed. One night we entertained the Elissejeffs there for dinner,—he was one of our best student friends of the old Heidelberg days, she also. He Russian, she half Russian, half German. He courted her madly, temperamentally, that whole year in Heidelberg, and got her in the end, though no one would have guessed he had a chance. Who dares deny the effect of mere perseverance in love? Never was a suitor more ignored than Nicolas Elissejeff in those Heidelberg days. My tender heart used to bleed for him. Our whole family loved them both and

held our thumbs. They had one happy year together in Russia before the war. Since then—what a life! To an American, past belief in its repetition of one terrible experience after another; to much of Europe an old story. Their only son they buried in Constantinople, I think it was. The flaxen-haired lovely small daughter was with us that night at the Rheingold. We had *hors d'oeuvres,* fish, potatoes, salad, ice cream, cakes, lemonade for the three children, beer for the three grown-ups—944 marks for six, at that time about $1.25. I could say nothing of the unbelievably small amount to the Elissejeffs; 944 marks were 944. They paid rent for two rooms of 600 marks a month. So you can say that one meal cost a half again of what they paid for a month's rent, and it sounds like an unforgivable orgy. Or you can say their entire rent for a month came to less than the cost of one meal—topsy-turvy anyway round. And all the time there was a hurt in me for knowing of the hurt in Onkel Elissejeff because he was letting me pay the bill. His Russian chivalry of the Heidelberg days! The countless meals he in his Russian affluence had treated us to then! He was one of the wealthy students and here, through no fault of his and no virtue of mine, the tables were turned. His many Russian roubles lost to the four winds; my few American dollars worth thousands of the pitiful marks he was earning in a German bank. Knowing that, it had hurt my soul to be presented at dinner, in the old Heidelberg manner, with roses, and candy for each child. On his marks! But it was bone of his bone to do it just so. Stored away in that brick building in New York presents on presents from Onkel Elissejeff, souvenirs of the old Heidelberg days. His generosity to us and the children knew no limit. And I was paying for his dinner in Berlin.

Poems and songs and essays and sermons sing and preach of the joy of being able to do for others. It can be one large ache.

We saw the National Gallery, the Neues and the Altes

Museums. "We loved the old Egyptian things, especially full of admiration for heads done in bronze 1900 B. C. Wanted to see Pergamon frieze. Bribed here and there. Were stealthily shown lady with part of nose gone. I stood before it and dramatically read out loud in German Baedeker's description of the Pergamon frieze. We all agreed the lady looked the part. Only on enquiry we learned she'd just arrived, and our Baedeker was written in 1913. Hunted further. At last saw real thing and wonderful it was, though badly off and different from what I was looking for. Baedeker's German description of the frieze and the meaning it conveyed to my American brain hadn't met squarely."

We saw the Museum of Applied Art now moved to the Kaiser's palace—and there was your money's worth! What an outfit of handwork of the ages they'd collected together! It made all others seem pale and tame. And wandering thus—or rather led thus—through the erstwhile palace of an erstwhile king, gazing past the Applied Art treasures to the four walls of each room in turn, just anyhow, in general, all in all—how could a human being live in a place like that? I've seen numerous palaces in my day, here and there. Mustn't kings have hated them? If I had been a king the first business I should have attended to would have been to arrange an affair with a female person in a cuddly little house out of town a ways—an open fire, a davenport, a shaded dim lamp, a cup of tea and toast—Then being a king and living the rest of the time in a palace might have been endurable—Or less endurable than ever by contrast?

"We got the eight o'clock train for Dresden promptly; found lovely window-seats and made ourselves comfortable, only to find that all places are reserved going out of Berlin. Never was there such a packed train in the world—and everybody cussin' ag'in the government. So we and 7,162 others had to stand all the way to Dresden, except that I sat on rucksacks, and we managed after earning

curses of the mob to get three cars back to diner and eat breakfast—could sit then. Lord, the fat humans who order one hunk of nothingness after another and use up hours at it, just to hog seats. Fat woman in blue-striped dress, evil, sarcastic expression in eye, *had* to top off with bottle of beer. Man opposite me discovered he could still consume time with slice of bread and cheese. Beer already down. One man when asked to move on said he had no seat and had a row then and there over the entire German railway system with headwaiter, who explained he had little to do about it. Jim and I ate first, then Nand. Perfect day, lovely warm trip to Dresden. Peasants all out in fields. Reached Dresden at 11.30."

The thing we liked most about Dresden was Meissen. At Meissen I made another wealthy gesture. Goodness, European exchange could turn an American's sense of proportion crooked for life. I kept a hack waiting while we ate lunch!! The hack cost fifty cents for five hours.

And that lunch we ate under the trees high up on a terrace overlooking the crooked, gabled, red-roofed town of Meissen on the Elbe. From the lunch we visited the Albrectsburg, a castle which very much pleased the young. And when castles please the young, the young are so excessively pleased. My main joy was the guide, only as I rejoiced I also sorrowed, in that Mark Twain was not there to listen and report. The castle rooms were covered with historical frescoes, all modern. This young female person, the guide of us and some thirty others, was roughly around the age of fifteen. Each picture she described as though each character in it were a near and dear relation who had passed on the day before yesterday. She reeled forth on one fresco after another, room after room, never hesitating for a word, pronouncing each syllable distinctly, carefully, conscientiously and in the tone of an over-moral minister reading the Gospel, or more nearly a funeral service. The whole castle was like one large pic-

ture book. How many times a day did that girl have to describe each and every picture thus soulfully?

Then came the cab and the Meissen porcelain factory. "What a treat! Nicest guide. We saw everything, from putting wet stuff over plaster form or in models, baking (shrinks one-sixth), glazing, coloring, gold work, fitting parts of models together, etc. Workers all seemed to take life *gemütlich*. Twelve hundred at it. Takes seven years to learn modelling trade. Watched boy, at potters' wheel a quarter year—seemed a wonder to me already. Book says visit takes three-quarters of an hour. We were nearly two."

And that night, back in Dresden, I made yet another wealthy gesture. What fun are wealthy gestures, when they take no wealth! Or only relative wealth. We ate at the Belvedere on the river. The orchestra played divinely. The night was perfect. My soul yearned for Sibilius' *Waltz Triste*. I wrote my desires on a card, gave the waiter same plus fifty marks for the leader, and the next strains to reach my enraptured ears were Sibelius' *Waltz Triste*. For six or seven cents, say, I got that. And didn't I feel like all Fifth Avenue rolled into one! The Crazy Ludwig of Bavaria, with Wagner to play for him alone, felt himself no whit more pleased with life than I.

Tuesday, August 8. "One way to put in a European day—but such things have to be. Anyway I'm learning the ropes. They told me at Bahnhof in Dresden that if we got there early enough we might be able to get seats. So we took our time over breakfast, etc., and got to train more than an hour early! This time bribing worked! Gave a man twenty marks, and if he didn't get on the job! He tore like mad about the first batch of cars—nothing doing. Anon came another batch, and if he didn't make the fur fly—result, we got three grand seats, two by windows. Nearly lost mine, but lady with reserve ticket was in wrong car. Dearest baby and sweet mother in our compartment. Otherwise unsociable crowd. Boys

got more or less cantankery before end. Had reserve tickets for one o'clock lunch, ran seven cars back at Chemnitz. Left Dresden 10.47, changed at Markt-Redwitz at four and had to stand mostly from then on. Listened to harassed big men discuss situation; in another compartment air seemed unfriendly against America. Finally sat in compartment where Czecho-Slovakians were reading 'Detective Stories' translated. Chicago, Tomiro, Cliftoniro, etc. Missing all lovely scenery. Nice German woman and daughter. Landed in Nürnberg half an hour late at 6.30 in such a downpour as *never* was. We tore like mad—first out of station. Dashed into cab; hated to take cabman from corner. Chorewoman in crowded hotel, husband crippled in war, got into cab and took us to nice apartment, where we were lucky as dogs, got nice room—only two beds—but next each other and broad. Rain stopped as we hunted for place for supper. Starved. Tore into bed. Waiter at supper told us he knew for a fact one had to pay fourteen dollars for a bottle of water in England.

Nürnberg. Wednesday, August 9.

"This was one of the wonderful inspiring days of all my travels any place. It was all so beautiful at times that I wanted to cry. So beautiful that we are leaving out Rothenburg and staying on the entire time here. The very heart seemed torn out of me today.

Up and off with a good start. The dear nice Herr Vogel, our 'landlord,' came along to show us first a cobbler, where we left Nand's sandals to be soled; then in a most forsaken looking *Wohnung* we found a tailor for Jim's coat—new lining. Bought lining at tailor shop. Then by devious and all interesting ways we reached the bank, where I changed $30 into 23,750 marks. From there to the police to register—rooms crammed full, so departed at once after looking at lovely old city hall. By then tired and hot, so at 11.30 ate 'lunch' in a place Herr Vogel led us to upstairs. Not much was prepared at that early

hour, but we got nourishment and rested. Then Deutsches Museum. What a sight! One should take weeks and months to it. Each room seems fuller of wonders than the last. There were the pictures and old carvings, the peasant rooms all furnished, wonderful furniture, clocks and watches, glorious peasant costumes and other clothes, ships, apothecary, musical and surgical instruments—the list could go on forever. At the end we were all weary unto death. Did some shopping—soap, tried to get sandals for Nand. Tried to get our hack of evening before to see sights—all German nation had engaged all hacks. So first after Museum we did Police—waited my interminable turn to pay 1,260 marks for privilege of touring Bavaria. At last hacks free again, except our nice little cripple, so we took No. 19. Of all the nice coachmen in all the world, he is the nicest. And off we started to see Nürnberg. To me two never-to-be-forgotten hours. The dear man was a wonder at explaining things; he knew where all wonderful courts and out of the way fountains were. Strange how much deeper all the impressions went this time than eleven years ago. Am I different, or was something wrong eleven years ago, or what? I was simply overcome with the beauty and traditions of Nürnberg today. We saw the castle—got out. Sunset lights on city marvellous. At last driver took us to his idea of just the place to eat. He undercharged us for drive. We had long talk after I got out. He was in war—came home and found wife had died of hunger and everything he owned had been stolen. His lungs weak and only a year ago he could start work again. Used to have his own wagons and horses, now has to work for boss. He wanted to know all about us. Thought we were from Sweden! He liked us too. I felt like crying right there on sidewalk when he told of his troubles.

"Supper in typical German *Wirtshaft;* doubt if American ever there. We sat in garden; crowded every place;

children, dogs, etc., etc. Walked home. Jim's joy at relined coat unbounded."

The next day we saw the Dürer house. The sons' honest enthusiasm over Dürer made me realize Europe was having the influence I hoped it would. I doubt if a year ago they would have exclaimed particularly over Dürer. "From there to the Castle, first the five-cornered tower and tortures. It made us sick—we left the party. Nand climbed another tower. I never wanted to see another tower. Jim was fatigued with towers too. Shopped. Sat on edge of the Schöne Brunnen and watched the clock in the Liebfrauen Kirche strike twelve. "Seven electors came out and walked around the King." Tore to most artistic corner in all Nürnberg for lunch just off the Market place by the Liebfrauen Kirche. Art, not food, its strong point. Railway Museum—Our three heads are so full up we can scarce look at another thing. Museum full of wonders, including models of all sort and kinds, and postage stamps. I was plain tuckered out. Got taxi of orange hue which tried to run over everyone in sight. I declare the driver tried deliberately to run down a baby in a baby buggy. We scraped the mother's dress. Nerve-wracking ride to—yes, the Zoo. I flopped at a table and drank chocolate and listened to music while boys, strength still left unto them, explored. They had lemonade later, then watched trained seals (start the day with Dürer, end it with trained seals) . . . Supper under trees, same nice jovial waiter. Two bands. Lovely music. Nand had stomach ache—too much *Lebkuchen*, I fear. Rode home in street car. Nice conductor. Boys offered seats to two women—scared the females stiff. Tired to bone. Don't want to look at another darn thing in my life."

10

On to Munich. Two women, previously strangers, in our third class compartment (no fourth on that train) discussed their own sicknesses and others' deaths.

Durer House—Nürnberg.

What *is* it about women which makes most of them fairly glow when they get on the subject of ailments, especially their own, and the demise of their friends? If they run out of their own illnesses, or of friends who have sickened and died, or sickened and miraculously recovered, preferably (if one can judge by the increased glow about the narrator) minus an organ or two, they cheerfully begin on strangers. Some one they read about in the paper or a cousin of a friend of the lady sitting next in church. These two women in the train to Munich fortunately had had, both of them, enough ailments, enough operations, enough births of offspring, to keep them going miles and miles. They had hardly finished with near relations (a goodly number of them seemed to have entirely died)—hadn't touched on friends at all—when they were forced to part. Both expressed warm hopes that they might some day meet again and continue their friendship.

One of the relatives who had finally died lived in Vienna (this was before the war). She was an economical soul. In seventeen years she had never heated her house, merely wore extra clothes in winter. She cooked but four times a week, trusting to invitations for the other three, or "dieting." Always she sent the servants home Sundays, otherwise, of course, for the sake of appearances before one's help, she would have had to have a roast. In winter, when it got dark early, she always visited friends and relatives directly after supper so that she would need no lights. She died with quite a tidy sum to leave behind.

In Munich wild troubles again finding beds. Again success, and paid more than ten times as much for the privilege of sleeping as along the Danube and the Neckar. But Munich is Munich. And we had a *de luxe* room, considering the hotel it was in. I suppose it could really be referred to as another wealthy gesture. For we had a balcony to our room overlooking the Marienplatz, directly opposite the Rathhaus. And the next day, when the Common Herd lined up on the streets and in the Platz

rows deep to see the clock strike eleven, we merely stepped, as does royalty, out on our balcony and had the most high class view of that clock in all the town. And how we jeered at the "poor fish" down below—coarse, vulgar jeers of the *nouveau riche.* Poor fish, couldn't even manage to get a private balcony. But what struck me as odd, really odd, was to realize that that clock was just an inanimate thing, not knowing or caring whether crowds gathered on streets, and the select—ata boy—on balconies, to view it or not. Our own gasp of joy made no impression on those dancing figures whatever.

Friday, August 11, the same day it was, that we made yet another royal gesture. No, wrong expression, entirely wrong. It was thus: we were, as my diary remarks, for the hundred and fifteenth time, hungry. We asked a waiter in the Hofgarten where to go for a man-sized lunch. He said across the street was a place, the Preysing Palais. In we bolted, unsuspecting. Gee golly gosh. It was no place for Parkers. Even Parkers with a private balcony. It was for those who afford balconies and let hacks wait during lunch and tip orchestra leaders in their own lands, where Exchange plays no rôle. The sons, set into that Refined Gorgeousness, looked as if they'd been picked up in the gutter. The same agency picked me up in the same place. Verily the *Valuta* makes strange associations. It must be a bit hard on the really rich who are accustomed to frequent those compartments in trains and those hotels and those restaurants and those cafés which only other really rich can afford to frequent, and then to find themselves suddenly forced to rub elbows with the meagre and unjewelled of every land on earth whose exchange is anything like par. And the formerly really rich of Germany forced to rub elbows with the meagre and unjewelled of every land whose exchange is in difficulties, including their own.

Surely in no place outside of Germany or Austria would a single person in the Preysing Palais find himself

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Munich.

forced to eat in the same room with Parkers. Except two women at the table next to us. They were from Sweden, I take it, and "belonged" no more than we. They looked as if they might be social workers or school teachers. As we came in they were eating squab and drinking wine. Stew-and-water class at home. Every one else looked decidedly Ritz. Squab and wine in any land. The Parkers themselves ate circumspectly and were served by a waiter who couldn't have been more jovial had I rattled with diamonds and ordered champagne. Nand's chronicle of that day: "We found the Preysing Palais. It didn't look so terrible stylish from the outside but when we got inside you would a thought the king ate there but as we had already checked our things we couldn't easily go away without eating anything."

There was the ever-urgent demand "to see where we used to live and everything like that when we were in Munich before." So we made our pilgrimage. Nandy's diary from lunch on:

"We saw the University where Dad studied. We also tried to see two of his professors but we couldn't, then we saw the old Villa Gruber where we lived 10 years ago. After that we went to the 'Amtliche Bayrische Reiseburo' (Agents of Thos. Cook & Son) and got the mail. After Mom read the mail we went to the Glaspalace and saw all the fine pictures and statues, when we got through with the pictures we had something to drink in the same place. Then we took a cab and saw the town. Mom saw more that drive around Munich that time than she had the whole six months before ten years (10), because she never had time and money. After the ride we washed up and went to the Hofbrau for supper. It was swell fun there. They were nice people there and it was very interesting. They only had bier to drink there so we went to another place and had something to drink. Then we went to bed.

P. S. Mom also showed us where we played and told us how we played."

And mine:

"At last located our old Pension, alas no Pension more, and fearfully dilapidated looking. Made me feel sad indeed. Walked past Pinokothek steps and showed boys where they used to play, and we talked over those days. Mail at Amtliche Bayrische Reiseburo. Quite a batch; read it in park. Then boys and I did the Modern Art Exhibit in Glasspalast. One should take days to it. Many things we loved, especially snow landscapes and little statuary. But my head is so weary of looking at anything. Had lemonade there, then walked to station to see about sightseeing trip. Evidently too late, so took cab of our own and sailed forth. Nice cabman, young, whom we couldn't hear for cobblestones. Saw lots of Munich; it's no great sight for beauty, except by Isar. Back to hotel where we washed and got umbrellas, and same cab took us to Hofbräuhaus!—yes, Hofbräuhaus. Such a mob and jam. Had to walk whole length of huge room and back before we could locate three chairs. Nice man and wife from Rosenheim at table; wife and I discussed high cost of living until I hated old *Valuta* all over again. Talked over all kinds of things—very nice. But, I can't finish one liter of beer. No sir. We were one hour getting three omelettes. So discouraged. Sought place near hotel and ordered lemonades for boys, cheese and tomato salad. Horns and African souvenirs on wall. Bed, oh bed."

We saw the Alte Pinakothek. Then we all three struck. We could look at nothing any more. Not a picture, not a carving, not a statue, not a clock. "Open spaces!" we cried. "Mountains, woods, water!" We rushed in glee to the station and bought tickets to Garmish Partenkirchen for early the next morning.

That last night in Munich we ate at the Lowenbräu Keller, out under the trees. There was good music, a

large orchestra, but our three hearts ached too fearfully to enjoy a minute of it. Four young men sat down at our table. One of them an ex-soldier, of course—I wondered, and wonder still, if it can be that he is glad they were able through modern science to keep him alive, instead of letting him die. His face had been almost exploded away. He was totally blind. His teeth had been entirely replaced with gold ones. Both arms were gone from the shoulders. Had he not been such a sport, laughing, joking, interested in and with the rest; had his friends not been so tactfully considerate of him every second—and his dog, every so often there was something he had to tell his dog . . .

There was a large arc lamp over our table. Suddenly the blind man turned his face up. "It can't be that's the sun. Is it day time?"

We didn't stay for desert.

And then—the mountains and woods and water . . .

And then, my dears, we came to Oberammergau.

The Flag of our Country was no place to be seen, but the Americans had captured every strategic point and the town was theirs.

I suppose I should say "ours." But truth forces me to admit that no glow of patriotic fervor was fanned to flame at the sight and sound of those Americans at Oberammergau. There was no inner urge to rush about the streets calling rapturously, "My People! My own, own, own, dear countrymen and women!" Not much. Somehow I loved all humanity a bit less in Oberammergau, where the Passion Play of the Life of our Lord was given.

Many feel that having seen the Passion Play once, it is one of those deep experiences in life which should never be repeated. I should like to see the play eight years from now—or whenever they give it again—only I wish to reach Oberammergau by aeroplane; be landed just as

the play begins at the entrance to the theatre; wander off to a field during the two-hour intermission and eat my lunch alone under a tree, reaching the theatre again just in time for the afternoon performance; dash into the waiting aeroplane when the play is over, and be whisked over the roofs to some quiet nook where I can sit and ponder on how perfect a production the people of Oberammergau are capable of. Only it must be a private aeroplane for me and mine alone. Otherwise I should step into the thing, filled with the memories of the Last Supper, or the Crucifixion, and some one would be saying, "My dear, did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous—I paid only eight hundred and fifty marks for it and it fits like a dream! That shop around the corner wanted 980—same color and all. Now I'll get a hat to match. Yes, wasn't the play lovely? I do wish I'd bought that bead bag." And out would come the powder and the mirror and the lip stick, and the Crucifixion would be dimmed. I've nothing against shopping, or powder and mirrors and lip sticks. Only— If one has to wait ten years to see the Passion Play, and it is so perfectly done, once in ten years one should be allowed to enjoy what one came for and not get Gethsemane and bargains and Mary's farewell to Jesus and vanity boxes all mixed and on end.

Failing an aeroplane this trip, and not realizing the pitfalls and drawbacks of seeing the Passion Play, we did what we had thought would be very smart and appropriate and arrived in Oberammergau from Garmish via a one-horse shay effect. The night before, Sunday, we had planned to sleep in a hay hut—not by way of manger local color, leading up fittingly to the life of Christ, but it was what our souls longed for. The day had been perfect. The two youngsters and I had tramped with our rucksacks from Garmish to the Eibsee. We passed numerous hay huts, and knowing it was a favorite way of German and Swiss wanderers to spend the night, we decided on the same. Only when we got to the Eibsee, full

of hay hut talk, there were no hay huts. Because there was no hay. There was a glorious lake with wooded slopes steep on all sides, and grey stone mountains with a bit of snow above the wooded slopes. There was also the most attractive hotel we had seen in all Germany. So we slept in it instead of a hay hut. It cost us eight cents a bed, which was something of a blow after thinking we might get through the night inexpensively in hay. But one must be philosophic when travelling. And next morning the most expensive breakfast we had eaten in all Germany, though it was also the best, cost the three of us twenty-one cents.

So then, Monday morning after breakfast, instead of travelling from the Eibsee in more or less fitting Eibsee fashion, as we'd planned—that is, by the hotel automobile bus to Garmish-Partenkirchen—we decided the last minute to walk through the woods and over the hills to Griessen and take the train there to Garmish. We asked the *Portier* how long it would take. He said two hours. We had one hour and twenty minutes. So we settled our debts, which may have been an easier procedure for us than for a German *Herzog,* and I think considering everything going on in the world today I had better add, alas, told the *Portier* we'd be back in two days, shouldered our packs and were off.

That walk! It must be one of the loveliest of its kind in all creation. The whole way is a footpath through the woods, and such woods! And at last, 'way down below in the canyon beside a grey-green river lay Griessen. And twenty minutes before the train left. We could have given a mighty leap and landed at the station with nineteen minutes, fifty-six seconds, to spare. Shucks, why rush. So we slid. There are degrees of speed connected with sliding. My degree was some twenty-two years behind the performance exhibited by my offspring. Though I insist that, given some one in my own class, I can slide as well as the next. So I gave Jim money with full permission

to cover space in any way and at any rate he saw fit, and he was to buy the tickets. Nand and I drew up the rear. Only to discover ourselves on the banks of a grey-green river which apparently had no bridge, and eight minutes to train time. Jim was careering up and down like a wild man and finally, some ways from us, dashed into the foaming torrents and waded to the other side. By that time Nand and I had tracked an infinitesimal bridge to its lair up-stream and around a bend. Only to find ourselves on an island, and behold the Jim frothing up and down the other end of that island until once more he dashed in and waded. And once more we cornered a rock crossing and slipped and slopped over on that. Which left Nand and me well up the land from the station, Jim well down it. And five minutes to train time. We ran. Just plain ran. So did Jim. As if it had been staged for the movies, out rushes a soldier in strange uniform and calls halt. Three minutes to train time. He must look at our baggage, it seems, since Griessen is a border station. Curses and curses. Perspiring and out of breath we tell him we're from Eibsee and must catch the train and he waves his arms and allows us to run some more.

Where is Jim? Has he bought the tickets and succumbed behind the freight shed? I take my chances and buy three more, or three anyhow. And there is the train, and there is no Jim. We whistle and call and the conductor whistles and signals and I plead and the train doesn't move and Jim dashes up slushing water out of his sandals and we pant aboard the train and the train goes and we say, "We're the lucky bums." We want to tell the *Portier* that we did it in one hour and twenty minutes. But the telling must wait.

Garmish-Partenkirchen and all out. We walked back to the Gasthaus in Garmish, where we had left some extra belongings not needing to be packed to the Eibsee the day before. At the same Gasthaus we sat at a table under a tree and ate salami sausage and rolls and ordered one

beer and two bottles of mineral water. There was a strange man at our table,—we are convinced now that he was our hoodoo. He it was who turned our uninterrupted streak of good luck up to Oberammergau into an almost uninterrupted streak of bad luck at Oberammergau. The stranger had just returned from Oberammergau. Either the Play had unsettled his mind, or the Americans at Oberammergau, or he always had been unsettled anyhow. I can't believe it was one stein of modern German beer that did it. He had an impediment to his speech, which interfered with his effectiveness as a luncheon entertainer, but not his perseverance. We couldn't decide what nationality he was,—something akin to German, perhaps, or he may have drifted down from Lapland. The first thing he did was to show us his ticket to the Play. He immediately became rather incoherent—rolled his eyes, and waved his arms. When he did talk about anything, and he talked about something all the time, it was utterly impossible to know what he was talking about. Jim leaned over and whispered in distress, "He's just plain got my goat." He got mine. On pretext of paying the bill inside, I moved off. Jim gave up at the same time. But the tender-hearted Nand didn't see how he could break into the conversation, being the sole remaining audience, so there he patiently sat, doing his best to look interested and understanding, while the man raved on, still, apparently, about Oberammergau. Exhausted on that score, he got out all his possessions and displayed them to Nand: how much German money he had, how many cigarettes, how many handkerchiefs. After which the son looked about a bit forlornly to see if it was really true that no one was coming to his rescue, beheld Jim and me grinning at him from a bench across the road, and bolted to the family circle. "What in the world was the matter with that guy?" As if we knew . . .

Meanwhile how were we to get from Garmish to Oberammergau? Train connections were altogether too round-

about. The post autos were long filled to overflowing. Anon we made profitable contacts with a driver who was returning to Oberammergau after having driven three people, I suppose Americans, from Oberammergau to Garmish that morning.

And off we started, Nand up on the front seat with the driver, Jim and I lolling in luxury behind, the rucksacks stuffed here and there. It was the style of equipage so prevalent in the Fatherland, where the outfit is made for two horses, and only one is apparent. As if, says Jerome K. Jerome in his "Three Men on a Bummel," they had misplaced the other horse the last minute. The first mile the driver went to sleep with his head on Nand's shoulder. To save us from tipping into a ditch, Nand suddenly grabbed the reins, whereat the driver woke up and asked Nand if he'd like to drive. So then he could sleep in comfort. I decided the poor thing probably had been roused at dawn by my nervous anxious-to-be-off fellow countrymen, and he should be allowed to get what rest he could. But as it became evident that all the world was going to Oberammergau, and all in huge, broad, honking automobiles, and as our horse took a painful dislike to moving out of the middle of the road, with the air of "I got out for that first machine. Blamed if I budge to the side for another!" I did feel that more calm comfort would result if the driver stayed awake. Before pressing the matter I asked him what time he had started from Oberammergau that morning. He said ten-thirty. So I said I thought he'd better drive. Too, he looked more as if he'd stay in the carriage with us when he kept his eyes open. It had quite startled him that first time he awoke to find his head on Nand's shoulder. So thereafter in his sleep he took pains to lean in the other direction, which was over the wheel.

But, alas, awake he seemed to take a good deal the same attitude towards automobiles as the horse. He'd gotten out of the way for one machine. Who had the right to

expect him to get out of the way for another? There was an unending din of honking at our very ears all afternoon, a glaring and defiant turn to the side when it looked at last as if really the only alternative were annihilation, and an immediate resumption of the middle of the road, although the honks of the next machine were already rending the skies. Then came the long hill climb, hot and dusty, where the boys and driver walked for an hour and a half. And where I didn't. If the horse had acted differently about automobiles, I might have acted differently about walking. And one honking machine after another bore up upon us from the rear at every turn.

At Ettal the driver and horse had to drink, so we drank. Whereupon the boys got out the football and I looked at the church. You get that way. If a church is there you come to feel you have to look at it. But this was a painful church, so I came out again on the return swing of the door. The boys were having an altercation bordering on unfriendliness. Someone kicked crooked on purpose or kicked too far or not far enough, so I appropriated the ball—the world was too hot anyhow—and we climbed back into our waiting carriage, and while the driver continued to drink I read further out loud in the Complete Official Text (translated) of the Passion Play at Oberammergau 1922:

Tableau.

"What a bitter grief, O friends,
Agonized the mother's heart,
As, guided by Raphael's hand——"

"Oh that's the guy who painted those pictures in Italy and Dresden and every place. What's he doing in the Bible?"

"It's another Raphael."

"What Raphael?"

"I don't know."

"Tobias,—at his father's word——"

"Who was Tobias?"

"I don't know."

Why don't they have tableaus one can discuss intelligently with one's sons?

"Hastened to a foreign land——"

"What did he leave home for?"

"I don't know."

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know."

And then we drive on.

Not far from Oberammergau someone calls and waves and shakes hands and all is excitement. It is the dear little German woman we met on the train riding fourth class from Munich to Garmish-Partenkirchen the Sunday before, wife of the man who owned the biggest garage in Oberammergau. She was full of information that Sunday. When she learned we were Americans her first question was, "*Where* do the Americans who visit Oberammergau this year come from?" We discussed my fellow countrymen long, because the little German woman was in despair over them. Oberammergau had never seen their like before.

"They're terrible!" she wailed. "They reach Oberammergau on the special train shortly before supper time. They drop their baggage in their rooms and tear out to shop. They paw over everything in every store, talk through their noses, dab on more powder and paint *right in the store,* dash to the next place, and never so much as say thank you to the poor *Fräulein* who has showed them everything she possesses in her shop. They rush back to their hotels and pensions, jabbering English at the top of their lungs, dangling their new possessions for the rest of the party to see, eat dinner and complain about the food, rush out again and buy more foolishness until ten when the weary shops close, so there is nothing

for them to do but foregather at the hotel again and eat and drink some more. On the way to the Play the next morning they discuss what they have bought the night before, eat and shop what free time is left, and depart early the next morning. . . . But where *do* they come from?'' she asked again. ''What class do they belong to in your country?''

A few days later I could have quoted to her from *Die Woche*, the German weekly. It was one short paragraph on the subject of Americans, to the effect that they are the most popular guests at any hotel—at first. Soon, however, they commence to complain about everything. Nothing is good enough. Service is very poor. The head of the family gives the hotel porter much advice as to how he should do his job. The American knows what he is talking about. In the United States he is a hotel porter himself.

Yet, after all, hotel porters are such inevitably polite people when on their jobs that I can't imagine them relapsing, even three thousand miles from home.

Anyhow I told her I for one was glad that some people were seeing Europe now who never could have afforded a trip outside the United States were it not for the *Valuta*. Surely even the noisiest and most blatant of them, if indeed it is those with the least cash who make the most noise (no one has yet proved that monied travellers are invariably silent and unobtrusive), even the most blatant would take something home with them they hadn't possessed on leaving America, something entirely nonmaterial. ''I'm sure they don't get anything worth while out of Oberammergau,'' she protested.

But I'm not so sure. No human being could sit through eight hours of the Passion Play and have nothing in their hearts and heads to show for it.

And here was the little woman again, greeting us like long lost friends and we were just as glad to see her. But fearful black clouds were gathering over our heads. Soon

the heavens would burst upon us. So we regretfully parted.

We were to have met a Swedish friend of a Swiss friend in Oberammergau. We had a fourth ticket and bed for her. First we tried Cooks for news of her. Then we tried the post-office. Then Cooks again. By that time the deluge burst upon us and we tore for house number — where we were to sleep.

"What is it I owe you?" I asked the driver as the torrents poured off him and me. I expected he would add sixty marks, say, to his price on account of Cooks and the post-office.

"Eleven hundred marks," exclaimed the driver.

"But your original price was 840."

"Yes but you did two errands."

Said I to myself, I certainly am not going to start Oberammergau haggling over cash. Besides I was drowning. So I paid him eleven hundred marks and glared him off the earth.

We rang the doorbell.

"*Grüs Gott,*" said a fat woman with a set smile. Alas her life had turned into a never-ending reception of strangers from strange lands. Then she eyed us doubtfully. Meanwhile we stood like survivors of the Ark and held our dripping rucksacks.

"You engaged reservations for four," announced the fat German woman. Her front teeth were very far apart.

"Yes," I explained, "and I hope to find the fourth, only to date I have no trace of her."

"But you must pay for her whether she comes or not."

"I fully understand."

"And for her meals, whether she eats them or not."

"Most certainly."

"Because we can't bother with trying to get someone else for that reservation this late."

"I don't expect you to for one minute."

"Besides the bed is in your room."

"Do you mind showing us our rooms?"

She creaked up the stairs ahead of us.

"The only thing you don't have to pay for is her head tax."

"Thank you."

So, 840 to 1100 and that conversation as atmosphere for the Passion Play of our Lord.

Americans aren't the only people in Oberammergau.

I rushed out again to hunt for the Swedish person. It seemed pathetic to think of someone standing forlorn and unroofed on a street corner in such weather. It would have helped had I known that she missed the train from Munich and so stayed there all night, reaching Oberammergau the next morning a half hour after the Play began, and all the time she had a ticket of her own anyhow. But not knowing any of that I spent three hours searching for her that night and two the next morning, and never did lay eyes on her and never have. My only clue to her was that she had weak eyes and wore thick glasses. I won't care so much if Sweden has a hard winter this year.

And I was ten minutes late for supper, whereat the fat German woman scolded me roundly. I explained ruefully about my anxiety for the wet Swede and apologized profusely and then I explained in my best German to the four other guests about the wet Swede and apologized profusely, and then discovered they were all English and couldn't understand a word of German.

It began to look as if I would have an extra ticket to dispose of along with an undisposable bed. (Ticket and bed get doled out by the same hand in Oberammergau as a rule.) Early the next morning I searched again. Because, you understand, it's practically impossible to get any kind of a chance to see the Play if you haven't a ticket snug in your pocket by the time you reach Oberammergau. Think of journeying down from the Fjords of Scandinavia to view the Passion Play, and instead she wanders hopelessly deserted streets, her weak eyes tired

from searching for a reprehensible American woman and her two sons. Of course I went on seeking for the poor thing. Curses on the Swedish nation . . . The wife of the garage man had told us Sunday of a Spaniard who had motored to Oberammergau from Munich to see the Play, trusting to be able to buy a ticket on arrival. None to be had. He ended in paying 10,000 marks for a ten-mark "standing room." Later, our same Tuesday, Cooks told us of an American who had appeared at Oberammergau the night before without a ticket. He promised his wife that if he'd be able to get a seat he'd give 10,000 marks to the poor children of the town. By some hook or crook the last minute a ticket was procured and the poor children (if there are any in Oberammergau after the season is half over) got their ten thousand. Oberammergau usually is sold out weeks in advance. Even so, from four to five in the morning lines start to form at the ticket windows in the hopes that some one in a situation like mine will turn in a ticket. Of course a ticket turned in at the window brings only its cost price,—first class, one hundred marks. Anyhow there wasn't a Swede with weak eyes in any one of the five lines.

What then should I do with my extremely valuable extra first-class ticket? At six-thirty that morning I had asked Little Sunbeam, that housekeeper of our landlord, for the fourth ticket so that I might present it to the Swedish person with the thick glasses or sell it. L. S. said I couldn't have it. The Swede would have to come after it herself or the landlord would sell it himself. So in the course of my searchings after the unknown daughter of the Vikings I told a Gendarme my troubles. He said to go back and tell the landlord I was to have that ticket if I asked for it or a Gendarme would be sent around at once. So at breakfast I did get the ticket, without, thank goodness, reaching the point of threatening the police. And then I went upstairs.

The boys had bounded up a few minutes ahead of me.

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Hansel and Gretel House—Oberammergau.

I dashed into the room to get my hat, and beheld two doleful looking youngsters sobered past nature's wont. Jim had taken a sudden step backwards to parry a brotherly gesture from Nand, over had gone the empty water pitcher left standing on the floor, and the handle had broken off. *Du Lieber* . . . My heart sank. It was a handsome dark blue set. I rushed downstairs and in utter anguish told the landlord and his cheerful housekeeper the woeful calamity. Their reception of the news was all the gloomiest soul on earth could have hoped for.

In the night a fearful storm had raged. At some dark hour I had been awakened by a thud. Immediately I turned on the light to behold the worst. A great hunk of plaster had fallen off the ceiling and lay in a partly caked, partly powdery mass on the floor. At breakfast I had explained the circumstance as cheerily as possible to that housekeeper. She didn't say so in so many words, but it would have been plain to the most casual listener that she was secretly convinced that I'd gotten up in the night, stood on a chair, and kicked the plaster off the ceiling. Therefore when I tried to explain my misery over the broken pitcher (it was our only mishap in five perfect weeks of careering about Germany) she as much as let me know that pitchers never broke accidentally. You hurled them at the floor.

Did I understand I must pay for the pitcher?

I certainly understood.

Not only for the pitcher. For the entire set.

Most certainly. I felt simply *terribly*——

And it would be expensive.

Yes, yes.

Because it was the best set in the house.

11

And then we went to the Passion Play.

I tried to get my moral courage to the point where I could do a neat deal,—sell my fourth ticket for enough

marks to pay for the water pitcher. The Lord stayed too close. I wanted to profiteer. But I sold it instead to a dumpy, elderly, German woman who'd stood in line since five-thirty, she said, for its Christian sum. I honestly did want to sell it for more. But not for more to a dumpy, elderly, German woman.

And then the play began. All mixed up in my mind with a broken water pitcher and a scoldy woman with teeth far apart, and I do so hate being scolded, and the chorus was singing, according to the Official-Text,

> "Bow ye down in holy wonder
> By God's curse oppressed race;
> Peace to thee! From Zion Grace once more
> Not forever lasts His anger,
> The offended One.—His wrath is forever just!"

All the worse.

Stretched the whole length of the stage they sang. If one could have dropped there from an aeroplane . . . The music was a soul satisfying thing—and somehow I for one had not expected any music at all. Then American motor parties started arriving. After worming their way by inches to the middle of a long row of seats, everybody having to stand up, of course, and then naturally no one behind could see, it was likely as not discovered that they had attacked the wrong row.

First Tableau: Expulsion from Paradise.

All those sitting one or two or three rows behind late arriving Americans failed to see the Expulsion.

Being in the wrong row, the late arriving Americans had to wrestle their way back to the aisle again. Page the usher. They attack another row. It is the right row. Only people are in their seats. Much examining of tickets. Everyone in the entire row remains standing, realizing that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and eventually either the late arriving Americans must work their way out again, or the people who are in their seats.

Second Tableau: Adoration of the Cross.

For those who are not behind late-arriving Americans.

The late-arriving Americans have convinced those sitting in their places that there is a mistake. It has taken a bit of time as of course the Americans speak no German. Probably the mistaken ones are Czecho-Slovakians. The Americans must get back to the aisle before the Czecho-Slovakians can get out and go about finding just where their seats really are.

In the meantime act one begins,—Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. It would be nice to see it, since the people have come from Holland and Portugal and England and America for that purpose, and perhaps it won't be convenient to come again in eight or ten years. Ah well, one can hear the singing.

The English school teacher from our Pension turns around from the row ahead and asks me in righteous wrath if we couldn't get up a petition or write a letter to the press or something.

"This is quite abominable, you know!"

By the time Christ starts driving the money changers and those that buy and sell out of the Temple almost all the late Americans have found their places. By the time the Plot of the High Council begins there is only one forlorn son of Washington wandering about searching for a place to sit him down. He got there early enough and was molesting no one. Only somebody else came along late and got him out of his seat and the ushers didn't seem to know quite what to do about it. In a couple of hours or so they found a place for him. He was from North Dakota, I'd say. Perhaps retail hardware. And he'd not been so unhappy since he left home.

From eight until twelve, and not a wiggle out of the sons. Only once in a while an, "It's sure swell, isn't it!" And their never failing awe at the Tableaux, with each time a hoarse whisper, "However *can* little kids like that stay still so long!"

At twelve lunch, and the housekeeper of the landlord too busy serving food to scold. I left the boys to kick the football for an hour, as preparation for the two to six session in the afternoon, and searched my last profitless search for that Swede. And sat on a bench and watched the people and eavesdropped. Next me on the bench was an elderly German couple. A friend joined them, so they could tell their troubles. There it was again,—my fellow countrymen! The old man had just dozed off comfortably the night before when there was a commotion in the house where they were stopping. A party of Americans arrived at eleven, only to find five other people sleeping peacefully in the five beds assigned by the law to them. Receipts were scanned, records investigated. Ten people had perfect rights to five narrow beds. It made for unrest all around. The Americans tried to find something else and of course there was nothing else to be found, so they came back again.

That appealed to me as a dramatic and potential situation, full of all sorts of possibilities. And just then a woman who looked like a reporter, hired by a man who fears that pronounced female charms may confuse the search for news items, stumbled and fell at our very feet. I declare I never have had such bad luck as at Oberammergau. We all jumped to her rescue, and by the time she was picked up and brushed off everyone realized it was time for the Play and there was a general scurry in all directions. What *do* ten strangers do who have equal rights to five beds? Is possession nine-tenths of the law, when the five who are not in possession are Americans? And no other beds to be had? I'd be willing to be kept awake any night for that sort of a rumpus. Alas, all we ourselves had of thickening night plots was that hunk of plaster on the floor.

"Really, you know," said the English school teacher on the way home for lunch, "there should be a law against

people coming in late to the Play. They oughtn't to be allowed inside at all if they can't be in time!''

And the latest person for the afternoon performance was the English school teacher. ''There was such a crowd ahead of me!'' she informed all nationalities in our neighborhood, aggrieved and abused.

The morning weather had been calm and sunny after the all night storm. No sooner had the chorus begun the afternoon with

> "Oh! the weird night! Oh behold the Savior
> Dragged about from tribunal to tribunal!"

than such a gale started up from nowhere as no one ever saw or heard. The beards and two-year-old locks of the male chorus battled with the elements; the hair of the female singers mounted toward the skies in irregular and devious turnings. As they opened their mouths to sing, generous strands of hair entered in. There was an immense feeling of relief that everybody's hair and beards ''belonged.'' If ever a gale like that had broken in upon a New York Hippodrome chorus . . .

Then came the rain. Relief that everyone's complexions ''belonged.'' If ever such a rain had leaked through onto a New York Hippodrome chorus . . .

Not a player, not a member of the chorus seemed to mind in the least either wind or rain. Afterwards we were told that it is their accustomed element. Evidently a warm sunny day would make the players nervous. And yet one gets the impression that nothing, not a stroke of lightning crashing through the very Temple itself, would ruffle a single person taking part in the Passion Play. Such perfect training and control is proof against the vagaries of God and man.

The broken pitcher, the housekeeper who scolded and the grumpy landlord, the lost Swede—all forgotten. The wind calmed down, the rain ceased. It was a perfect play, perfectly acted.

Still under its spell we sat down for supper at our Pension. The housekeeper entered with the burly landlord in agreement upon her heels.

"You have not forgotten, of course, that you must pay for the water pitcher."

"Why—er—no, no, I've not forgotten."

"It will be expensive."

The two stood there, glaring at me defiantly, he over her shoulder.

"How much will it be?"

"Four thousand marks!"

Now don't go translating it into dollars or you lose the effect. Remember the 80 mark bed, perhaps on the very same floor with a *Herzog*. Remember that throughout our tramp down the Danube and the Neckar we paid from twenty to thirty-five marks for a bed. Remember that the very loveliest post-cards, our chief extravagance, cost from one to two marks; that one can ride eleven hours on the train, as we did the last day, for about one hundred marks; we had purchased etchings of value for from one to five hundred marks; that coat lining of Jim's which had gone to pieces,—new lining of the best quality and the labor of the tailor had cost three hundred marks.

Four thousand marks! It simply bowled me over. I hadn't that much left to my name. We were to be only three days more in Germany. That is, I didn't have that much extra.

"Yes, four thousand marks! There are ten pieces to the set. You must pay for ten new pieces."

The English school teacher noted the bewildered look on my face and I translated.

"I shouldn't put up with it for a minute, you know. I should call the police."

Well then, four thousand marks. But I would tell my troubles to someone first. So after supper I went out and told them to Cooks, through whom I'd got our accommodations.

Yes, they felt four thousand marks preposterous. I must talk to the landlord—not his housekeeper. So . . . It makes such a difference in one's life to get a little sympathy. Whereupon we lingered about Cooks on one pretext or another to see what went on.

Two foreign priests came in, got an elaborate route planned for them, and presented the man with a cigar. "They'll have a bit of a thick time," 'lowed the English school teacher. The priests travelled first class. An English old maid wanted a list of hotels absolutely safe for a lady travelling alone. She took up much time, and left her name to have more information collected for her. Risky life, this one.

"Got any relatives by that name in Iowa?" asked a gentleman with a large cigar in his mouth who had breezed in just as the old maid was finishing.

No, the English party had no relatives in Iowa.

"Gimme forty-seven first class tickets Luxus train to Munich," ordered the Iowan.

"Gee," gasped my Jim, "have—have you got money enough to pay for forty-seven?"

The Iowan produced so much cash that a faintness seemed to come over the young.

"Gee," gasped Jim again, "I'll bet you've got 10,000 marks there!"

"I got just 307,000 marks there."

Jim almost brought one elbow down on an ink well. He held his head till the figures penetrated through it. Then he shook it.

"Three hundred and seven thousand marks . . . You could break almost anything."

But that remark was lost on the Iowan.

He told us about the party of home folks he was piloting about Europe. The whole outfit were stopping at Christus Lang's,—he'd seen to that last September. Trust him. The whole outfit had met Christus Lang personally, —only party to have that happen during the whole season.

All forty-seven shook hands with the man who played Christ!

He sighed. "Yessir. Had a talk with one of my men earlier in the day. Before I got through he turned over a check of $500 to Anton Lang for the poor of Oberammergau."

Poor of Oberammergau?

I thought of the tragic villages we had passed through in our five weeks, trying on the whole to keep off the beaten paths. I suppose Oberammergau needed that $500 less than any spot in all Germany. Still, before the next Passion Pay and the fat year, with the mark going down at the rate it does, even Oberammergau may need all the aid she can get.

In Cooks the man had said, "If you have to pay 4,000 marks for that set, then the set belongs to you, and I should certainly take it with me."

Said the English school teacher on the way home, "Cooks were quite right, you know. If I had to pay 4,000 marks for a broken pitcher I should certainly take the set with me."

"Yet," I murmured, "packing ten pieces of crockery about in three rucksacks . . . And what would I do with them after I carried them about?"

"You could sell them. I shouldn't care, you know, if I only got a few shillings for them. At least that disagreeable man and his housekeeper wouldn't be having them."

I wondered if any member of the Iowan's party might purchase ten pieces of Oberammergau crockery, nine of them whole, as a bit of a keepsake.

"Otherwise, you know," continued the English school teacher, "I should take a hatchet and smash them to bits. At least I'd not let that man and woman have them *and* 4,000 marks."

The idea of Carrie Nationing an outfit of bedroom ware

made no artistic or practical appeal. Yet my warped soul did object to paying down 4,000 marks and leaving nine perfect pieces behind. For a moment I considered casting about for an eligible maiden and telling her she could have the set as a start toward her Glory Box. If it was worth 4,000 marks it ought to lend quite a tone to her future establishment. Her matrimonial attractions would increase by 4,000 marks' worth.

Early in the morning a decision came over me. Before I paid that 4,000 marks I was going to get hold of some human being who could tell me if I was being "done" or not. I wrapped up the handleless pitcher in the London Times and started forth. There was one store in Oberammergau where one could buy everyday, non-touristy things,—eggbeaters and cheese graters and tumblers and white plates. I waited one-half hour for that store to open and it never did. I hung about Rosenthal's Porzellan Geschäft—locked. Rosenthal porcelain buyers don't arise early. Then I asked a policeman what to do. He said to go to Christus Lang's. There they understood everything about such things.

So I went to Christus Lang's. He makes pottery out of season. There was an attractive shop and an attractive *Fräulein* to accommodate tourists. I told her my troubles and exposed the broken pitcher to view.

"Four thousand marks!" she gasped. *Unverschämt!* It was a disgrace to Oberammergau. She herself knew nothing of the value of such a pitcher, but she would show it to Frau Lang, who would know all about it. There were several Germans in the shop. Their horror and amazement at the robbery being perpetrated upon me was satisfactory beyond words. Had they been Americans and that upset, they would have formed a citizens' posse, dragged my landlord out of bed, and left him in the mud fifteen miles distant. Instead they took out their soul-stirred censure in repeating with all possible emphasis and tones, "*Unverschämt! Also absolut unverschämt!*" I

basked in their sympathy and saw my own dismay vindicated.

The *Fräulein* entered with the pitcher. She was plainly nonplussed. It had been shown to Frau Lang. She was sad indeed at what she had to tell me, but Frau Lang had said that to replace the one pitcher, not to mention the other nine pieces of the set, would cost 4,000 marks. For the pitcher *alone!* She gasped some more, I gasped, my German sympathizers gasped. It was cobalt blue, was the set, almost impossible to obtain at any price. Indeed Frau Lang doubted whether it could be replaced to-day.

If the wife of the man who had been playing the rôle of Christ for thirty years said that, it must be true. In a frame of mind so subdued that I fairly crept along the muddy streets, I and the *kobalt blau* pitcher without a handle betook our way back to where we belonged. I sneaked up the stairs. The boys were busily trying to fit nine pieces of crockery into three already filled rucksacks. "We're going to sell them in *Garmish!*"

I broke the news. Instead of contemplating calling the police, my one desire now was to get out of Oberammergau before the police called us, with the announcement that after all we had 40,000 marks to pay. "Can't we even take a soap dish for a reminder?"

"Not even the soap dish belongs to us. We're only paying for the pitcher. Anyhow who wants a reminder!"

I found the Pollyanna housekeeper. "May I pay my bill?"

"It's very large. There's the friend who never came, and the bedroom set,—4,000 marks for that."

"I quite understand. I am only so very sorry it happened."

"Yes, but Herr S . . . is much sorrier. It was his best set. Of course you will take it with you and he will go to Munich to-morrow and buy another."

I said nothing but paid my debts.

She watched us come down the stairs with our rucksacks.

"You've got the set packed away in there?"

"No," I said, "I'm leaving it."

Was denn! Ach, then would I make a present of it to her?

I didn't quite understand.

If I wasn't taking the set with me, could she tell Herr S . . . that I had made a present of it to her?

No, I said, I was presenting it to nobody. I was leaving it where I found it.

Down the street we passed Herr S . . . He glared at us as if we had never crossed his line of vision before.

"Goodbye," I called.

He grunted and went on.

In my mind's eye I saw a picture of the housekeeper meeting him with the announcement that the American Frau had presented her with the *Kobalt Blau Service.*

"I left the set back there for you," I called after him.

He never gave a sign as to whether he heard or not.

"I do almost wish we'd kept one soap dish," I murmured, "by way of our Oberammergau bargain."

12

That much for Oberammergau. Except that in its proper chronological moment I did not record the policeman. The plumber in Rapperswil, the policeman in Oberammergau.

Nor would I have you think I mention plumbers and policemen with a supercilious air, my lower lip projected beyond the upper, looking, as Booth Tarkington says in "Gentle Julia," like the King of Spain. With the years and grey hairs I have come to demand just one thing of any man—that he be interesting. From what walk of life he comes, his private morals, his appearance—they fail to count one fraction in the scales against being bored. Unless, indeed, it is a dance in question, and then not only

walk of life, morals, appearance go by the board, but even interest itself—and feet alone count. I've danced in my day with too many smart men. I would renounce many a faculty party in favor of the dimly lighted garlic scented ground floor room in Cavi di Lavagna where I waltzed with the Italian fisherman. Nor could they speak a word of English, I a word of Italian. What of it? "Our steps accorded."

I honestly don't know with just what air I do mention plumbers and policemen. More that it would seem someone might expect an explanation. There *is* a cast system of sorts, and most women I happen to know and I myself don't go as a rule with plumbers and policemen. There is no calling on earth which hasn't its bores. I can imagine many policemen having far more to talk about than many—well what? Lawyers say. And why shouldn't one be able to find an interesting plumber? Our plumber in Berkeley ranked in my eyes as one of the worth while people who frequented our home. It was a matter of regret that our house was so new there were scant excuses to get him up there. He was an enthusiast over trout fishing, knew much of California mountains by heart, and never left within an hour after his job was done. Once he brought his kodak pictures to show me.

In Oberammergau our first night I asked a gendarme for some information. He gave it. We talked for a moment on the street corner. Then he asked me to go walking with him that evening. I said I would. One reason being that I never had been walking with a policeman in my life. There was no aching void in me because of that. I wasn't suffering to the point where I'd have asked a policeman to go walking with me. But as long as a policeman asked me to go walking with him—I said I would.

I met him at eight where he said to meet him, and it was pouring rain fit to drown the very fish. First he showed me numerous store windows in Oberammergau, explaining

who had carved what, what part he took in the Passion Play, what sort of a man he was. Then we started up a pitch dark path along the Ammer. Of course, just at first, he thought we might mix a bit of romance into things, but I explained to him that I had a heart of stone and was old enough to be his mother which he graciously refused to take seriously, and then we talked. For two hours we splashed through the pitch dark torrents. The gendarme was a model of manners and conversation. Not one minute of the two hours was uninteresting. We discussed politics, religion, matrimony, the Passion Play—ad infinitum. At ten he delivered me to my own front door. He asked if I would go again the next night, but I said I had another engagement. And that was that.

After those five weeks, after Oberammergau, it had seemed to my soul that there was just one thing I longed for on earth—to flop some place and stay flopped, with my eyes closed and my feet carrying me no place, for at least one whole day. And instead—such contrary things can feet be—they carried me to the top of the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany, roped to a guide. Which just shows. We are planning hard, planning eagerly, expectantly, to scale Swiss mountains a good part of this coming summer. If my feet act as contrarily as last summer, they will land me in a valley some place and as near as I'll come to a peak will be to gaze up at it. Weather permitting.

But then, isn't it really more of an adventure to find yourself roped to a guide on a mountain top when you thought to be flopped in a steamer chair, eyes closed all day?

We awoke on the Eibsee that last day of our summer to gaze upon a perfect world—a cloudless sky, a blue-green lake like glass beneath the sky, fir trees, thick, up to the grey rocks and snow patches of the mountains.

"It is too, too lovely," we said. "We must go on a picnic."

The hotel put up a lunch for us and we were off through the moss-floored woods. Impossible for anyone of the three of us to be happier. Up and up the path led, till we stood above the last pine trees and gazed up at sheer grey rocks.

"Let's keep on!"

There came a bad stretch, very steep, no good place to get a hold with feet or hands. Rocks kept clattering down evidently from climbers out of sight above. Jim had sandals on, I low Oxfords and that bizarre flowered dress.

We reached at last the end of that bad stretch and felt ourselves a bit superior. On some rocks at the top sat two wrecked figures—a panting woman and a panting man, each burdened with a fat rucksack. They asked us if we were climbing the Zugspitze. No, we were just taking a walk. Were they climbing the Zugspitze? Well, they had thought they would, but if any more of it was like that last stretch they weren't so sure.

Was that last really a bad stretch? I asked hopefully.

Yes, it was. They hoped the worst.

Did they really expect to find nothing worse than that all the way to the top?

Yes, they expected nothing worse.

Then, cried Parkers exultant, we'll go on to the top ourselves!

It was well that we had no notion of what was really ahead of us, else surely we would have been content to drink in the view from there and go back.

To an experienced mountaineer, the Zugspitze would be perhaps a mere stroll. Baedeker has it starred and says: "*anstrengend, aber für Geübte u. Schwindelfreie nicht schwerig.*" But if you are not a *Geübte,* and if you are not *Schwindelfreie* . . . (*Geübte* meaning experienced, and *Schwindelfreie* meaning that you don't get dizzy).

On and on we toiled, getting stuck regularly, and having to reconnoitre. We ate our lunch on a shale slope

The Eibsee River.

overlooking the mountains and valleys south and west. We were so filled with the lark of what we were up to we could scarce find room for food.

"We'll make it yet, Boy. I'm telling you! Eh, Mom?"

"Watch us!"

It was between two and three we reached the Wiener-Neustädter Hütte, anchored onto the rocks. Room for several to spend the night, food and drink for those who desired same and could pay. Four men were preparing themselves for the climb to the top, their guide smoking leisurely.

What were we going to do?

Walk to the top.

Where was our guide?

We didn't have one.

Consternation.

By the time everyone got through talking to us at once we became convinced we ought to have one.

Where pick a guide off a rocky mountain ledge?

The four climbers discussed together, discussed with the guide, and informed us graciously we might tie on to their guide. Though their guide took no pains to hide his contempt for Jim's sandals and my Fifth Avenue Oxfords.

I was thrilled, plain thrilled, when the guide led off up that mountain, I roped next and Jim next, the four men after Jim. You can realize it was no hair-raising climb. The guide said all of us tied on would make too many. He eyed Nand up and down. "You look as if you could make it alone." So the lad made the ascent just ahead of the guide, in all difficult moments informed where to put his hands and feet. "A mountain climber you have there," said the guide to me, and I loved the guide.

Have others thrilled, as I thrilled, at hearing for the first time in life that dignified greeting of mountaineer to mountaineer met on the climb—"Heil!"? And thereafter to call out "Heil!" oneself—It is worth climbing a mountain for the music of that greeting alone.

In two hours exactly we made the summit, 2,963 meters. There another hut riveted and cabled to the rocks. It was filled with climbers at tables, for this day was one day in a thousand with a view to the four corners of the world. Only one sought shelter at the top, for weariness, and still more because a cold wind blew through one's very bones. And for thirst.

When we announced we were going back to the Eibsee that afternoon everyone looked upon us as witless. Everyone else was staying all night at the top, to start down fresh the next morning. But the next day we had to be on our way back to Switzerland. After an hour's breathing spell then we tied on to the guide again, just the three of us, guide bringing up the rear, and we were off. I'd rather scale up rocks any day than scale down them.

At the Wiener-Neustädter Hütte we had syrup again, the guide wine. From there we went on alone, always below us a sunset colored glow on near and distant mountains, on lakes and woods and rocks, to be treasured in memory forever and forever. It sunk very deep into the souls of the boys.

That entire trip down they seemed suddenly older, their conversation was on a level degrees higher than usual, quite philosophic indeed, and never were they so thoughtful. They dashed like lovelorn cavaliers to move every stone and twig out of my way. And then a halt again, to gaze spellbound at the view, and to say again that we would never never forget this day as long as we lived. We three came closer that climb than ever before.

The last two hours we walked in total darkness and not one bit sure of our way through those dense woods. Nor did I make a proud figure. Never had I known such weariness. Knees felt as they had never felt before. Feet had never known such blisters. Over and over I stumbled in the dark and would have sprawled helpless had not my Jim insisted I lean on him. Nand went on just ahead to make sure of the way. Did anything in the world ever

look half so lovely as those hotel lights reflected in the lake?

One is never done of being ignorant. We stumbled into the ground floor, unpretentious dining room—our legs couldn't take us upstairs to the glass covered balcony, and besides we were too dishevelled. I flopped miserably in a corner and just could make it known we wanted much food. And of course what anyone with half a grain of common sense knows is that when one is that weary the less one eats the better. With such strength as I had left I began to eat . . . and suddenly a terrifying feeling came over me. A pressure from inside out and from outside in. Nauseated. Objects getting farther away, dimmer. "Deathly sick." Exactly just that. My one desire was to get out of that room. With a son on each side I just did make the door. I could go no further. Ignominiously I sank to the ground against the wall and some protecting object. As it happened it was a garbage can. The boys were scared beyond words; both suddenly burst into tears. They were sure I was dying. I was surer.

By nine a. m. next morning we were all three playing football in the meadow west of the hotel. Though there was a certain pep lacking in my football form. Very, very much lacking. I've played better. It was fun bragging to everyone that we'd been to the top of the Zugspitze the day before. Nobody believed us.

Just writing about that climb, and thinking how it felt to go up and down stairs for almost a week after, and the blisters on my feet—I feel all tuckered out merely describing it. I've no energy left to tell of the home trip, Partenkirche—Lindau—Friedrichshafen—Radolfzell. The sunny Sunday morning boat ride from Radolfzell to Stein am Rhein. A beloved June Bug jumping up and down on the landing. Switzerland—a thousand times worth all the extra that it costs to live there, for it was like stepping into another world from torn, bitter, despairing Germany.

White ducks with yellow bills floating downstream on clear green water—after five weeks of careering with two boys and three rucksacks from one end of Germany to the other——

PART THREE

1

HERE follow the Little Journeys—jaunts in spring, fall and Christmas vacations. We make every minute count for five! For there are but three weeks to the spring vacation, ten days in fall, three weeks at Christmas time. And all the world to see!

The first side excursion was taken by son Jim. I have mentioned that in my possession are sons who have been known to scrap. (Dictionary says, *slang*. I know it's slang. "Fight, quarrel, scuffle"—But fight, quarrel, scuffle do not mean just the same. My boys *scrap*.) On the way over from Boston to Genoa there budded the inspiration that it would be a brilliant idea to part the brothers for one year. Not only would it give each of them a rest from the attentions of the other, but, too, they would learn German more quickly. Both agreed to the separation enthusiastically. (And let me here say it worked wonders. Such devotion now, such scraplessness, as compared to those days of previously unbroken propinquity! It's good for everybody in the world to get a rest from everybody else now and then—why shouldn't brothers and sisters be allowed the same respite?) So Nandy and Art went to Hof Oberkirch near the foot of the Lake of Zurich, a highly recommended *L. E. H.* Jim went alone to Glarisegg. At the beginning of the second school year they all entered Glarisegg.

To find yourself alone in a foreign school when you can't speak a word of the language is something of a hardship. Jim was more or less miserable from the end of that September until Christmas. From then on he

loved every day. What softened his first homesickness was the school trip into Italian Switzerland, made within three weeks after he entered Glarisegg. Two teachers and seventeen boys went from Steckborn on the Lake of Constance, over the Gothard down to Lugano. To a lad who had never been in the mountains it was a great experience. Of his own accord he kept a faithful diary of the trip.

"We got on the train at Zurich and went on that beautiful ride to Zug and along the Lake of Zug. Oh how beautiful! Then we went along the Lake of Lucerne, then through some mountainous country during which we ate some sausage and bread. Then we came to Göschenen, the beginning of the St. Gothard. Then we walked up to Andermatt. Oh it was fun all the ways the rucksacks on our backs. We would see iron gates with holes in them and all sorts of fortifications for when the Italians came and attacked the Swiss. We got to Andermatt in the afternoon. . . . A soldier gave me a whole cup full of Beer and my cup was of good size but I did not drink it; the German boy said that it was very good so I gave it to him and it was down in two seconds . . . We started on the way to the little hamlet of St. Gotthardo. Then we walked and walked over streams and rivers and down valleys and up hills and we would see little clear *wasser* lakes until we came to a quiet large one and across it we saw a hotel and two houses. This was St. Gotthardo. We put our rucksacks down and waited until Herr Zuberbühler and the rest came, then we saw about sleeping and went up in a barn and put our rucksacks down and got out our pillow slips and filled them with straw. But I did not sleep on the hay but went up in a grand bed and slept all night, with Albert Z. When I got up I got dressed and washed and then Albert and I opened the presents (it was October 17, his birthday) first Dora's. Oh, Dora, a million thanks to you for even thinking to send me a present. Oh how I will love to share all that

The Great Abbey—Zürich.

chocolate up with the boys at lunch. Then Mummie's present. Oh, I love to play a harmonica and I needed a knife so badly. A million thanks to you, too. And little Juny. Oh, you precious! I did not have time to write you before Tessin. You can draw so well and I just love and love you a million kisses to you, darling. Then Albert gave me—bless his heart—a chocolate bar. Then breakfast . . . all the boys gave me a framed stand-up picture that I am going to give to you when you come to Andermatt, which Herr Z. is going to keep for me in his rucksack. I shook hands with all the boys and when breakfast was over we all put our rucksacks away and started for the peak of Lucendro, a very high peak.

"We walked up a path with rocks all the way nearly and so steep sometimes that you had to crawl up it then. To climb the highest place with a pelerine was a job worth doing. Oh what fun though. Then we came to the glacier of the peak and we, Herr Hartmann and I, then climbed up rocks until we came to the highest part; then there was a place for writing your name if you had climbed the peak and I did and now I am writing my diary. Then we ate and had brot, cheese and apples. Then we took a look at the Mts. We could see all around us and there was nothing but mountains. The Bernese Alps were to the west and we could make out the Monch and the Eiger but not the Jungfrau because it was behind another "berg" nearer to us. Then we rolled big stones down on the glacier we knew that there was nobody so near. Then on our way to St. Gotthardo I walked with Herr Z. awhile, then I went ahead by the other boys, then I took a short cut and came to the path again but just there it was cut off by a big hill. And so I hiked down a valley and up a large hill, always by myself. Oh, how I love to be by myself hiking in any kind of country, then down another valley and up another hill and on the top of that hill were a lot of our "gang," they were looking very mournful, because right in front of them was a steep valley and all

of them were afraid to go down it and there were mountains on all sides and just a small steep path to the pass which was quite a few miles away. I spread my pelerine down and took a rest and then I wrote some in the diary. The other boys left for the pass and I went down the steep valley. Oh it was fun by myself. I would need two hands so I would throw my pelerine down a ways then tumble down and pick it up. I would do it over and over again over stones and slippy grass until I reached the road. I then took off my shoes and shook the stones out of them and got the dust off of my stockings and took off my sweater and shirt and cleaned those out, then I put them all back on again; I shook my pelerine out and rolled it up. Then I started on the way to the hotel. We could see it from the top of the little mountain. I walked and walked until whom did I see but Herr Hartman and Berger, the best hiker of the "gang," coming toward me; they had seen me coming with the glasses.

"None of the others had come yet, or have not come for an hour. They asked me how I happened to come alone. I told them all about it but Herr Hartman didn't think it was possible. I am writing for a long time. Herr Hartman and Berger had gone to see if they could find the rest and have come back without any sign of them. The soldiers are always asking me something either in Italian, French or Deutsch. The rest have not come for hours but I am not hungry though it is supper time. Way past supper time they have not come yet. At last they have come and are seated at the table, all the boys were so glad that I was safe here and not still up at the pass or anywhere dangerous. I have always kept this book and pencil in my Mützer. And please don't mind the smudgeiness of it. I slept in the same grand bed and Albert slept in his same grand bed. I slept all night and in the morning was washed and dressed and ate breakfast of course then we got our rucksacks ready. And left for Airolo——"

Incidentally the lad fails to mention why the others

were so late reaching the hotel: they were searching all over for Jim Parker. He had come down a very dangerous trail alone, not knowing that such a thing was absolutely against the rules, and foolhardy. Even the local inhabitants said it was a wonder he got down alive. It took a year or two off the harassed Herr Direktor's life.

The initial trip the family took en masse was to St. Moritz, the first Christmas vacation. It sounds about as appropriate as to say the Parkers went to Palm Beach. But I happen to have no desire to see Palm Beach, and had a very great desire to see St. Moritz. One of those itches which must be gotten out of the system.

There may be cheap Parker-style hotels in Palm Beach. There must be at least one cheap hotel in the most fashionable resort on earth, if it could be found at St. Moritz. Most Americans who go to St. Moritz live in St. Moritz style. No American ever saw the inside of the hotel we stayed three weeks in. It suited us to perfection. We had four rooms across the front, top floor. Magnificent view. Food excellent, everything spotless. Cost $2.00 a day per person. Bless the Hotel Steffani. Except that my soul was longing for a bit of gaiety by that time, having lived without the sights and sounds of New York for six months. I believe it that a person can be lonelier in a place where there is much going on than in a little corner where nothing ever happens. Certainly St. Moritz was far harder on my soul than Stein am Rhein. I rebelled against all creation in St. Moritz. And at our hotel, beds for a hundred, there were six other people besides Parkers—a Swedish *masseur* and his wife, a Swiss mother and her son, and a Hollander and his sister. That has been our experience throughout Europe. The expensive hotels seem well filled, mostly, of course, foreigners. The sort of hotels we stay at are those patronized earlier by the middle class natives, and patronized in numbers. Since the war the native middle class in each country evidently is forced by finances to stay at home. Stopping in a hotel with one-

tenth of the beds occupied affects you like attending the theatre with one-tenth of the seats taken. You continually ache in your soul for the management and the personnel. Only it is worse in the case of an empty hotel. Often a poorly patronized theatre has brought its failure upon its own head. Each hotel where we have been practically the only guests has deserved to have every room filled. Just once in Europe I want the experience of staying a spell in a hotel where you have to fight for a bed. Just so that I can rejoice with the management.

But rather alone in a crowded hotel than with the offspring.

For after all, except for purely selfish and purely altruistic reasons, the fewer people in our hotel the better. Then if the young *do* get into difficulties——

As it was we inconvenienced one of the six other guests at St. Moritz. I tried to save money by having both sons bathe at once. And the Dutchman bathing at the same time just below hastened to clothe himself enough to rush down and report that the whole ceiling above was leaking. The maid reported water two inches deep on the floor of the sons' bathroom. The sons claimed stoutly that it was a quarter of an inch, but a quarter of an inch all over and sustained at that level can make it damp in the room below. . . .

The Swiss all tell you they would rather be caught dead than at St. Moritz. We feel a good deal that way about it now. But if you're the kind who likes St. Moritz, then you like St. Moritz and glory be with you. It's filled with the sort of people who've been working so hard for the last ten to twenty years trying to have a good time that if they had put half that much energy into doing anything else they couldn't have helped but enjoy life hugely.

——"Gee, Mom, isn't it the swellest skating you ever saw?——"

Yes, St. Moritz slid off the young like water off a duck. They only saw what they came to see.

Or rather, after a few days they saw it. For we came to see snow, and when we arrived there was none to be seen. In Switzerland! Six thousand and thirty-three feet elevation! December! Never was our optimism so strained. Yellow grass on the slopes. Speckled patches of weather worn snow in spots. Six thousand and thirty-three feet! December! It did no good to be told it was the first time in seventy-three years or some such. It did no good to hear an uninterrupted mumble of cursings on all sides. Yes, it did, too. It did help one's soul to have everyone else sore. But it brought no snow. Never did a farmer scan the heavens for some promise of rain as did we for a cloud which looked like snow.

And then—and then—it snowed! And snowed and snowed! We'd have given ten thousand dollars to the poor had we had it to give. Instead we did an Indian dance from one end to the other of our four connecting rooms. We couldn't use the sleds for the snow in our eyes. We couldn't walk for the softness and depth. There was no skating. One couldn't see to ski. But it was snow, snow, snow!!! We just plowed around in it anyway and swallowed it when we opened our mouths to talk.

And then after two days it stopped. From then on we got what we came for—winter sports. Skating, sledding, skiing. Nandy at that time was the only one who possessed skis, and except for skating now and then he rather scorned all other activities. The rest of us hired skis once or twice. I hired skates once and decided I was just twenty-five years too old to begin. Goodness, what an hour. And who'd bring up the children when I broke my neck? And my two sons whirling around as if they'd been born with skates on, calling, "You're doing fine, Mom!" And me just a hair's breadth from total destruction every second. The good old Flexi for me——

Which reminds me that one of the smartest things we

were prevailed upon to do was to bring our Flexible Flyer with us from America. Blessings forever on the soul who was responsible. Goodness knows, I'm not one to withhold from Europe her due, but when it comes to those numerous categories in which the Land of the Free excels, just write down sleds alongside of dentists. I'm not so sure we couldn't have covered our expenses at St. Moritz by renting out the Flexi to nobility. We left nobility very far behind, chugging along in their sawed off little affairs, steering with their heels stuck out in the snow, slowing down by that much every time they changed their direction in the least. We had every monocle in St. Moritz clambering up the roadsides when they heard our "Bob!" or "*Vorsicht!*" and a Parker on his or her stomach whirled around the corner on the good old Flexi from New York City.

In case you think these are vain boastings or nervous compensatory ravings, since my skating was what it was, let me here announce son James won a prize on the Flexi. It was the Chantarella Run. There were three races—for women, men, boys. Jim won the boys' race. Whether because his time was better than any of the men's, or through some carelessness, they had his name down as winner in the men's race. That there would be prizes never dawned upon us. We had had fun and glory enough out of it. But the next day was Prize Distribution at the Savoy Hotel. First, the ladies were given their winnings. Then a man called, "Mr. James Parker." Jim strode up. Embarrassment among the committee. His prize was a silver cigarette case! But a nice Englishman took him across the street later and he was allowed to pick out a good-looking silver wrist watch in exchange. Never was there such excitement in a family—five minutes, three seconds—and a silver wrist watch.

So, even if I did retire at nine-thirty every night, when my soul was longing for the Bright Lights, the family won a wrist watch. (I read out loud Hudson's "Far Away

and Long Ago'' regularly after dinner, and when the boys were in bed we had long philosophic talks, and I tried to make myself think that was the proper life for a woman and a mother, and shame upon her if she pined for frivolity out ''among them.'' Well then, shame upon her. That old bed—I hated it. Every time I tore around a corner on my stomach on that Flexi I secretly hoped I'd kill some male person. As he lay in the road gasping out his last, I'd sneer at him ''Serves you right for not inviting me to a dance!'' And I'd speed away on my stomach and leave him to die.)

But the young were enthused over St. Moritz, and we all nearly broke our necks at one thing or another, and left after almost three weeks voting the Christmas holidays exactly to our liking (the sighings of the aged for a dance don't bother the young any). However, we saw St. Moritz under adverse conditions, for the snow situation meant that winter sports were becoming normal just as we had to leave. It was even some days later still that the Cresta Run was opened. I went partly down what there was of it on the Flexi one evening and fully expected to land in Zurich before ever I'd be able to stop myself. If a Ford truck had happened along the road as I got there it would have been the last of that Ford truck.

2

Now Adelboden, where we spent our second Christmas vacation, was a place exactly after Parker hearts, even to the dancing. We'd be content to go back every year to Adelboden. It is another world from St. Moritz. A typical St. Moritzer would commit suicide in Adelboden. And such snow as we had practically every second of the time!

One reaches Adelboden via Frütigen, post auto ten kilometers up the Engstligen Valley. It's a nest of a place (altitude about four thousand five hundred feet) at the head of the Valley, up on the sunny side of the mountains which form almost a huge bowl, open only at the side one

enters from Frütigen. No situation could be more beautiful. Mountains on every side, their summits all rocks and snow. Below, pine-covered snow slopes down to the peaceful valley bottom; hay huts, their sloping roofs covered with two feet of snow, dotting the mountain sides and the peaceful still valley below. High frozen falls over the way at the head of the valley, below Wildstrubel.

People go to St. Moritz to say they've been. People go to Adelboden for the sports. In the winter, ninety per cent. of Adelboden is English. Indeed, it would seem ninety per cent. of all the Swiss mountains are English, especially around Christmas and New Year. The Swiss themselves go later for their sports—February, preferably. But for the English, and for the Parkers, school vacations determine when you travel. Of course earlier French and Germans patronized the winter sport places in numbers. Now only the English and Dutch can afford it. There was not another American in Adelboden, except a group of Army people from Coblenz for a few days. For their benefit I made the most patriotic gesture possible—I lent them our Flexi for a whole morning. The boys of the family were fairly speechless for joy. But they were haughty folks; it hurt them to say good morning on the highway. We were so excited to lay eyes on fellow-countrymen (I'd seen about five to talk to in over a year) that the aloofness of the Army was a blow. After we lent those boys our treasured Flexi for one whole morning they couldn't even say Hello to Nand and Jim—and mine so aching to be friendly and talk baseball and what did they do on the 4th of July in Coblenz, and all that sort of thing. I'm all for cutting down the Army. Too many officers altogether. I hope that whole Adelboden army family was seasick every minute of the trip going back to America when the Rhine troops were recalled.

We were almost four weeks in Adelboden, in a hotel which kept up the tradition. When we arrived there was one other guest in the hotel. During our stay a few strag-

Panorama including Adelboden.

glers took up quarters, a Dutch family for a week, a German couple from South Africa a few days. When we departed we left two young women, Swiss, as the sole guests. And the hotel was as nice a one as could be desired—clean, splendid situation, good food, about two dollars a day again, room and board.

One other guest in the hotel when we arrived, a strange, fair-haired young Hollander. And now he's my brother-in-law and calls me Cornelia and has kissed me three times—Who'd have thought it? All in four months. My step-sister spent Christmas week with us at Adelboden. And last Saturday they were married here in Geneva. And I got kissed three times by that sole other guest in the Hotel Victoria in Adelboden. What good would it have done for thirty other guests to have been present? One can have but one brother-in-law at a time. Except that the proprietor might have preferred thirty to one for perfectly unromantic reasons. I let the Hollander ride on the Flexi once too, but not alone. I steered. And never had the ghost of an idea he'd kiss me three times on the 19th of April. Nor, he claims, did he have the least idea of it then himself. The world is amazing.

Winter sports are the main attraction in Swiss mountains, but costume balls run them a close second. If you arrived for a three weeks' stay in any winter resort with three fancy costumes they could all be worn out by the end of your stay. And if they were good-looking enough you might return home with a pink glass inkstand, a small framed picture of the Matterhorn, and a yellow flower vase you'd won as first prizes. (I suppose they give diamond dog-collars at St. Moritz.) And you'll have ten flashlight pictures of costume balls where you look as if you were about to sue someone for breach of promise or like a Russian blackmailer in disguise.

And third, after costume balls, come competition dances. You can win a blue glass inkwell, a small framed picture of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, or a purple flower vase.

And fourth, come entertainments for the benefit of putting new roofs on local English churches.

But we confined ourselves to shooting around curves on the Flexi on our stomachs and costume balls. Though we never won a prize, albeit every time our sons claimed we were by far the handsomest there.

And the sons confined themselves to skiing and skiing and more skiing, from the second breakfast was over until the last second before lunch when they puffed in, red-cheeked and out of breath, leaking snow around the dining room; from the second lunch was over until the pitch dark drove them home in time to clean up for supper. They scorned all other sports. They scorned all other nationalities except the Swiss youngsters, ragged and red-cheeked, natives of Adelboden, skiing since the second week they were born, and talking in a dialect so atrocious surely their own mothers couldn't understand them. And my sons affecting the same lingo before two weeks were over.

Nor was it skiing as much as ski-jumping which enthralled the sons morning and afternoon. And I hereby go on record as claiming there is no more exciting sport to watch than ski-jumping. It would seem the only more exciting thing is to jump. Let no nervous mother ever behold her own offspring at it or she'll be carried home on a stretcher. I—with no nerves at all—my heart lost ten beats the first time I saw a son of mine call "Bahn-frei!", shove off with his sticks from the top of the incline, speed down, drop his sticks, crouch, shoot out into space, straighten in midair, and land fifty feet below on an incline so steep it whisks you on yards and up a slight incline before there's any chance of stop to you. Then a pretty Christiania—a swift spring turning you, skiis and all, at right angles, and you ski on back to where, sideways, you take the steep incline up to the jump again. That, over and over, day after day after day. And the sons more wildly enthusiastic over the sport every time they tried it. They both think there's nothing like it in

all the world. They roll the names of the great Swiss jumpers over their tongues as American boys at home speak of Babe Ruth. They know who jumped how far at what contest and when. And when we formed part of the audience to watch the Swiss men on the big jump at Adelboden, one of them—uncover your heads—the brother of the Champion himself, it was not as rank outsiders the sons stood in the front row fairly taut with excitement. No, they belonged to the charmed inner circle, there taking pointers. And were let in free, if you please, by the man at the gate because they were jumpers! Weren't we the proud ones! And the only foreigners jumping in all Adelboden at that. I went around town with my chest sticking out and nose in the air. There was a time way back ten years ago in Berkeley when I was referred to as "the mother of the boys who crawled through the sewer." In Adelboden I was "the mother of those American boys who can ski jump." We stayed two days longer at Adelboden so that the sons could be in the junior jumping contest, along with the native talent of Adelboden. And then snow conditions made another postponement necessary, too late for us to wait longer. But we have two more Christmas vacations in the Swiss mountains ahead of us, and the whole family glories in the prospect. Even June Bug is counting the days already to next winter, for she has been promised skis. Which will leave me the sole ignominious sledder. Unless I get the ski fever, which hasn't caught me yet. Tried the sport twice. I'd rather be able to ski well than any sport I know, except tennis. But I'm short ninety per cent. of the necessary confidence and courage to make a start.

3

There was one marvellous trip a friend and I took on the Flexi, the red letter event of Adelboden. (When two ride on the sled we both sit up, I in front, steering with my feet on the cross bar where otherwise I use my hands,

the other person behind me ready to use his feet as brakes when necessary.) We had breakfast when it was still dark, and started at the top of the Post Road about seven-thirty, when the rest of Adelboden was still asleep, and no need to call "Bob!" once down the steep road, daytimes a procession of human beings of all ages coming and going on feet, sleds, skis. Down we sped in the early morning, not a sound or soul abroad, all the way to Frütigen, sixteen kilometers distant. Not all the way could we sled. The level stretches we walked, perhaps one-third of the way. Two-thirds we flew along on the good old Flexi.

We reached Frütigen in generous time for the train,—Lötschberg Railway up to Kandersteg. Kandersteg is just about as far from Frütigen as Adelboden, only up another valley. We explored Kandersteg, at one time a popular winter resort, but now very dead, however beautiful summer or winter. We ate our picnic lunch leisurely in a hay hut outside the village. Then came the long glorious sled run down the Kander Valley back to Frütigen, not only the fun of the actual sledding, but the added excitement of an unknown road, no telling what was ahead around the next curve. Tea in Frütigen, and the post auto back up the valley to Adelboden. Bring a Flexi over to Switzerland and try it for yourselves!!

If I were a millionaire I'd come every winter from wherever I was in the world to the Swiss mountains. But the trouble is that the millionaires all go to St. Moritz.

From the Swiss Alps to the Italian Riviera. We didn't do it just like that. Jim got pneumonia and pleurisy in between. June Bug got chickenpox and whooping cough. I got the flu. So we thought a bit of sun wouldn't do anyone any harm. Spring of 1922 this was. No one has had a disease since. First we tried Santa Margherita, just the station before Rapallo, toward Genoa. That is, Dora went there with Nandy and June Bug; Jim, Art and I to follow as soon as Jim could travel. But Santa Margherita was too expensive for the family, and the hotel

too well patronized to make it the appropriate setting for children recovering from pneumonia and whooping cough. So Dora moved on down to Cavi di Lavagna, a place so small it isn't on any map, and we landed there a few days later.

The postmistress at Cavi couldn't read very well. She looked an envelope up and down, holding it two inches from her nose. Everything with any kind of a foreign stamp on it she handed over to us. Often the letter or paper was not ours. If one entered the tumbledown room during the day for stamps, and if the postmistress was there, more than likely she would be making what she could out of any post cards written in Italian and not yet called for. The postmistress was by far the busiest person in Cavi di Lavagna. No one else had anything to do at all.

Except that a few fishermen pulled their nets in leisurely mornings, a few women brought their laundry down to the intermittent stream which meandered across the beach from the canyon, a new furrow every day. Perhaps a hundred people lived in Cavi.

There was but one hotel. We were the only guests in that one hotel. Had Dora not been able to speak Italian we never could have settled in Cavi. No one there had ever seen a foreigner before. Except that even in that infinitesimal dot on the earth at least one man had emigrated to America. We talked once about it on the beach—an old grizzled fisherman he was. And glad to be back in Cavi. America was good enough as a place to make money, but as a place to spend one's old age in—heaven forbid.

We imbibed much of Italian atmosphere along with the good sun in Cavi. The proprietor of our Hotel Sans Gêne, S. Romano and his wife, were possessed of four children. The oldest was a daughter who shuffled about in bedroom slippers and a handkerchief about her head mornings but when a beau called she had every pin and ribbon and hairpin exactly in place. She possessed a tongue and a

temper and a haughty way with her, and had several natty-looking suitors from Genoa and points west, who threatened suicide did she not yield. She showed no signs of yielding. There was one son, Carlo, as handsome as only an Italian can be, and as lazy. He was eighteen, smoked cigarettes and sprawled on the beach all day, and made shady jokes about the ladies which fortunately no one but Dora could understand. She had it in mind at one time to reform him, but Carlo evinced slight desire to meet her half way. Sometimes Carlo waited on us, sometimes the father, sometimes one of the two younger girls. I used to look at Vanna and Maria and ask myself if it could really be that they were just a year older each than Nandy and Jim. They wore skirts three inches above their knees, hair down their backs. Whenever you least expected it you came upon one or the other in a dark corner holding hands with some male person ten years their senior. They had beaux galore—more than the older sister, and used to come in all hours of the night. The mother, fat and no doubt very pretty in her day, complained bitterly that she could do nothing at all with any one of her children and her husband was leaving to spend a month in Pisa with his lady love and after all what did a woman get out of life anyhow.

But the beach at Cavi was the finest in all the Riviera di Levante, rather short on beaches. It was a perfect beach for children. As the days grew warmer—we were in Cavi April and May—it was perfect for swimming as well. As Jim's health neared normal, and he picked up very rapidly, he and I took long rambles in the hills back of Cavi. The other two boys had to go back to Hof Overkirch after three weeks. Jim stayed two weeks longer. During that time we had the monumental treat of reading "Ben Hur" out loud, a treat for me and him. I could remember, as if it were but a year ago, how my own mother had read "Ben Hur" out loud to me when I was about ten. In the middle of the chariot race guests were an-

Cavi—Spiaggia.

nounced. She excused herself and returned upstairs to where I lay in suspense and finished the chariot race. Jim thought "Ben Hur" the best book he had ever read in all his life.

Before the other boys went back to school we four did our first European "sight-seeing" of the traditional variety. Of course there had been the Azores, Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa on the way from Boston to Switzerland. We just looked at the outsides of things then, superficially. The first European cathedral we entered was Pisa's (and that needs amending, too. Nandy and June Bug had spent some little time in the cathedral at Milan en route to the Riviera. Jim, Art and I just drove around it in the full moonlight. "Just!"). I suppose if one has heard of only three things in all Europe, the Leaning Tower of Pisa will have been one of those three. It exactly suited the taste of the young. They tore up it to the very top. I was content to remain just below the very top. We were "guided" about the Cathedral, and when the gentleman uttered something about Galileo and pointed to the great swinging lamp, Jim and I knew at once what it was all about from the picture in Van Loon. (The three weeks I was in the hospital with Jim we read a good part of the Old Testament out loud—and such discussions!—"The Story of Mankind," "Emmit Lawler," by Joe Tully, and a book of W. W. Jacobs, short stories, over some of which we laughed until I feared Jim would have a relapse.)

And then we were on to Florence.

Up to April, 1922, there had been no chance to prove or disprove the prophecies of most of my friends, namely, that I was bringing the boys to Europe much too young. They would get little or nothing out of it. After Pisa and Florence I knew for a certainty that every one of those friends was wrong.

I knew it in Pisa. I knew it fifteen minutes after we arrived in Florence and stood before Ghiberti's bronze doors in the Baptistry. They had almost to be dragged

away. Every hour in Florence I was surer that my sons were in Europe at exactly *the* time for them to be in Europe. I felt like kneeling in every Florentine church we visited and giving thanks that we were there.

We had only five days in Florence. Fervently at the end I said, if this is all we ever get of Europe, it was worth the whole trip for these five days. I held my breath as we entered the Uffizi Gallery—the first the sons were to see. How would they take it? What would those first, to them, old Masters mean? Would it be "O come on, let's hurry up and get out?"

Instead my joyous ears heard over and over the whisper, "Gee, Mom, isn't this *swell?*" "Boy, I'm glad we came here!" "Look, there's that same picture we have at home!" "Look, there's a picture we had on the wall at Horace Mann!" "Gee, Mom, I never knew there were so many dandy pictures in the world."

And when, at the last picture, I suggested we start in again at the beginning and pass rather quickly through the rooms to fix those treasures more firmly in our memories, there were eager "You tell 'em!"s. I was so happy after that Uffizi Gallery I wanted to hug the world. Only I regretted that all three boys hadn't been on hand for the Old Testament. Art galleries always have meant more to Jim for that experience, because of the pictures one sees around Europe illustrating Old Testament stories.

If you have been to Florence you know the things we saw and did; taking the impressions of the boys and myself together the things which most stand out are the Monastery of San Marco, the drive along the Viale dei Colli, Ghiberti's doors, the Chapel of the Princess in San Lorenzo, the perfect afternoon at Fiesole . . . Oh dear why begin to pick out the high spots of Florence. We revelled in every second at the Chapel of the Medici with its Gozzali frescoes and the nice man with his electric light and long pointer. And the Bargello with its Court—one of the details of Europe, like the Lion of Lucerne, I'd been

Ponti-Vecchio—Florence.

aware of wanting to see since I was ten. And of course the Pitti and the Uffizi. And, for my sons, practically every statue they laid eyes on. I was totally unprepared for their enthusiasm in that line. Nandy fairly worshipped at the feet of Michael Angelo's David—has a framed picture of it now in his room at school.

Our hotel in Florence was as queer as most of the hotels Parkers patronize. It was recommended by the proprietress of the Station Buffet at Pisa, who was the sister-in-law of the proprietor of our hotel in Cavi. I told the concierge we wished cheap rooms, but it would have made no difference what sort of rooms we wanted. They had only one free in the hotel. Evidently one hotel we patronized in Europe was making money. That one room was up flights and flights of stairs. After the first three floors, stairs which went up suddenly in the most unsuspecting localities, and landed you in a most unpromising hallway which turned one angle after another until it landed you at the bottom of another unsuspecting stairway. We ended finally directly under the roof. A corner room, two beds, one the broadest we had ever seen in all our lives. Not another bed to be had for love or money—not that we made out to offer a great deal of either. But the adjoining room was promised for the next night. I slept in one bed, Jim and Art in the broad one, and Nand insisted he could sleep like a rock, and was enthused over the idea, if he sat up all night on one chair and put his feet on another. He did manage to sleep most of the night, but when the adjoining room didn't materialize the next night, three slept in the broad bed. After that we got the room next door. Nice room only it possessed no window. Why a window? All foolishness, this idea of light and air.

We had two small windows in the slant of the roof. If we stood on a table we could see out of them. We often did stand on the table for it gave us a perfect view of the Or San Micheli just across on the corner. Not a millionaire stopping in Florence has ever had such a chance to

see the detail work on the top of Or San Micheli as the Parkers had. Sorry I've forgotten the name of the hotel. You won't find it in Baedeker. But of course you can stop off in Pisa and ask the Proprietress of the Station Buffet.

And something still better than the view out our roof windows. We discovered at one strange turn of our strange last story hallway a window opening out onto a balcony. Every morning and every evening we climbed out that window—you had to put a chair underneath, as I remember, to get out,—and from that funny little balcony high up over the roofs of Florence we revelled in the most marvellous views of the city and the hills about that ever a tourist was blessed with. One exciting late afternoon we were up there when an aeroplane flew by overhead dropping red, green and pink advertisements to patronize one Leopoldo di Luigi Rossi for Conceria Pellami Specialità Pelli al *Cromo* Ponte a Egola (Toscana). Which is the man's name and which his wares and which his residence is not certain to me. *Cromo* is underlined—it must be the main offering. We treasured countless of those papers months—things so important they should be kept forever. I've pasted one in the Memory Book, perhaps to remind me of how I expected every second to lose all three boys in their mad reachings after those falling papers upon that balcony above all other roofs in our part of Florence, protected only by a very shaky and ancient iron railing. And the rest are unavoidably lost.

Something else we shall always remember in Florence. We did a bit of reading there—the boys were especially interested in Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici and Dante. And lo, I saw the advertisement of a Dante film then being shown in Florence. One afternoon the boys slept from five to seven and that night we went to Dante. It was a most valuable and exciting experience to see that historical film, partly made in Florence itself, partly with the cleverly manufactured background of Florence in Dante's

Florence: Panorama of the city.

day. Never did a movie seem a quarter so real to us, and all Florence took on new local color for the last two days we were there. Dante will never be the mythical figure to the boys that he always had been, until that film and Florence, to me.

Another treat of another order, and yet it lent much modern local color to Florence. The King came to town while we were there! We saw him! And heard the bands and saw the soldiers. But, best of all, always the last thing in the evening before going to bed we walked up to the Piazza della Signoria and prowled about it quietly in the evening light. Nandy could gaze again upon the copy of his David, and just generally we loved that square of an evening. This night we rounded the corner from the Via Calzaioli and behold—the Palazzo Vecchio illuminated for the King! Red fire was burning from the pinnacles and towers and the entire projecting story. For the King and us. We stood spellbound. "Parker luck." Later we crawled out on our roof balcony and took a last look from there.

We discovered at once that eating in even our Parker-style hotel would be too costly for Parkers. We allowed them the honor of our patronage for breakfast; lunch and supper we ate all about the town. We read the menus pasted on the windows and went in where it would appear we were going to get a lot for our money. "Read the menus." We could understand about three things out of thirty.

One noon it looked as if we would be in luck. We tried to average about five lire apiece—or say twenty-five lire for a lunch, with tip—usually reckoned in on the bill, thank goodness, in Italy. Always the meat course was the costliest. But this day in a nice looking restaurant we beheld an item under the heading "*Carne*," which we knew meant meat, for only two lire fifty an order. Very good indeed for meat! We breezed in, and began with Minestra (we put our finger always on two items under

Minestra, and one or the other would be soup and one or the other something in the macaroni line, and we'd divide). Then we put our finger where it said two lire fifty and held up four fingers.

The order was a long time in coming but was worth the wait—four thick juicy veal chops. Unbelievable. Cheapest meat order by far on the menu. Why, we'd come every day and live on veal chops as long as we were in Florence. Utterly stupid to have been paying almost twice as much other places for stew.

When we got the bill it was for over fifty lire! Shades of Savonarola! I pointed to the two lire fifty. I raised four fingers again. Where, oh where could he get fifty lire out of ten? He waved his arms and talked and talked. I would not be robbed. The man at length produced a brother waiter who could talk some German.

Yes, quite right. Two-fifty multiplied by four equalled fifty.

There was one little word I had failed to grasp. The menu clearly said, and I saw it once the German-speaking waiter had explained, that those veal chops were two lire fifty an *etto* (spelling uncertain, but you buy meat so much per *etto*). And as far as the menu committed itself was to say those veal chops cost so much for so much. And the dear good waiter brought us the very thickest, fattest veal chops cookable, *ettos* and *ettos* of them. There's no such thing as one etto of a veal chop. You need an Einstein evidently to calculate that. Or Shylock.

4

That last glorious afternoon in Fiesole, the wistaria full out along the way. We were all completely fascinated by the Franciscan Monastery crowning the hill, its wee court abloom with flowers of every color. We sat long on the terrace below and gazed across to Florence. We had cocoa on the arched balcony of the Tea Room overlooking Florence again; we peeked through a hole in the fence at the

Fiesole with view of Florence.

ruins of the Roman amphitheatre and saved that much towards the veal chops. Ah, but we loved Fiesole, and Florence from Fiesole.

When I am old—because I don't see how I can very well manage it before—I am going to live a while in Florence. And go out every Saturday afternoon to Fiesole and watch the sunset. (I'm not so sure you see the actual sun go down from Fiesole, but what you do see connected with its going.)

Just before we caught the train for Pisa and Cavi we attended the seven-hundredth anniversary celebration in the church of Santa Maria Novella. The entire church was hung in rich red drapings, candles burned everywhere; there was a procession of embroidered church dignitaries, and all the while glorious organ music. It was far and away the most impressive thing of its kind we had any of us ever seen.

Arrived back in Cavi, I discovered that in our six days' absence my daughter had gotten religion. Her bosom friend in Cavi, daughter of the signal man stationed where the railroad crossed the highway (a most unwise locality for one's daughter's bosom friend) had been confirmed during our absence. Alice Lee saw her start off, white veil, rosary, Bible. Nothing must do, she had to start off thus herself. Never had the world seen such hankerings. I was forced to promise something approaching the like accoutrements as soon as we returned to Stein . . . A friend in Zürich presented her with the veil on our way through. Back in Stein, I was made to close my eyes one day and not open them until Alice Lee said *"Jetzt!"*

And she stood there, ready for confirmation, the veil draped over her hair and down her back. The rosary, a string of varicolored glass beads, and, since the family possessed no crucifix, Alice Lee had hung at the bottom, in all contentment, the cork to the hot water bottle. For a Bible she had chosen Baedeker's "Switzerland." And

then, feeling pious, she spent the rest of the afternoon busily polishing the silver with my hair tonic.

Seven months I had been with but one chance to talk to one American. When the Rome-Paris express whistled through Cavi every day at eleven, every day at eleven I looked up from the beach and thought "There must be at least *one* interesting person to talk to on that train." You don't have to be on a ranch in the middle of Nebraska to pine for conversation. It's all very well to say "Read good books!" "Exercise!" "Write!" You want to throw all the books in the ocean. If you try a walk, every other step you kick the grass along the roadside and curse the empty world. Write—? You couldn't make one word follow another sensibly on paper if your life depended on it. The very notion of trying is agony. *You want to hear someone talk!* You want, for that matter, to talk yourself. Never will I hear the words Paris-Rome express without a woe-begone sinking in the pit of my soul. Every day a person who might have talked and listened whirled by.

And then to get a telegram to visit friends from California in Rome!!

Well, I did stay intact until I got there.

Not via the Paris-Rome express. That was beyond my purse. But second class I rode, which made me feel luxurious enough. When a dear old English pastor and his wife got on at Rapallo I nearly hugged them both, and we talked each other's ears off. (And English people can be the most talkless mortals on the face of the earth, and just when you're most longing to be sociable.) We discussed at one time the tendencies of modern English. The wife said: "You know, I had no idea American English was so fearfully different from ours. I've always been able to read American books. But not long ago a friend in Rapallo lent me a book by an American woman—She'd gone into factories, you know, and that sort of thing, and wrote about the girls and all that, and I declare, you know,

I simply couldn't make head nor tail out of half the English in the book."

"Yes," I said comfortingly, "that was pretty bad English in that book. I took a look at it once myself."

She'd have been too fearfully embarrassed, poor little soul, had I told her I wrote it.

This is a family chronicle. Therefore nothing about that divine ten days in Rome. Except one coincidence.

That visit to Rome was a *de luxe* visit. The style of us! A guide! Every place in an automobile! Grandest food in the grandest places! Ah, what a ten days! But one time, just once, I sneaked out to send a telegram to Cavi while the others were napping and took a plebeian street car to get to the post-office. There was but one vacant seat in the car. I sat in it, and if my knees didn't come plumb against the knees of—the dear old Herr Professor from our cloister in wee Stein am Rhein! I had no idea he was in Rome. His wife had sent him a card to tell him I'd be there and he had read the word "Rome" as "Bonn," so thought I had left Italy for Germany. The whole car stared in amusement at the excitement of the Herr Professor and me. He got off at the post-office too and we wrote an animated card to the Frau Professor and the Herr Professor left his briefcase and books on the counter and I sent one telegram to the wrong address and we almost streaked off to do Rome together, he willing to forget the Vatican Library where he was due to consult some weighty tomes. But I went back to that stylish starred-in-Baedeker hotel, and he returned dutifully to the Vatican.

And Giuseppe Rinaldi, that perfect paragon of a guide. The difference he made in Rome with him, and what Rome would have been without him. Except that it was hard to wean him away from churches. However, he compromised. We *had* to go in but we didn't have to stay. He ran us up one side and down the other, and that was off his mind. Oye—how hard not to tell all about Rome; the all-day motor trip to Tivoli; to—please jot it down in

a little book, for when you next visit Rome—the Lago di Nemi. And eat lunch on the terrace of the Albergo Ristorante-Belvedere overlooking the little volcanic lake. "Strikingly beautiful," says Baedeker, "when the sun is high." And the sun is high at lunch time. And ask the proprietor for the three kinds of wine which Giuseppe Rinaldi swears are the three finest wines in all the world (he all but crosses himself when he mentions them, and he does raise his eyes to heaven) and Giuseppe Rinaldi never said one thing the whole ten days which wasn't true. Those wines will help resign you to prohibition. They are so absolutely superlative that you think, why ever taste anything else? Nor can they be shipped one mile from Genzano and retain their pristine flavor.

And then, just a year ago to this very day it was, May 21, we left Rome by motor for the trip to Florence, one of the red letter memories of my life. Never was a country more beautiful, never towns more fascinating. May in Italy, May in a motor from Rome to Florence—It is wonderful to be able to afford things like that, or rather to do things like that when you can afford it, and how especially wonderful for some one when she gets invited along. Spoletto, Assisi,—I left part of my very soul behind in Assisi,—sunset and overnight in Perugia, lunch next day in Siena, the towers of San Gimignano, that stretch from San Gimignano to Florence in the late soft afternoon, most ravishing of the trip—and then Florence.

Only this time to a suite in the Grand Hotel with gold mirrors and velvet carpets and American beauty roses in vases and no standing on tables to look out the windows and a bed for everybody all round.

To go again and again and again to Florence. . . .

And anon I got on the train, third class, and rode back to Cavi, so full of marvellous memories stored away for life, so grateful for such friends, that the dirty, sooty old train seemed carrying me through the very clouds.

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Rome—St. Peter's.

5

That was our first Italian trip. The next fall vacation came our second, when we went to Venice via Innsbruck and Verona.

Once, years and years ago—indeed I was around twelve—we had to write a composition in school as to what we most wished to see in Europe. I wrote feelingly that what headed my list were Venice and "the foreign peoples themselves." (I suppose I visioned each country doing folk dances in costume on the street corners, Swiss peasants yodling in the stores of Geneva.)

And now we've seen Venice. The feeling of the family is summed up by the boys' oft-repeated "If only we could stay a year right here!"

The getting to Venice! It is very plain no international tourist agency has set itself to the task of perfecting train connections from Stein am Rhein, Switzerland, to Venice, Italy. The first eleven hours we were seven of the eleven sitting or lying in stations. And always freezing. We reached Buchs on the Swiss-Austrian border at five-thirty, ate supper there and left at eight. There had been much excitement over the Venice trip because we were to travel second class. It couldn't be helped. I ordered the tickets from Buchs to Venice through Cooks, telephoning from Stein to Zürich, since there was doubt up to the last minute whether the third small boy would be allowed to accompany us. And Cooks sell only first and second-class tickets. But our second-class pride got a terrible jolt when we entered our first second-class car at Buchs. Of all the grimy, dirty, threadbare railway carriages, that Austrian railway carriage was the grimiest and dirtiest and threadbarest. We had to get out of it, so we discovered after getting on, at the end of half an hour's ride, which change no one had prepared us for, nor for the cheerful news that when we got off, at Feldkirch, we had from eighty-thirty p. m. to one a. m. to wait. In

our unexpected dash out at Feldkirch, Nandy let the food basket drop upside down. One last frantic scramble, aided by the pocket torch, to recover pears, buns, nuts, chocolate, cheese, butter, oranges, sausage.

At least, said we at cold, rainy, blowy, dark Feldkirch, our tickets entitle us to a bit of upholstered comfort during our four and a half hour wait. And behold at Feldkirch no first or second-class waiting-room. At least none unlocked, evidently since some years. So we herded into the third-class waiting-room, our accustomed lounging *salon* when at stations. Five men were already stretched their full length on the hard wooden benches. Nand, Jim and Art are informed the like performance is expected of them. They stretch out, three red tams on three rucksacks. I sit in a corner near the door, where now and then, through someone's opening the door, a bit of fresh air comes in. One man talks violently in his sleep. Jim opens one eye, looks about vacantly, spies me, says "Are you all right, Mom?" and goes to sleep again. Another man snores very loud. One man grows unduly restive. I struggle with my soul as to whether I ought to go over and shove him a bit more onto the bench, or let him fall if he's going to fall, since the distance would not be very great. He solves my difficulties by suddenly sitting up, scratching his head, moving his rucksack down the other end, and stretching out on his other side. A mouldy-looking station man passes to and fro. It gets so cold, I'm torn between being grateful for the fresh air when he opens that door, and cursing him that he can't leave it forever shut. For I am one lump of ice. The mouldy station man asks me once why I don't try sleeping. I tell him someone must stay awake to keep an eye on that frisky crowd. Art pulls up his stockings over his cold knees. Nandy worries for the fifth time because I won't lie down. A stylish gold-buttoned station man enters, shakes one sleeper, whispers something in his ear. The man smiles, says "*Danke. Danke vielmals!*" He gets up,

Venice.

takes his tattered rucksack, and leaves. A train stops. Passes on. A fat lady rushes through the waiting room, flies out the door, rushes back in again calling upon heaven to witness that she has missed her train. If only the one electric light weren't so dim a body could read. A freight train comes along. Much calling of signals, backings, sidings, blowings of whistles. The man who snores gives a very loud snore. Jim sits up, opens one eye, calls "Are you all right, Mom?" lies down again with his hands between his knees for warmth, and goes to sleep. . . .

At one the train for Innsbruck came puffing along. Disreputable second-class—might as well have called it fifth. One other traveler in our compartment, a young Austrian woman with a third-class ticket. She was not going far, and wanted to pay the difference. When the conductor informed her that the difference would be 125,000 kronen she retreated to third-class in despair. Cold, cold, cold.

The Austrian Consulate in Zürich had told me that to travel through the Tyrol to reach Italy, Austrian permission would cost five francs fifty.

"And if we wish to leave the station and see Innsbruck en route?"

"Then you must have an Austrian visa and that will cost you fifty-five francs." ($10.00.) A few hours in Innsbruck did not seem worth that in our financial state. We thought there might be holes in the fence and we could peek through, à la the Roman ruins in Fiesole.

The station in Innsbruck was colder than in Feldkirch. We had seven hours to wait there. And not a wall with a crack in it. Nobody could stand that prospect. We just deliberately walked out and saw the town. If we got jailed for it, jail could be no colder or more dismal than that cold and dismal station.

It was a cold dismal day. And (perhaps I ought to add therefore) I was disappointed in Innsbruck. It was one of the spots in Europe I had longed to see. Then, too, just being in Austria depressed me, as just being in

Germany did. It all seemed so hopeless. (That, of course, was before Europe came to Austria's aid.) All of us admired with enthusiasm the bronze statues in the Hofkirche, and the "golden window." Ate a sad lunch in a very attractive, on the outside, restaurant—and if a lunch was sad in as attractive a restaurant as that one, how very sad must be ninety-nine per cent. of lunches throughout Austria?

We entered the station looking every official straight in the eye—as straight as we could—and no one asked for passes or anything else, and we got on the train for Brenner, having successfully robbed the hard-up Austrian Government of fifty francs. But I'd have felt robbed of the fifty had I paid that much extra for those few cold misty hours in Innsbruck.

In Brenner we waited again three hours. Innsbruck was higher than Feldkirch, therefore colder. Brenner was higher still, and so cold we were blue and purple. Dressed, remember, for fall in Italy. We had failed to take into consideration unheated Austrian trains, unheated Austrian stations, and that, going from Stein to Verona via what had appeared the most direct line possible, we were to have six changes of trains and seventeen hours of waiting around dismal cold stations. Things like that you can't find out in Stein am Rhein. It all looked fine on the map.

There is another matter the League of Nations should take up, besides ordering all peoples to cease talking their dialects. They should compel countries to put the name of a station where it can be seen. We were due at Verona at nine-forty p. m., though the conductor had said we might be an hour late. At a certain station about nine-thirty the train stopped. I put my head out the window to get my bearings and be able to figure out how much longer it would be before we reached Verona. No name to be seen high or low. Three boys sleeping soundly.

One lone man with a lantern passes by our car. I casually ask him the name of the station.

"Verona."

Verona! Goodness gracious. I shake the boys. They grunt. "It's Verona!"

"Heck, Mom. I'm awfully sleepy."

"Get the rucksacks down quick!"

"What's the hurry?"—stretching.

"It's *Verona!*"

"Heck, Mom. Why didn't you tell us that sooner!"

Three boys grab the same rucksack. There's Baedeker and the umbrella and the lunch basket. We just do get off the train, and not a second to spare. And I make all three boys look to see if they can discover the name Verona any place in any language in or around that station, and they can't. If there's a sign there now they've put it up since.

We "Eni-Meeni-Mini-Moed" and picked out the Hotel Riva S. Lorenzo bus. Smart choice. And the next morning we opened our eyes upon a cloudless sky. Bless Italy!

"Our rooms have balconies overlooking the river and hills and cypresses. Italian cypresses! Oh, I didn't know I loved Italy so! Fine breakfast, and then off on a perfect warm Sunday to see the sights. Oh, the Italian alleys and corners and bits of crooked roof and virginia creeper. My heart just hurt with the joy of it all."

"The next morning we saw the Piazza Erbe. It was a fruit and vegetable market; in the middle they had a stand where they condemned people in older times. Right next to it was another square called the Piazza del Signori where we saw a statue of Dante and lots of other wonderful courts and statues. Right near it we saw the Tombs of the Scaligers. We also saw the same morning the Arena. It could hold twenty thousand people in its day. Only a piece of the outer wall was preserved. You could go all over under the seats. Toward noon we went up to the City wall and had some swell fun we were climbing all over. Jim climbed up on the wall and couldn't get down he stayed

up there for about a quarter of an hour there were some little kids there who could play swell soccer for their age. I climbed up on a small ledge in a tower and knocked a lot of loose plaster and junk down on me. Mom didn't like the looks of me when I came out. Then we looked at some swell five hundred years old cypresses in a palace garden near by. We then saw an old Roman theatre it was in a swell position, right on the river, it was very newly discovered because Baedeker didn't say anything about it. It must have been a swell theatre in its time all marble with the river as a background."

"Tried to get in San Giorgio in Braida but too locked up. Crossed the river again, saw Dom and other fine old church and along river back to hotel starved for late lunch. Good. All took unwilling but long and good naps. Up at four. Took cab to see San Zeno Maggiore—fine that—and back to Porta Nuova three-quarters of an hour early for the six o'clock train (nice four-fifty-five express doesn't run Sundays). Don't know what I'd have done without man who talked German who explained that there were no more trains to Venice from that station, and half an hour from there to Porta Vescovo, the other station. Never knew a street car could run so slow. It crept along those narrow Sunday-crowded streets and it looked more and more as if we'd never make the train. But we did—with one whole minute to spare! Crowded, but we four found places in same compartment and had lots of fun talking about everything under the sun.

"And at last Venice. I'd dreamed of the Grand Canal gondola trip in the evening, but got left. A man who claimed he was something or other for the Hotel Metropole urged us onto a bark of some sort where I was plastered between chocolate advertisement signs and many Italians. It took philosophy to bear up. But anon we were urged from that barge effect to a small steamer, and we four got up in the bow. Oh, Venice! I wouldn't let the boys ask a question or say a word. Finally our guide got us off.

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Verona: Old Roman Bridge.

I knew our hotel was on the Grand Canal; but away he rushed us. He had a strange suit case; if that could not explain our wanderings it must be we were to be robbed and murdered, the alleys and byways and turnings he rushed us through like mad. Dashed into a hotel and we dashed after, but he dashed us out again minus suit case. And on we tore. What does he do with a fat lady with asthma? He never once looked around to see if I could keep up the pace. Could! And at last, at last St. Mark's! Oh, how I wanted to loiter—and how we tore! And then Hotel Metropole—and eight lire we had to pay the man for galloping us all over Venice. And carrying no baggage for us at that—Nand didn't trust him! And weren't we hungry! At ten p. m. we had dinner. I pleaded modestly for just a bite of anything handy, as little trouble as possible. They brought us food fit for kings! Five courses—chicken, too.

"Monday, October 16. Yes, it really is Venice. I keep thinking it must be a dream. Yet such undreamlike noises as met my ears about six a. m. Heavens. Bugles—either for soldiers or fish. Songs, splashings, cries of old and young, curses—bedlam. And the bugle again. Breakfast at eight-thirty and we were off for St. Mark's . . ." "Mom read to us and then we went in and saw it it was wonderful." "Then we went into the dom of St. Marks. I had a scrap with Jim." . . . "I loved St. Mark's! Boys got scrapping over who'd walk next to me (three boys, two sides) and that broke my heart so I sent all three of them off and wandered alone. Went into court of Doge's Palace after, all four of us, expecting just to look at Giant Staircase, etc. Big crowd there. We climbed a well rim to see what was what. Movie rehearsal! Such fun. We stood tottering there at least an hour. Costumes of old Venetian days. Jovial Venetian crowd looking on."

"After that we saw lots of people running in the Courtyard of the Dukal palace and we went in too. All we could see was a crowd with some spears sticking up in the

middle. We climbed up on a well and saw that they were taking moving pictures. Some soldiers were pulling a captive away, and they were all dressed the same as the old Venicians. They were doing different things there, there were a lot of people being held back by soldiers, and among these was a swell acter, he escaped from some guards and ran away, he could do some swell acting, though he was pretty old. Mom took some pictures. There was an awfully nice young man up on the well who helped and joked a lot. Then we ate lunch and had a nap. After we woke up we went over to the Public Gardens and saw the wonderful sunset. It was very funny over there, there were a lot of young men who just got out of work or something like that and who were making a racket. First they were just singing, not what you would call beautiful, then they spyed a stranger siting on a park bench, he was about the same age as the other guys. They just picked him up and carried him off, where they went to another bench. Then they began singing with him some crazy song and it was finished. That's what Mom called, 'Breacking the ice.' The sunset was beautiful and some people were painting it, when it was time to close a funny little man came along with a good sence of humor I guess, because everybody was laughing at him. He told the people who were painting to hurry up and get out or they will be locked in altogether, they got five more minutes, but I don't know if they finished or not."

Venice, the 17th. "I woke up on my Birthday and Mom kissed me thirteen times. Then we went over to St. Marks. We climbed the tower or campanile, went up in the Elevator and had a fine view, and walked down the Merceria until we got to the Rialto it was a wonderful old bridge with stores on each sides. Then we had to walk through Alleys and Alleys until we got to the Frari where we saw so many tombs of the Dukes and Doges it was a very beautiful church. It wasn't far from there

to the School of Tintoretto in other words Scoula di San Rocca. We had to bye tickets but it was worth the one lire. There were so many wonderful pictures I liked the picture of Christ on the Cross best because it showed such a sence of Art. After that it was about time for lunch so we went back to the Hotel and had a dandy lunch. After lunch we went out and wrote our Diarys until two o'clock then we took a dandy gondola and rode up the Grand Canal. And saw lots of old Palaces then we turned off in a small canal. And rode around until a beautiful red-brick church and went inside there were lots of beautiful pictures in it. Then we rode still further on to the Madona del Orto where we saw Tintoretti's last Judgement. It was very wonderful. Then we went out in a lagoon and landed by the Jesuit church it had such lace work ceilings in it. Then we walked over to the S. Chathrina church a nice man opened the door for us I mean unlocked it for us but the picture wasen't there that we looked for so we gave him some money and walked back to the gondola, then we rode over to Giovanni Paolo but it costed a Lire to get in so we looked at the Equistrien statue the most famous on earth. After that we drove under the Bridge of Sighs and over the big canal to the church S. Giorgo we went in and climbed up the tower we had a wonderful view of the mud bank and Venice and the land. Practicly everything we could see we climbed up still further until we came to the Roof it was very dizzy like. Afterwards we came down again. it was a very wonderful church."

(And I write: "Again I *can't* thrill—bare old cold grey thing. I'd be a good old Pagan forever if it needed that church to turn me to the Light. But we puffed up the Campanile and the view from that—great round ball of red sun—was GLORIOUS—Pagan-glorious.")

"We drove with the gondola back to the Hotel. And I went in the Writing room and wrote my Diary until supper time. After supper we went walking in the Piazza S.

Marco it was very beautiful all the people and the lights. Then we walked back to the Hotel and went to bed."

Venice, October 18. "We got up late, ate breakfast, and wrote our Diarys for a while then we went to the Academy. There we saw pictures from Tintoretto Titian, Paulo Veronese, Basaeto and other great Artists, there was the Madonna enthroned, with saints and angels; St. Mark rescuing a slave and Christ on the Mount of Olives.

"I got sore at Jim.

"After the Academy we ate Lunch, and after lunch we kicked the ball around outside the hotel some other nice boys came along, and we were having a swell time the ball was always going in the water and we had to chase it. Some times we got it from the peers, some times from the boats, some times from the steps and some times from a small raft which we untied. Once I was right in the middle of the canal and a man threw a rope to me. We were having swell fun all the time. Once when the ball was in the water a cop came along and said something or other that we shouldn't play or something like that, but I don't care. Afterwoulds I went out walking with Mom and we looked at the storewindows. Then Mom treated me to a glass of cocoa in a Tearoom where there was swell music, hot dogs, cold cats. Then we went back to the hotel and ate supper. After supper we wrote our diarys and went to bed."

My diary reads somewhat otherwise here and there:

"Woe, the perfect weather is changing. This morning was lovely. We went first to Academy—indeed spent all a. m. there. Many lovely things . . . When boys in mood they were this morning it makes me so desperate and discouraged and blue I want to get off in a corner and weep for a solid hour."

Venice, Thursday, October 19. "Rainy and cold and dismal but still Venice! Bugles and cornets and rows and cries broke the dawn. The noises of Venice! Milk wagons nothing to it. Right after breakfast we started for Ducal

Palace. Too early so went into St. Mark's. Oh that lovely place, and our luck was to hear some rich old organ music. From there to Ducal Palace and if *that* wasn't worth while I'll jump off the Rialto feet first. It was one never ending series of one inspiring room after the next. I loved and adored my Heilbronn Rathhaus. Compare it with Ducal Palace! That Senate room! The ceilings!''

My elder son: ''After a while we went into the Palace first we went up the Giant Staircase and then the Golden Staircase. All the ceilings were wonderfully carved and gilded and on most of them were lovely paintings. We also saw the biggest painting on canvas in the world which was Tintorettos Paradise. On almost all the walls there were paintings, and mostly all by Tintoretto and some by Paolo Veronese. I can't see how Tintoretto can paint so many pictures. He had a lot here and has all over. We then went to buy some cards and pictures of what we have seen we saw a lovely one of St. Christefer with the Christchild and we hunted all over for it atlas a man showed us where it was. As you went up some stairs and looked behind you, you would see it right over the door.

''Mom was already a few times in this room but never once noticed the painting. Then Mom took another look at all the pictures and we went and saw the Bridge of Sighs and the dungeons. There wasn't much doing in the bridge of sighs but heck I wouldn't like to live in a dungeon. Theyre cold, old looking cells, made out of big, roughly hewn, grey boulders. In some of them were big planks raised on wooden legs, for beds to sleep on. None of them had windows on the outside but all were into the hall they were very heavely bared. Afterwoulds we met Mom on the street and ate lunch at the hotel. After lunch I wrote my diary and 14 cards till supper while the other guys were looking at the art gallerie.''

As to that gallery, Jim wrote: ''About 3 oclock then we started out for the Modern Gallery in the Public gar-

den. We had to pay 5 lire to get in but it was worth it. [It is quite alarming, these never-failing allusions of Jim to finances!] First we went in the main building. It had so many wonderful pictures I can't describe them all but they were so wonderful. They had lots of beautifull statues also I liked 2 especially one was the figure of a dancing lady (naked) it showed so much grace. The other was a bust of a young lady it was so graceful. They had different houses where different lands were represented. I mean artists from all lands had put there pictures in these houses, for instance a house for the Belgien artists and a house for the British. After this we walked back to S. Marks and back again to the Hotel."

And C. S. P.: "About three Jim, Art and I left for XIII International Art Exhibition. Nand's knee hurt and he wanted to write diary and cards. How we loved that exposition! Give me modern art—lowbrow me! If I had a million dollars I'd buy modern things I loved. Not gloomy Venetian Old Masters. Snow landscapes, and autumn landscapes, and portraits we saw, and statues. Was most impressed by symbolical picture of mother nursing babe on battlefield, dead father and husband at feet, gold light over all. Great. Were put out at five. Walked slowly back having grandest sort of talk on the whole sex business. Worth coming to Venice for that alone. Walked on to St. Mark's and back."

Which splendid talk on sex all arose from Jim's question after the Art Exhibit as to why they had such silly notions as to draping scarfs around otherwise nude figures. Why the scarf? Or if the need for a scarf, why just a scarf? One question led to another and to another, until we had things thrashed out as well as they could be thrashed. Modesty, prudery, marriage, divorce, celibacy, prostitution. If you think such a question as the last, for instance, should not be discussed with an innocent lad of thirteen or fourteen, produce some lad of thirteen or fourteen who has not heard the subject discussed in some

manner direct or indirect by boys his own age, albeit the subject may not have been discussed under its dictionary name. I did nothing but answer direct questions, nor was it always an easy matter. Sometimes because I was not sure myself of the answer, sometimes for the difficulty of wondering how to state the case most understandingly for a boy of thirteen.

And in bed that night, when I kissed him, Jim said: "You just don't know how glad I am I've got you to talk over everything with!"

I'd say it would be pretty difficult for a parent with any sense to "put ideas" into the head of the average boy or girl by "premature discussions." There's a difference between plumping a youngster of eight in a chair in front of you and saying, "Now listen attentively, Willy, while mother tells you all about the White Slave Traffic"; and answering such straightforward questions as any boy or girl of any age should feel free to ask. Nor will any boy or girl of any age ponder over any subject as much when questions have been honestly answered as when they have been evaded.

Venice, Friday, October 20.

"The sun shone on our last day, praise be. In the morning we started off for the Frari again to take a more proper look at Titian's Assumption. I love prowling through Venetian streets—went a new way this time, Nand piloting as usual and doing the job noble. (He's in his heaven with a map and I hate them all.) Various divine surprise corners we came upon, bits of overhanging green, canals, towers . . .

"The Assumption was truly wonderful. Nand and I had said the Virgin's dress was blue. Jim and Art pink. It's pink and blue. Ha. Sat long in front of it, the young discussing movies anon. (!) I prowled inspired about, gazing at tomb of "unknown knight". ("Unknown warrior" in those days? Knight instead of private?) Then we all did church again, and out. I bought couple of

small trays and we sought the Rialto. Was dead tired, I was, and when a gondolier hailed us I succumbed. He came down from fifteen to ten lire and in we got. The luxury and joy!! Back to hotel just in time for lunch.

"And right after we took a little steamer to the Lido. I suppose 'Glimpses of the Moon' is mainly responsible. The beach itself was disappointing—commercialized beaches always are. You can't expect them wild and untamed in Europe, I expect. But boys certainly enjoyed it. They stripped, all but trousers, and did handsprings and rough-housed generally and I sat peacefully and looked at lovely blue silver violet colors out across the Adriatic. Also wrote a few cards. Walked slowly across Lido to steamer. Bought cards—post-card picture of Abraham Lincoln there! Ride back toward Venice lovely."

Nand's remarks on Titian,—"We wanted to see Titian's Assumption. Mary was on the scene with a bunch of angels and apostels." Titian's Assumption got that much space, the Lido:

"We then ate Lunch and took a steamer to the Lido. O boy! it was a swell beach there. I took off all my clothes except my pants and played around. Jim and I lerned some tricks. Art and I dug a hole underneath the side walk, and a man came along and said we had to fill it up again. Jim made a trap which I fell into. The water was too cold to go in swimming. Just before going home we were having lots of fun tripping each other up. Then we went back on the steamer to our hotel. Mom went shopping and I wrote my diary. After a while Art and Jim came in and we talked some. I guess we made some racket because the hotel clerk complained. When Mom came back we ate supper and she sent us to bed."

Our little Ruskin of a James: "We walked over to the Frari and saw Titian's Assumption. It was a very good picture."

Saturday—and the last of Venice.

"Alas a rainy day, but luckily clouds lifted for some

rare views. Up at seven, breakfast at seven-thirty, little steamer down Grand Canal. Oh, to have seen Venice five to four hundred years ago! We started off in second-class grandeur again—uninteresting stretch till past Verona, and boys in rather crabby mood. Got off at Desenzano and foolishly never looked at time—thought we had half an hour to walk from station to pier, and scorned all hacks at five lire—patting my thrifty soul on the back. And two-thirds of the way there Jim calls out, "It's half past one, Mom," which was sailing time for the steamer. Nand and I started to run. Had Jim and Art done same we could perhaps *just* have caught boat. As it was, Nand and I got there just as she was pulling off, and Jim and Art no place to be seen. I gnashed my teeth and raged and was sorer'n fits—and the steamer got further and further away. An Italian waved his arms and tried to explain something. In despair I made for a hotel and asked if anyone there could talk English. A waiter. He explained next steamer left at five-thirty and got to Riva at ten-thirty. Curses. There stood the Italian still suggesting. It was that he take us by his machine to the first place where the steamer stopped. Fifty lire. We piled in. And tore. Glory. Never expected to reach that boat alive. Muddy road, corners, speeding machine, peasants and oxcarts in way, boat getting nearer and nearer Simone. We made it—though it looked as if no one could change my hundred lire. The young were of course tickled to bits. Whole town turned out to see if we got on; all old men calling "Tempo" reassuringly. But I took no tempo chances. I ran.

"Rainy, misty, cold. Man with three baskets filled with little pretty dead birds. Must inquire about that. Cleared a bit later. Jim and I sat on sacks of bran behind coal baskets and gazed joyously upon Garda Riviera. It was too glorious for words! Such autumn colors. Such terraces and villas and hills and vines. Such blue to the water. We were one exclamation point. Oh we loved it.

Then came marvellous great cliffs sheer up and down; close autumn vines, yellow and brown trees, deep blue water (Baedeker says "azure blue"). Unbelievable road cut high up along cliffs. Froze later, so we all sat on boiler or something. Got to Riva late—dark. Liked looks of Hotel Central rooms on lake, seven lire per bed. Starved, so ate large supper at once—soup, quantities of macaroni, delicious fish and potatoes. Then walked out to get lay of land and locate station. Such a relief to find everyone able to talk German. Wonder how they all like being 'Italians.' "

Naturally that automobile ride from Desenzano to Sermione was to the young one of the high lights of Europe. It is the duty of parents to miss boats now and then.

"There wasn't much doing on the trip there, but when we got to Desenzano we had some excitement, boy. We were twenty or twenty-five minutes late and when we got down on the pier the boat was leaving. After thinking a while, we hired an auto to take us quickly to the next station which was on a point out into the lake. The car was a Fiat and it went pretty fast. I was up front, and hot dogs, how we went, maybe it was only my imagination on account of the noise it made, but anyway it suited me down cold. The only thing I didn't like, was that the driver didn't blow his horn enough. He was a swell driver. We went along the shore a way and then out on the point. The road was kind of winding on the peninsular and all wet, but we didn't skid once.

"The boat was about where the cross is when we got into the auto, and where the dot is when we got out of it and by the time Mom payed, the boat was already tyed up. Mom had to change a hundred lire on the street and the first person could change it for her. As soon as we got on they puled the gangplank. It was kind of cool so we stood mostly over the boiler. There was a nice man that I was talking to there in German. There were a lot of brand sacks piled up against a warm wall, so we ar-

ranged the sacks arround in a comfortable position. After a while we went out on deck and looked at the wonderful scenery. There were swell cliffs and caves all over. And the water had a swell colour, it was awfully clear."

The next time we journey from Stein am Rhein to Verona or vice versa, it will be by aeroplane—direct. We left Riva at nine, "third-class, clear and marvelous views between Riva and Mori. Lakes, rocky cliffs, ruined castles, churches hanging onto hillsides—up, up over a pass and on down to Mori. Waited at Mori ten-twenty to eleven-thirty. Cold, dark, rainy. Searched achingly for my fountain pen—no sign of it. Weh o weh! . . . Changed at Bozen at two." Son Jim: "On the train was a nice Englishman that seemed to know quite a lot about the country around there and told us that last August a Landscape came down right before a town and dammed up the river lots of people were drowned and killed he said. We got to Brenner at about five-thirty and stayed there about an hour."

"Innsbruck seven-thirty-five to ten. Cold, rainy . . . Boys tried sleeping in cold noisy station. Baby wailing; poor crazy woman talking to herself; people rushing to and fro. I sat at baggage table and wrote again on bicycle story. Went pretty well. At ten we were allowed to get on train. If it wasn't the worst old wreck ever!—a blow again to our new second-class sensibilities. Not a clean sound-looking inch to it. Narrow seats. Boys curled up. I tried to but man came along and politely demanded half my seat—to which he had as much right as I. Woke boys up at three-fifty a. m., half an hour too soon. Sat in dark and tried to keep awake. Off in rain and cold at Feldkirch, four-thirty a. m. Lord, what travelling! This time instead of five in station there were about fifty. Packed. Hoped to sleep, but no chance. A motley gang, including pathetic crazy woman from Innsbruck. . . . At last, about seven-thirty, left Feldkirch in another broken-down old wreck of an Austrian train, and about eight Buchs, and

Switzerland again. . . . And breakfast, good old expensive eight francs thirty-five Swiss breakfast, but in good old Swiss style—heaps. . . . Where will we be next fall vacation?!'' (It looks now as if it would be the Italian Lakes.)

6

Switzerland again—the ideal spot from which to start one's wanderings, the ideal spot for one's return. Switzerland has its troubles, but they are the kind it keeps more or less to itself. The sojourner is not aware of misery, as in Germany or Austria; there is not the uneasy political atmosphere one feels—or imagines one feels—in France and Italy. Switzerland costs more than any land in Europe, but it gives Swiss value in return. However a traveller must have seen beneath the surface in other foreign lands to appreciate the solid, snug, contained well-being of Switzerland. Not that Switzerland is filled with well-being, measured by its own standards. I speak of the well-being sensed in contrast with the lack of well-being of surrounding countries.

''Contrast''—There was an Austrian teacher for a few months at Glarisegg, the boys' school. They do the fine thing of inviting two Austrian teachers at a time to visit the Swiss School for two or three months, then the next two, and so on. They arrived with faces white or grey, thin, careworn. So arrived Dr. S. He returned to Vienna tanned, fed-up until his face was almost round, a younger, steadier, different man. But before he returned he came several times for tea or supper to our cloister. You have no idea what fun it is to set all manner of luscious food before an Austrian or German and see him or her eat. The dear school teacher I was staying with in Freiburg during my short visit to Germany that first spring had a birthday. I brought home a cake which cost in American money thirty cents and was a work of art—the most luxurious-looking and tasting cake I ever bought in any land.

She stood before that cake speechless. Four female relatives were invited in for tea. Those four stood before that cake speechless. They could hardly bear to cut it. It was March, 1922. Not one of the five had tasted cake since 1914. True, cake is not one of the physical necessities of life,—perhaps better for our bodies were there none in the world. But I take more literally "Man does not live by bread alone." Food were a sordid business year in year out had it merely physical excuses for its preparation and consumption. How one's soul can hunger and thirst for the indigestibles!

So then, we fed the young Austrian teacher, and he mellowed and sighed happily, and anon told us the story of his life. Or at least that part of it which concerned the girl he was in love with. He almost dreaded to go back to Vienna. He would return brown, healthy, a new grip on life. All this time she would have been working day in, day out, at the same old hopeless treadmill. A slight lovely girl of good family. Now she, her brother, the old mother and father—all four had to work to keep alive. And then so barely alive. He told for instance of how the girl had broken her hair comb a year ago and never *could* get the kronen ahead to buy a new one. There was so little for them to eat, they had been so cold all winter—and he so filled with good Swiss food, so tanned with swimming daily in the good Swiss lake (part Swiss). There was of course no hope for their ever marrying. They had been engaged two years. He could not make enough as a teacher to support himself, though he took odd tutoring jobs every spare second. When Dr. S. spoke of his fiancé there was no hope in his face, his voice. He looked ahead to unending years of renunciation.

His first letter was more discouraged than his words in Stein. He found his little *Braut* looking paler, more tired. Cost of living had increased. She was breaking under the strain, and no chance to get a bit of new life and enthusiasm, as he had won in Switzerland. I invited her at once

to the cloister. How I revelled in the dreams of the way she would eat and sleep and eat and eat and rest and eat and rest. Her and his excitement and anticipation were wordless. Only to find that her employer said that if she left for two or three months she could not have her job back on her return. That was too awful a prospect to accept. The one great crying necessity, in the face of colossal unemployment, was to hang on to her job. Never would she find another.

Just about then I sold my first short story to the *Saturday Evening Post.* Immediately I sent a check for fifty dollars to that little pair in Austria. Nor, I wrote, was it to go to anything heavily "worthy." It was for the satisfaction of their inner souls, and to be enjoyed together. The theatre, dinners, a week-end now and then off some place and carefree. If they could not marry, at least I wanted to see that they could have something beside care and discouragement to keep their love company. Sundays at least could hold a bit of joy.

At first they were paralyzed by that fifty dollars. Then they wrote to Stein—the fifty dollars turned into kronen made millions—enough . . . enough they figured out with paper and pencil . . . enough to get married on. *Would* I mind—*could* I understand—*might* it be all right—if they used that fifty dollars to get married on? They would find one room some place. She would continue working; he would work harder than ever—but they would be married—together!

Never had I felt so responsible for having altered the course of human events . . .

Exactly one day later two charming Americans came for tea in the cloister. He told of his youth in Europe, its bitter hardships, his early years of struggle in America. He had one great wish—that his children be spared every want and self-denial that he had known in his own young years.

His wife spoke.

"More often though, dear, the children scold because you are making life too easy for them." She turned to me. "You know it really got to the point where, when we left the two older girls in Vienna for the winter, they begged to be allowed to 'shift for themselves,' to feel themselves for once more or less 'down to bed rock.' So we've gone off and left them partiallly stranded, just to let them *see* what it's really like to make both ends meet. Of course they have all their clothes, but otherwise they have to get along till spring on a thousand dollars each."

And then came leaving Stein. We had inhabited the Cloister of St. George for a year and seven weeks, which was seven weeks longer than we had lived in any other home except Mosswood Avenue in Berkeley. There were the old wrenches, lived through so many times before—a bit of one's heart one leaves in every spot. Indeed on the birthday party celebration of our year in the cloister, after the others had left, dear Frau Professor came back again and, knowing that there were only seven weeks ahead, she cried and I cried. There was not only the cloister to leave, but Frau Professor. She it is who as a labor of love, translated the American Idyll into German, and Huber, the Swiss firm, has enthusiastically accepted it. So there will ever be the translation as a tangible memory of that rich year.

Of course we had to have a farewell party—a boy's party. I told the sons, and Frau Professor quite agreed, that we could safely invite eight boys to our carved cloister home. When that last Sunday rolled around, exactly thirty, boys and teachers, rolled with it. Which is the kind of a party to give. Because you just couldn't leave this one out and as long as you'd asked Hans you had to ask Henri and of course the teachers all had to be invited, and of course the teachers' wives, and then somebody's brother was visiting his brother, and they met an old *Glarisegger* on the road and brought him along. . . .

It was a real party.

Not a one of those thirty, except my young, had ever heard of "pinning the donkey's tail on." The game was no place to be purchased so I had turned artist and made a large wistful donkey which all but brayed. Teachers, wives, boys of twelve to twenty, played that game and laughed uproariously. Abbot David's mellow carved dining room was one impossibly placed fluttering paper donkey tail after another. A tall shy Swiss lad of seventeen blushingly walked off with the first prize. That hilarity over, came music. Imagine over twenty tumultuous American boys at home taking it quite for granted there would be music at a party. One boy brought his cello, two or three their violins, two of the pianists played several pieces four-handed. There were groups at smaller games after the music, then food—merely very much raspberry syrup, very much whipped cream cake, very many cookies. Everybody happy. Another game for all. And at six-fifteen off for the train back to school. (They had all ridden bicycles or walked the five miles to the cloister, except the cellist and those with violins, who took the train.) Nor did Abbot David's quarters seem any the worse for four hours of thirty *Glariseggers*. I'd like a party like that about every other week.

The boys' Christmas tree and all night at the school for Alice Lee and me. And one day later—crowning glory of a land of glories—off for winter sports in the Swiss mountains.

PART FOUR

1

THE mighty have fallen.

On an earlier page we made certain proud boastings. Boastings that we should always travel thus and so, could not fathom the abysmal inexplainableness of folks who travelled by other methods, saw no excuse nor rhyme nor reason to their modes of touristing. We would never travel thus ourselves, never, *NEVER.*

Hotel reservations, guides, plans and routes from which one dared not deviate. Perish such thoughts! We would never tour according to schedules. We scorned Thos. Cook & Son. We disdained riding anything but third and fourth class.

We travelled through Spain to set schedules, fathered and mothered, albeit at a distance, by Thos. Cook & Son. More obedient, we, than the most filial of offspring. Rather be carried to the train designated on a stretcher than deviate a fraction in time or space, right or left. And how did we travel? First and second class!! Parkers!

And yet, perhaps, the upshot of such style will be as the upshot of my primordial extravagance in New York City. Regularly every winter for years, I had been flooded with a desire to possess a silk umbrella. Every winter it was always the same, or a different, $1.50 near-eye-sore. Then, that first winter in New York City, came word from the Editor of a woman's magazine that he wished an interview with me in the Hotel Pennsylvania. There are few things in life which give more of a thrill than the prospects, then the actuality, of a "session" which bears on the chance of a job. I've left editors in New York and sung on the

very streets of the city for pure explosive joy, grinning at every mortal who passed me by. (And of course I've left other editors and haven't sung at all.) If I live to be a hundred and eight I can get ripples of incredulity up and down my spinal column just looking back on that afternoon of my primeval editorial interview. I had allowed my anticipations to reach the point where it might be he was going to ask me for an article. The actuality was that he wanted twelve articles, one a month, on any subject I saw fit. I was so riotous inside me for the marvellous chance it meant to work out a popular—well, call it approach to an understanding of labor problems, (the editor approved entirely of the flood of suggestions I hurled at his head) that the financial side of it never entered mine. I was at the door, leaving, gurgly inside, when he said, "We've mentioned nothing about pay!" I'd thought nothing about pay. If he had asked me to set my price I should have squirmed in misery, not knowing what in the world to do about it, and should probably have quavered, "Is $100 a month too much?" As it was *he* said, "Will $500 a month be enough?" Five hundred a month. I really do believe I lost consciousness for a moment. My brain ceased to function.

And when I came to I rushed out and bought a silk umbrella.

But the point of it is, not that the editor and I both lost our jobs within three months, but that I discovered that a silk umbrella played no permanent rôle in one's busy life. I enjoyed it hugely while it lasted, even though the upkeep of it was heavy. (I had lost $1.50 umbrellas, but nothing ever happened to them otherwise.) The silk umbrella came to detailed grief about once a month. When its weaknesses passed the border of practicability I discarded it without a tear and went back to cotton with never a pang. The silk umbrella is out of my system—a closed episode. "Good old soul," I say to my trusty cotton-shelterer, and feel like

a man who has managed to exchange a flighty and extravagant mistress for a good Irish cook.

And so it may well prove to be with the luxury we put on in Spain. We had our fling. But I see us returning next trip to third-class cars and back-alley hotels and general loose touristing without a pang. Some marriages must be like travelling under schedule. A feeling of the present and future all laid out as to place and time with never a chance to scrap the program and do something unexpected, not down in the plan. An unending acceptance of and association with calculated respectability.

"By Jove," exclaimed the boy, "I don't know but what there's something to getting married after all. I've always fought shy of the idea because I've seen myself having to eat lunch every day at twelve, dinner every night at six-thirty—everything brought down to clockwork. But if I could find a girl who'd—who'd eat at odd hours of the day and night—who wouldn't hold a clock over me and get everything 'standardized' "—he took a deep breath—"Lord. I think it would be all right to be married, after all."

He couldn't stand Cooks for long either (that's no pun).

And yet, just as there are certain blessings connected with being poor, so are there certain blessings connected with being able to indulge in a bit of luxury. Not that what we ranked as luxury in Spain would be luxury to folks really used to luxury. Immediately I can think of friends who would refer to our Spanish trip as "more or less roughing it." But to Parkers it marked the highest reaches of material comfort yet attained.

Spring Vacation, 1923. We had planned on a tramp through the Italian lake district. One afternoon I dictated eleven letters to an English stenographer. In every one of the eleven I declaimed that sons and I were going to tramp the Italian lake district in their spring vacation. By the end of the eleventh letter I told the stenographer

I was so sick of the Italian lake idea I was going some place else, just for contrariness. Eleven times is too often to tell about doing a thing. All desire vanishes.

Of course the stenographer, being English, or perhaps just anyhow, took my state of mind very seriously and assured me we would find the lakes charming and would never regret our trip. At the time I had really no intention of not starting for Stressa on Easter Sunday.

Instead, on Good Friday, we started for Spain. But first, not knowing anything on earth about the country except that Madrid was the capital and some place south was the Alhambra and they had bull fights and Spanish shawls and Spanish dances and they fought a war with us in which Roosevelt and the Maine figured—oh yes, and Don Quixote was a Spaniard—but none of that knowledge was of great tourist value. I didn't know how you called Spanish money. I knew two words in Spanish, "adios" and "muy pronto." They both came in handy, but in Switzerland I had a feeling I'd need others. Indeed my whole sensation regarding a vacation to be spent in Spain was one of haziness. Nor could I manage to connect with a human being who had ever been there. I made enquiries right and left. They resulted in my being assured on all sides that Spanish cooking was known to be indigestible and that it was a place everybody had always hoped to visit but never had.

So in despair I sought out Cooks. I meant merely to ask a few questions. I ended in giving them the lives of myself and my two sons for three weeks. There seemed no halfway course, once I got started. Nor did I ever regret the surrender. The sum demanded for those three weeks seemed a colossal one. After one week in Spain I felt that had we been "on our own," and as ignorant of Spain and Spanish as we were, it would have cost even more than the careful, aforementioned, distant chaperonage of Cooks. And the saving of time and bother, the peace of mind of such a plan, was enormous.

Did you have any idea that travel could be so simplified? Before we left Geneva, every train and boat ticket, every hotel bill, every meal, whether in a hotel, a dining car, station buffet, or a "*panier repas,*" and during the Madrid stay every item such as cabs, guides, admission to museums and galleries, had been paid for in Swiss francs, at the Geneva office of Cook & Son. For three weeks we paid out not one Spanish centimo for anything except tips, postcards, and—yes, two railroad extras, as you shall learn anon. Disregarding the convenience of the arrangement, over and over I blessed our stars that since Spain was the most expensive land we ever got into, we were spared the misery of paying for what we got as we went along. If ever we had had to hand over in cold blood forty-five pesetas for our three dinners, which is between six and seven dollars, when we are used to three meals in Europe costing us about $1.50—No, we were sheltered from all such agony. We had paid for it all in one lump sum in Geneva. The pain there was great, but in a few minutes over with for good. We were saved from having Spain a succession of pains.

In yet another respect we departed from our former boastings. We had considered ourselves permanently in the rucksack class. For the Spanish trip, since it was down in the contract that we were to be met by the hotel bus at every station, and returned by the hotel bus to every station, I packed my belongings in a suitcase, and actually took a dress along to change into for dinner—though I didn't always change.

The sons reached Geneva from their school Thursday, six a. m., after travelling most of the night. They could have started Thursday morning comfortably after a good night's sleep at Glarisegg, but by so doing would have missed the Great Introductory Event of Vacation—Douglas Fairbanks in the Three Musketeers!! So eager were we to see that film that I had bought the seats well in advance—rushed down after them, in fact, as soon as the

advertisements were out. And there were four other people in the audience when the show started. Perhaps fifteen by the time it ended. (Not that Geneva is cold to Douglas, I was later assured, but the film had been shown earlier in several better theatres.) That was a show after our own hearts. When three people got up and left before the end, my tender-hearted older son whispered:

"They oughtn't to allow anyone to leave like that. I'm so afraid it will hurt the management's feelings. Of course, if it were some old love scene, perhaps it would be all right and the management would understand people leaving in the middle of *that.*"

We considered ourselves wise to start off on Good Friday. As everyone explained, no one would be travelling Good Friday,—we'd have the train to ourselves. The whole of Switzerland decided to travel to Lyon on Good Friday, each assured he would have the train to himself. From Lyon on the French rushed in, each again to have a train to himself on Good Friday. On the whole it seemed that parents were taking very youthful and 100% squally and wiggly offspring to visit far distant relatives over Easter. And like harassed parents of good intentions the world over, the idea is that if you keep a baby's mouth stuffed continually with any old thing, from a rubber nipple or the mother's breast to cinnamon buns or a hunk of sausage, silence will reign. But if a child has it in mind to cry, for reasons sufficient unto itself, he may continue with his program and not sausage itself will stop, though it may by its presence modify, the volume of discontented sound. A priest in our compartment spent most of the time in celibate despair standing in the corridor. We gave up reading Don Quixote out loud. Riding third class you naturally expect wailing babies as part of your lot. Second class,—and somehow you visioned yourself in unbroken upholstered calm. If one rode first class and a baby cried surely one would be justified in suing the government. The squalling babies left around midnight

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Street Scene in Geneva.

and four adults took their places, all four of whom sneezed and coughed and spit all night. Finicky souls tell you it is to avoid the like that they never travel third class.

Bordeaux at six-thirty. Breakfast in the Buffet. Two nice-looking young men at our table. Knew they were English for they never spoke a word. Brothers, I expect. From Bordeaux on no seats at all. My materialistic philosophy would certainly crack if I had a first-class ticket and yet had to stand up the whole trip in the aisle. Many did. It was bad enough to know one was entitled to second-class upholstered glory and had to inhabit the aisle, standing. And aisles jammed, at that.

I don't know France or French people. What little I saw of both on this spring trip made me conscious all over again of the injustice of the world's judgments. Years ago we spent three years in Germany, and came to love the land and some of its people. In three years you can't love every German you come in contact with, any more than you'd love uninterruptedly three years of Americans or English or any other people. All during the war, and since, we had to listen to all the faults of mankind which were "typically German." Bad manners of every description especially were typically German. We travelled hours this trip on French trains, days on a French boat. Those people who call all unbeautiful manners "typically German," say in the same breath, "he has the perfect manners of a Frenchman." Yet for the life of me, judging by the people we saw riding first and second class, I would conclude that most French have manners typically German. Or why not be frank and admit that most of the world just anyhow have queer manners? In every country there are a few whose actions in public bring comfort to the most fastidious fellow traveller. In every land the majority of natives moving about from place to place, or sitting at a table eating, are to the type of American most apt to travel in foreign lands and talk the most about their travels, annoying. The proportion of citizens who

eat with their knives and of men who grab a seat when women are standing, is about the same, I'd say, wherever you wander. And there are as few people who desire fresh air and as many who don't. And as many mothers who feed their helpless young atrocious nourishment. And let them die and have more children.

So much for that. If these words had been written during the war I might still be in Leavenworth.

2

At every station in France, in every train, soldiers, soldiers, and more soldiers. Embarking, disembarking, travelling to another locality. One never got out of sight of things and persons military.

We ate lunch the second day on the diner between Dax and Irun. An English schoolmaster off on his holiday sat at our table. He insisted on discussing the cause of the war! If there is one subject more acutely boring than any other on earth, it is an unenlightened person discussing the causes of the war. (And who is enlightened?) A thousand times rather he should tell his dreams, or if a she, her symptoms. The only hope of Europe, claimed the English master, was to have Germany broken up into small states again. It was England's fault in 1870 that she wasn't. And had she been, there'd have been no war.

Out at Irun, and we were in Spain! Spain!! We walked along the one dirty street of Irun, found a tree in a field overlooking Fuentarrabia. There we sat and read about Spain, read about Fuentarrabia and wished we had arranged to see it, and felt for the first time the bands of Cook. For had we not been under their tender care we should have then and there changed plans and gone to Fuentarrabia, "a very picturesque and typical Spanish town and well worth visiting, with its ancient walls, mediæval streets, Gothic church and beautiful tower and ancient château of Charles V. There is a fine view from

the castle terrace." We've switched our plans for less than that.

Up to Irun we had ridden second class. I told Cooks we wished to travel second class entirely—it was quite style enough for us. But *no* one travelled anything but first in Spain. They implied we'd get everything second-class from diseases to acute discomforts. We were facing bankruptcy over the Spanish trip as it was. I claimed I'd risk diseases and discomforts rather than suffer continually from mental irritation brought on by spending more than you possess. But for reasons sufficient to Cooks we must travel first from Irun to Madrid.

To say that we felt like the anointed of the earth, the Chosen Ones, understates the case. We sat back on those light grey upholstered springy comfortable deep seats and defied the world. Born to the purple. First class! Parkers!! It took us some time to come down to earth enough so that we could continue with Don Quixote. Two volumes did we have, unabridged, Everyman's Library. I looked at them very askance in the Geneva bookstore—begged for a shorter-looking edition. Because Don Quixote was something in the order of Pilgrim's Progress, one of the things you ought to read, I took it for granted it would be a fearful bore. And I felt sure such folk as had read it never read it in two volumes. We didn't quite finish the second volume during those three weeks, it's true, but goodness knows it was not from lack of enthusiasm. We chuckled with enjoyment over almost every word, though at times the sons were moved to exclaim, "The poor old nut! The big simp! He makes a guy sore sometimes!" But the first second any train stopped at any station it was always, "Read, Mom, quick!" On previous jaunts about creation we'd gotten a good bit of reading out loud done while sitting at table waiting for the next course. In Spain there is no such thing as a wait at meals. If you don't hold on to your plate they whisk one dish

from under your nose and bring another before you've scarce made an impression on what was before you.

The English master discovered us. He of course was riding first class. It seems to go with being English. He wanted sympathy because he'd just learned that instead of reaching Madrid at seven that evening he got in at seven next morning, and he most fearfully disliked travelling all night, don't you know. We sympathized. And ourselves left our first-class glory at Burgos at eleven p. m., after having travelled exactly thirty-six hours to the minute.

The main attraction of Burgos is the cathedral. A picture of it had appeared in the National Geographical Magazine back in July, 1922, underneath "Founded in part by an English bishop in 1221, this shrine is one of the most richly ornate examples of Gothic architecture in the world." So we were for seeing it. And just anyhow Burgos was old and Spanish, and Barcelona was more modern in aspect and European, and we had to get to Madrid either via Burgos or Barcelona, and we chose Burgos. A more or less lazy, happy, sunny introduction to Spain we made of it, though, again, had it not been for Cooks, we should have left earlier and stopped off in Segovia, which town we should not have missed. But no one told us anything about Segovia. We didn't know the place existed until we reached Spain. We'll see it surely next time.

Easter Sunday it was when we woke up in Burgos. We drank Spanish chocolate, which near choked us to death, (it tastes as if it were made out of cinnamon and is so thick someone suggested they expected you to spread it on your rolls with a knife) and went to Easter service in the cathedral. I shall never tire of Gothic cathedrals. The churches in Rome—after some twenty of them I felt that if I saw another Italian church I'd break out in a nervous rash. I could feel it coming on as the guide led us up the front steps. But Gothic churches—the more I see the more restful and at peace with the world I feel. Something of

deep joy and harmony, of reverence for God, that idea of God which inspired human beings to plan and carry out such edifices, reverence for human beings who could plan and through the years and years carry out such edifices—I stand awed and grateful and often lumpy in my throat in a beautiful Gothic church. St. Peter's in Rome left me cold. Surely always I shall feel that entering the cathedral in Seville was one of the great experiences of life. There indeed I leaned against one of its massive columns gazing up into what seemed almost infinity itself, and tears filled my eyes—goodness knows why. But I just couldn't help it. Something came over me, and went through me—and those tears.

But we had not seen Seville as yet. It was Easter Sunday in Burgos, and, not having seen Seville, Burgos seemed the most beautiful of cathedrals. The great organ played, the choir chanted, small boys in red robes swung incense burners. Now we stood with the crowd—beggars, magistrates, small girls with handkerchiefs over their heads, women with combs and black veils; now we roamed quietly the aisles, gazing at the never ending wonder of Gothic details—or cathedral details,—altar pieces, carved marble tombs, statues, paintings, choir stalls. Carved choir stalls are one of my special delights, and never have we seen such carving as the Spanish choir stalls. And the sons have had enough manual training, have fashioned lamps, tables, bookcases enough to stand with proper awe and admiration before such examples of the woodcarver's art.

On our way to the cathedral, indeed just across the square from our hotel, was the Casa del Cordon. We expected the cathedral. We were taken entirely by surprise with the Casa del Cordon. "The finest example of civil architecture in Burgos is the Casa del Cordon," says our contained guide book, so that you can know there was sufficient excuse for our enthusiasm. "It was in all probability built in the middle of the fifteenth century under the direction of the famous Mudejar architect of Segovia,

Mohammed. The Casa del Cordon has noble memories of Columbus, who, on his return from his second voyage to America, here presented himself to the Catholic Sovereigns with offerings of the choicest products of the New World. Here was signed, on 11th June, 1515, the act of incorporation of the kingdom of Navarre with Castile, the unity of the whole of Spain being thus achieved." But the cause of our interest was not the finest example of civil architecture in Burgos, nor yet the union of the whole of Spain being thus achieved therein, but—Columbus. Anything to do with Columbus gets a thrill out of us every time. I know some one else would have discovered America if he hadn't, but the fact seems to be that he did and it took a sport to do that, believe us. We're for Columbus. And any time we learn that Columbus ever stepped foot inside a certain building in any town, and we're in that town, we hunt around till we locate that house, and gaze thereon with reverence. So you can see us standing in the great doorway to the Casa del Cordon, conjuring up the picture of Ferdinand and Isabella waiting inside, Columbus entering in the exact spot where we stood, weather-beaten, hardy, himself carrying his choicest treasures.—My, there is so much we have to read and learn about Columbus. He has been too mythical a hero until this trip to Spain. He must become as real to us as Don Quixote.

We didn't wait at the cathedral for the sermon to end. A young, dark Spanish priest—I'd have given much to understand him. There was no droning along to him—he had a soapbox-orator style. Bordered perhaps a bit on Spanish Billy Sundayism. You could imagine him saying, "Brothers in Christ, what we need is pep!" "Who put the 'us' in Jesus?" He was more fun to listen to without understanding a syllable than many a preacher I've heard in English.

Why is it that only in Catholic churches does one ever see poverty and rags along with success? Nor do the Successful Ones look as if they minded in the least. They all

act as if the Lord might think the poor had a perfect right to religion.

In the good warm sun again, we prowled about and took in the outside of the cathedral, something to discover and admire at every turn. We entered for a moment the church of San Nicolas, where a kindly, unobtrusive priest gave us welcome and four wee lads, no bigger than gnomes, were kneeling to their patron saint. Eight eyes, however, fixed searchingly on Parkers. On up the hill to the castle ruins, only a century ago strong enough to resist Wellington, now a heap of crumbled stones, mainly due to the French in 1813. There we looked down on Burgos, and out over miles of country in all directions. And we read "Don Quixote" and we came down to eat.

Meals in Spain were each an epoch in itself. Cook's fault. I can never think of Spain without an overfed feeling. Eating too much has no attractions for me whatever. I am so happy with an egg and a glass of milk and a piece of toast and an orange. Hearken to our first lunch in Spain:

First Course. Olives and potato salad.
2. Stuffed eggs.
3. Fish.
4. Roast veal and carrots.
5. Beefsteak and French fried potatoes.
6. Cheese and bread and butter.
7. Fruit and cookies.

Not having a menu we thought each course after the second was surely the last, and ate accordingly. And thus it was, except that we used more judgment in the amount of each course consumed as we went along, throughout Spain. Always, at lunch, at least two eggs each, usually in an omelette, after hors-d'oeuvres; fish, and two meat courses, followed by cheese and fruit. Dinner was always soup, fish, chicken, some vegetable served alone, another meat course, salad and desert. Next time I go to Spain I'm going to eat their lunch, and then late afternoon tea,

and no supper. At that rate I could feel comfortable. Seven egg, meat and fish courses a day strain my nourishment enthusiasms. Hens, butchers and fishermen must be a busy lot in Spain. But at least, as already mentioned, one can make no complaint that eating over much, besides the drawback of overmuchness, also takes valuable time. Eating eight courses in Spain is accomplished with far more despatch than three in any other land. Hens, butchers, fishermen and waiters, are a busy lot in Spain.

Easter afternoon in Burgos was filled in large part with absorbing that sort of local color one usually misses touristing, because one feels there are more important things to do than sitting on a bench. But sitting on a bench in a foreign land is exactly one of those things every touring agency and every individual should allow for. Most of touristing goes to learning the glorious past of an ignored present. In any land, including the United States, sitting on a bench is a liberal education in the here and now.

We sat on the bench officially to read "Don Quixote." But there was far too much that Sunday afternoon to look upon. First, Spanish boys were preparing for a soccer game. My young Americans bit the dust in impatience. They claimed teams in either America or Switzerland would be done with the game before ever the Spaniards began. Endless discussions in groups. Also, as Nandy writes in his diary, "they had all their coats and things on a bench which seemed to be the main part of the game. I'll bet they moved this bench at least eight times before they were pleased." The game got on its way at last. When one boy finally made a goal we felt the result was worth coming to Spain to witness. My two "o gee'd!" and laughed for fifteen minutes. "Pretty soon someone made a goal, and you ought to of seen what an uproar they made. Every guy from the whole place came to embrace the one that made it. They hugged and kissed and shoved and heaved for five minutes."

Boys who were playing other games under the trees,

boys who were merely looking on—everybody made a dash for the hero. Mind, it was only a scrub game of nondescript youngsters—no real match. "If a guy makes a goal at home, or at school in Switzerland, nobody pays any attention to him at all!" Once the signal was given that Fernando had made the goal, it seemed to be not only his own side which embraced him, but his opponents as well. It was some moments before the game could progress. "I'll be darned," was all the sons could gasp.

We heard rattles and squeaks from the rear. It was a comic-opera soldier approaching on a bicycle, long coat tails flowing out behind, legs encased in bright red trousers. His expression was one of deep anxiety. The bicycle just did clear our bench, and then soldier and it made direct for the middle of the football field (it had humps and bumps in it the size of young extinct volcanoes), where the game was still in progress. The man was drunk, no doubt of that. The bicycle rattled and tottered from side to side. The red-pantalooned, flowing-tailed soldier lunged now in this direction, now that. He ploughed dismally through the players, he all but ran down babies and women about to have more, old men just managed to step aside before he demolished them in his unchartered course. A gold braided superior officer was seen sauntering down the road with his family. The bicycle rider made a straight line for the officer, collided with him, and fell into a ditch.

By that time every inhabitant of a bench was nearly falling off it for laughing. Parkers were in pain and holding their sides. Even in the midst of our mirth we had to remind ourselves that we'd had a lesson on the sin of hasty judgments. The poor private wasn't drunk in the least—merely learning. There were two others waiting their turn. Two of the three helped the third to mount, and ran along holding the bicycle erect until the rider felt bold enough to carry on alone. Invariably, unsupported, he immediately lurched off the road and all but demolished a quarter of the population before, in devious and circular

courses, he got back onto the road again. The only way of alighting for all three was to fall off. And always the bicycle, even from afar, sounded as if it were about to rattle apart.

But persistence tells, no matter what the nationality or field of endeavor. Before we tore ourselves away, the perspiring valiant whom we had misjudged as intoxicated was attempting in breathless moments to ride with one hand. All mothers had clutched their children tight to their bosoms.

Nobody made another goal. We'd laughed all we could humanely manage, the sightseeing urge prodded from within, and we were off, leaving "Don Quixote" and the guide book on the bench, both recovered later. Off to the Charterhouse—Cartuja de Miraflores. In Geneva I had saved 7.50 franks by buying a Cook's guide-book instead of a Baedeker. Never again. They managed the 7.50 saving by practically doing away with maps, except a few hand-wrought insults to the intelligence. By intuition plus directions we couldn't understand, we hoped to locate the Cartuja. A booklet the hotel gave us was kind enough to be so explicit as to say it was "east of the town and at a distance of about four kilometers from it." I suppose a man who gets up a Cook's guide-book takes it for granted any one who buys it will hire a hack or a guide or both, if he wishes to see anything. We ended in having to ford a river, namely the Arlanzon, to reach the Cartuja. It seemed to me the whole male Spanish nation collected from nowhere on no notice to see me do it. I skipped from shaky stone to shaky stone and got across. In the middle of my way I heard cheers which almost made me miss my footing. I dared not look around until I reached the opposite bank, and then discovered the joke was that Nand, behind me, had more or less fallen in. So much for our not being able to make out from kindly Spaniards just which one of the many roads running east we should have taken.

On the right road we fell in behind four jovial Spaniards, each carrying two bottles, and off to spend the late afternoon under some tree on some hillside. One was a soldier. Suddenly his cape was jerked nimbly from his shoulders by a comrade who for the space of a few seconds, in as graceful movements as I have ever seen, pantomimed in the dusty Spanish country road a Torero exciting the bull. Up to that moment I had never wished to see a bull fight. From then on I longed to be spectator again of movements such as that young Spaniard made with the soldier's cape. Even if it meant gore mixed in. Since we had no chance to see a bullfight I am grateful indeed for that roadside treat.

People who go to Burgos dash to the cathedral and think they've seen all there is to see. At the station in at least four languages should be an illuminated sign bearing the legend "Do not leave Burgos without seeing the Cartuja de Miraflores, four kilometers east." My loved carved choir stalls are there in the little one-aisled church in all their glory, there is a quadrangular altarpiece by Siloe, "adorned with gold brought from America in the second expedition of Columbus. The altar piece . . . is a triumph of design and coloring. It is impossible to describe in detail the almost unnumbered subjects and sculptures which make up the marvellous work . . . Very fine, also, is the seat occupied by the celebrating priest during the sermon . . . one of the most beautiful and sumptuous pieces of ecclesiastic furniture of its kind and period in Spain or elsewhere . . . But the supreme objects of interest in this Castilian Charterhouse are the superb tombs of Juan II and his queen and their son, the Infante Alfonso." We were totally unprepared for that tomb—indeed, for all of the Cartuja, not having read what the guide book had to say about it. So that we just stood and gasped, and wondered why all Geneva hadn't told us to be sure not to miss it if we saw nothing else in Spain. The guide book ends its raptures in "Assuredly the price paid

to the sculptor (Siloe), 442,667 maravedis, was not an exorbitant one." Goodness knows how much a maravedi is, or was. I'd like to feel it was about equivalent to an English pound.

A Spanish sunset walk back to Burgos, the whole way under huge trees in double avenues. Every knot of Sunday sojourners we passed doubled up with laughter over us. At first the boys got sore and wanted to fight eleven Spaniards apiece at once. At first we all three blushed scarlet. It *is* discomfiting to have a group of people howl with merriment at the cut you make in the world. For the life of us we couldn't see what was funny about us. We hung together properly, nobody was losing anything. After about the third group we passed it struck us as funny ourselves, and when they laughed we laughed. Three weeks in Spain made us callous to the opinions of the natives. No one in any city ever passed us by without staring; often they called things, but always agreeably. Only in Burgos that Easter Sunday, however, did we strike the Spaniards as ludicrously funny.

Departing from Burgos for Madrid, we had our first experiences of the extras you pay for not knowing a language. We had to have our Cook's tickets stamped at the station in Burgos. The dowdy official asked me something. I replied that Spanish was out of my line. He shrugged his shoulders and wrote one word in pencil on each ticket.

3

Again, and for the last time, we were to taste the luxury of first class. We tore into the train and, Parker luck, got a compartment of three seats only all to ourselves. We settled the baggage above, settled ourselves in light grey and bedoilied style, and felt that the acme, the apex, the summum bonum of material well being had been reached. Along came the conductor. (All Spanish railroad officials, in and around stations and on trains, look and dress as if the local Associated Charities had been combed to pro-

Burgos: Arch of Santa Maria.

Burgos: Casa del Cordon.

vide personnel. If our station guard from little Stein am Rhein, Switzerland, would step into a Spanish railroad in his Swiss railroad uniform, Spain would think Royalty were abroad, unattended. If a Spanish railroad conductor or station agent arrived in the United States in his "uniform," he'd be turned back as an undesirable unshaven not-capable-of-self-support anarchist. If I were the King of Spain I'd buy the railroad force new clothes out of my own money and by royal edict compel them to shave at least twice a week. Goodness knows one pays enough to travel in Spain—where *does* the money go? Not to upkeep of either stock or personnel.) So then the messy-looking Spanish conductor came along, looked at our tickets, and began to orate. I told him in French, German and English that I couldn't understand. He resorted to gestures, and made it plain we were to get out. I pointed to our first class tickets. I pointed to the first class compartment. Something didn't jibe. "You might just know," we said bitterly, "that such luxury was never meant for Parkers."

When he appeared with another official a moment later and started carting off our baggage my despair attracted the attention of a Spaniard in the aisle. He was an agent of the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company, as it appeared later, and could talk English. He and the conductor waved their arms at each other, and then he translated to me. The ticket man in Burgos had written "Salon" on our tickets. What was Salon, where was Salon? We'd never heard of such a place or thing. I explained to the friendly Spaniard, who explained to the obdurate conductor, that we were satisfied and to spare where we were and wished to be allowed to stay there. But the conductor and his aide in nefariousness made off, willy nilly, with our baggage, and somehow we found ourselves trailing unhappily after.

We were deposited numerous cars back in an amazing blue velvet arrangement, small compartments where two

were supposed to sprawl on a seat-effect sufficient for four, and two others could sit in blue velvet chairs any place they liked in the space unoccupied by the long seat. It was all right. We had no deep seated objections. Only we wished to go back to the light-grey-style-for-three. The conductor made it plain we were sighing after the impossible. So we settled ourselves and chortled at our style on top of style and said "O well, if it makes the conductor any happier——"

And then he appeared with a bill of forty-two pesetas, there being 6.50 pesetas to the dollar. That was more than my frail human soul could abide peacefully. Foolishly enough, the idea of having to pay anything extra for being thus unwillingly transported about never had entered our heads. And we preferred our light-grey-for-three anyhow. I dashed cars back for my new Spanish friend. He dashed to the Salon with me. And how he talked to that conductor! Words, gestures, which even had you not been able to understand them would have wrung your heart. The conductor held firm. We had to stay where we were. We had to pay forty-two pesetas. And then that Spaniard did something so nice it was worth forty-two pesetas and more to have the heart-warming experience. Very politely he asked if he might lend me some money, if in any way paying the forty-two pesetas would be an inconvenience. Bless that Spaniard's heart. Naturally I had that much cash by me. My gratitude to him was just as deep felt. He bowed politely, said he was at my service the rest of the trip, gave me his card in case he could help in any way during our stay in Madrid and betook himself back to his own seat. I wished I immediately could have placed a large order for pneumatic tools with his Chicago Company. I'll never buy a one from any other firm, that's sure! A pretty woman with an adorable fat baby met him at the station in Madrid and he went off looking perfectly pleased with all creation, carrying his gurgly child.

In Madrid I made a feeble effort to recapture my forty-two pesetas—my Spanish friend had advised putting in a reclamation, and gave me the address of the Madrid Salon Wagon office. But at Cook's they told me it would be a loss of time and useless, and that the salon trick was one they worked on everyone who couldn't understand the language. Cook's man told me how that forty-two pesetas would be divided. I was enriching numerous Spanish officials. If only it would go toward new uniforms——

Parkers—fourth class in Germany, Salon in Spain. We 'lowed in all honesty we hoped to goodness no one we knew would see us. We'd feel ashamed to death to have anyone think we'd put on that much airs on purpose. As if first class itself were a bit too common for our nerves.

Between Burgos and Madrid I listed my first impressions of Spain: barrenness, speed at meals, little blue hats (practically every male from four to a hundred wore the identical cap, the most impoverished of them as well as the well to do. Oddly enough that same cap was just becoming the very latest among particular youths of from ten to eighteen in Geneva before we left—navy blue heavy woollen head gear, in appearance like a very shrunken tight-fitting tam, with a small short stem-like protuberance in the middle); beardless men (it's reprehensible to have small complexes. Usually they're inherited. We hear our parents discussing their pet aversions, and we reach maturity with the same aversions).

That first night in Madrid was the noisiest of my life. Previously Venice had held that distinction. Spaniards, it was evident, never sleep. At two a. m. I got up and peered down to see what it was all about. Except for the lights and closed store shutters, you would have thought it about four in the afternoon. Pedestrians, taxis, street cars, and down the middle of the street went a gay group

of some thirty guitar players—lovely, that. Somewhat later, around four, my enthusiasm for prohibition reached great heights. The noise men make when they have been drinking till midnight may be merely hilarious. Usually when it has kept up until three or four they are quarrelsome, shout abuse in muddled tones, and all shout abuse at once, no one listening to anyone else. There's nothing about it to fill an unwilling audience in a hotel with enthusiasm for strong drink.

Tuesday, April 3rd, a glorious cloudless day in Madrid. Luxury gets forced upon the luxurious, just as deeper poverty seems forced upon the poor. All unordered, they served breakfast in our rooms. Forced into a salon car, forced to pay two pesetas extra apiece for breakfast. The next morning we tore to get down before the waiter could get up, and succeeded. Only to find, when we got our bill, that there was no extra charge for serving breakfast in rooms. Indeed, we were told later that throughout Spain there was no extra charge for that service, but we were always too scared to try. We were putting on enough costly airs anyhow, as it was.

A costly air we were provided with in Madrid, paid for in Geneva, was a guide for three days. Our first experience in that line. It's hard on a guide to break in previously totally unguided persons. Our guide suffered. So, often, did we. Yet guides are not the unmitigated evil one might suppose; that is, if one is trying to see twice as much as there is time for. I feared at first that the Madrid guide and I would never get on at all. For he used up the first fifteen minutes or more telling me three times, one right after the other in the exact same words, how he had called unsuccessfully at the hotel the night before to meet us on arrival, to make all arrangements for the next day, see if we were comfortable, etc., and no one had asked him to sit down, the *portier* had ignored him, indeed it was as if he were not there. When a chore person picked up the rug on which he was standing, to beat

it, the guide's wounded feelings could stand the situation no longer, and he departed without waiting for our belated arrival. Three times, I say, he went through the gestures and narration of the entire cruel evening, his voice almost trembling over the removal of the rug from under his feet. The guide was short and fat and had a beard. But we grew very fond of the guide. That is, especially after the last day when we had another. We did not grow at all fond of the third-day guide.

We started in badly with our first guide in the Royal Armory. The Royal Armory in Madrid is the finest in the world. I had read a good bit about it to the boys. Jim, in the bursting enthusiasm of new knowledge, proceeded to declaim volubly to the guide on whose was what and when and where. Now if there is one thing in all the world which annoys nine hundred and ninety-nine guides out of a thousand it is to be told anything. They are there to do the telling. You continually pass Americans in museums and galleries who are so pleased over what they know that they can't help telling the guide all about it. If you want to behold the most bored expression on the face of the earth it's not to be found among a male audience listening to a newly made father. It's on a guide being given information. So I got Jim in a corner and told him to act as if he'd never heard before of the Royal Armory or anything in it. We stepped outside, after gloating rapturously over armor of Charles V, Philip II, on down to Alphonso XII, just in time to see the change of guard in the great court at the side of the royal palace. My brilliant eldest wrote, "They had quite a seramony." It's all very well, you may be an arch-anti-militarist, which I consider myself, and yet a royal change of guard and officers and horses and bugles and banners and bands and marchings and salutes can cause thrills up and down your spinal column. Just the way you may be an arch-democrat and yet run blocks in the hottest sun or pouring rain to see a king ride by—and feel a little catch in your breath

at the sight. Always, always, I feel something very deep when I see my own or any other nation salute its flag.

From the change of guard it was a rush to the Prado. In the crowd by the palace someone shoved against me, and I stepped on the guide's foot. No mortal could have apologized more abjectly than I, and for the space of one whole block. He ignored me in painful silence for five blocks.

I refuse to divulge the speed with which we tore through the Prado. It was disgraceful. The guide felt it. We felt it. There be many who consider the Prado the finest gallery in the world. Velasquez had always been one of my best loved painters, and yet here, in the height of his glory, I could not look at him with the beginnings of decency. When shall I get back to the Prado? Oh the places in the world to which one simply *must* return!

Lunch, courses and courses, the most delicious cooking yet. The guide was not due until three. I had told him we always insisted in each country on seeing their modern art galleries, as well as their great masters. Therefore we would visit the Modern Gallery after lunch. He could meet us there, instead of at the hotel. To assure safe arrival for us, he wrote out the name and address of the Modern Art Gallery. All I needed to do was to hand the card to a cab driver.

The cab driver I handed it to looked at it one direction, then upside down, then got down and stopped a passer-by. The passer-by read it off very easily. "Si, si!" grinned the cabman and climbed leisurely back on his seat. I worked half of my only Spanish, "Muy pronto!" because at best we had only three-quarters of an hour for the whole gallery. And he landed us at the Prado!

Three times I read him the card. "O si, si!" And, minutes late, we reached the proper destination.

To my notions the man deserved no tip. I paid him no tip. He began to scold. It is such a terrible ordeal to me to be scolded that I softened and compromised. I

paid him ten centimos extra. He took one look at the copper, then threw it at me. Evidently one should never compromise. One should give in entirely.

At a bit after three the guide called with an automobile—also paid for in Geneva. (None of these details did I have an anticipation or desire of getting when I hurled ourselves upon Cook's for this Spanish trip. Never, indeed, shall we soar so high again. Parkers, with a guide and an automobile! And seven courses inside us. Shades of the *Jugendherberge* in Tübingen, a cent a bed!)

I informed the guide early that we'd like to leave out churches in Madrid. But it seems there were two we *had* to see. I suppose it was a compromise to give in entirely on those two, since guidelike he would have preferred we inspect twelve. One church, San Francisco Grande, was nothing but modern frescoes within, square yards and square yards of lovely color. The sons were entranced. I might have been ordinarily, but I was for riding around in that automobile in the sun, seeing Madrid, up one street, down the next.

The second church filled the guide with holy admiration of himself to think he could get in it. It was a new church, not yet half completed, near the palace. No other guide in Madrid could possibly get people admitted. The driver said we'd never get in, the young man at the entrance said we'd never get in. But we got in. Only the crypt is visitable. Gloomy old new hole, filled with modern tombs. One's eyes grew accustomed to the dark, and then the new white marble and mosaic and golds and gilt and sculpture stood out, and ugly stained glass windows. Does one become obsessed with admiration for things old and decaying, does one grow callous or actually scornful of things new, just because they are new? Could it be that in five hundred years I'd come back and gasp with delight over that very crypt and those now very new spotless tombs? I don't believe it. I am utterly unconvinced that modern architecture and most modern art in either

Spain or Italy can hold a candle to the old. I say that crypt was *ugly*. But the guide's pride could not be hurt. I told him it was one of the great sights of Europe. Indeed he knew it was.

We drove and drove, from then on, through parks of beauty and delight, up and down streets, beholding where royalty, where the rich, where the middle class, where the poor, and the very poor lived. I asked the guide all about the labor situation, as I ask everyone in every land with whom I can talk and be understood. Such a sameness to the replies, no matter what the country, provided it is not a laborer or labor sympathiser with whom one speaks. What is the world coming to? Labor continually after more money for less and poor work. Terrible situation, say the good middle and the upper classes. No, not Bolshevism. No more fear of that. But organized labor—shudders. Strikes everyplace. (Bless our hearts, if even the bull fighters weren't on strike the whole time we were in Spain!) Can the employing side rely on the army, I ask, to quell unruly labor disturbances? The Spanish guide said the Spanish army could not be trusted implicitly to fire. But there was the Civil Guard. They would fire when needed, and to kill.

Later the guide shopped with us. Not tourist shopping, but shirts and socks for the sons. And later still an immorally huge dinner, and bed and Spanish noises on the night air.

Toledo. My diary begins "One of the wondrous days of all Europe," and continues, "Up at six-thirty. Poor guide, by nature pessimistic. We were four minutes late coming downstairs. Not our fault. Hotel didn't serve breakfast until 7.15. 'The Bolshevists!' guide said. He was sure we'd miss train, sure we wouldn't get places if we did manage to catch it. No time for cab. Took subway (my first since New York, now amost two years ago. Subways and New York seem so fundamentally and intimately one, it seemed impossible to believe we wouldn't

Toledo: The House of Blood.

emerge at Forty-Second Street. Pangs of homesickness went through me. Yet I uttered a small prayer of thanksgiving just the same when I knew it was Madrid).'' Not being a pessimist I'm not sure how a pessimist feels inwardly to get in wrong. If you predict something awful is going to happen and something splendid happens, how does it feel? If you spend half an hour talking about how you are surely going to miss a train, and then make it with half an hour to spare, are you glad or sorry?

Aspects of matrimony were brought vividly home to me on the way to Toledo. Just as I asked myself in that New York hotel where I worked as pantry girl what it must be like to be tied for life to a man like our Steward Schmidt, now I asked myself what it would be like to be married to a man like our guide, a person who never let the situation alone. At the station while he was waiting in line to buy the tickets I asked him where I could mail some post cards. He said outside and to the left. I went outside and looked to the left, indeed walked a ways to the left. Seeing nothing like a mail box, I decided I must have misunderstood him and turned to the right. I ended in mailing the cards in Toledo. But almost the entire conversational opportunities we had during the morning the guide occupied with my inability to find that letter box. What could one do if you were told to go left and you went right? In the beginning I carefully explained that I went left first, and right only as a last resort. No difference. I went right and the box was left. He would show me on our return to Madrid. He looked forward eagerly during the day to showing me that box, ''just left of the station entrance.'' What evil spirit ever prompted me to write those post cards anyway? As the guide grew more forlornly eloquent about my inability to see things carefully pointed out (not that I missed anything else, but pessimists have an inclusive way with them) I began to feel that perhaps with age I was developing subnormal tendencies. I came to vision a large red or green mail box, directly left of the station

entrance, staring me in the face and yet I had failed to note it. A husband like that guide could develop an inferiority complex, given enough time, in any wife. And the insidious way that guide would gloat over me, exposing my inanity in Madrid. As a matter of fact, the box was a hole in the wall, the distance of a block away.

Up the hill we drove through arches, over bridges, by walls and towers, all hundreds of years old, the Spanish sun beating down on it all, which is as I would see Spain. Women, children, men, had tramped the long ways to the various sources of water supply, and were filling their many jugs, to be carried by head, or shoulder, or donkey. Men dawdled before tiny shops. Women, a bundle of twigs or a basket on their heads, a baby at their backs, stopped in a bit of shade to tell each other the gossip since yesterday. And here and there, glimpsed around that corner, through this open door, on yonder arch, for me the first absorbing flashes of Moorish architecture. Only fragments for the most part, but—different. Not to be found in Italy, in France, Germany, Switzerland. Is it alone Washington Irving with his Alhambra who was responsible for having woven into my soul a breathless response to everything Moorish? I can trace it to nothing else. Always the picture of a horseshoe arch, of a court with Moorish traceries, has fascinated me. Toledo, with but its scraps and relics of past Moorish glory, was to be a vivid moment of another world. Toledo laid me under a spell. I close my eyes—Toledo—the spell again. And always first, El Greco's house and garden.

El Greco was that painter, Greek by birth, Spanish by adoption, who revelled in grey distorted heads. An unpleasant person, I put him down to be. Before Toledo. Since seeing his home—no one could possibly have lived in that house, smoked and worked in that studio, crossed and recrossed that open inner court, sat cool days to dine in the low kitchen nook, warm days on the garden terrace, and remain unpleasant. And no unpleasant person

could have painted his Burial of Count Orgaz in the church of Santo Tomé in Toledo—to my unlearned eyes one of the Great Pictures of the world. I was about to rave mildly on to the tune of the utter impossibility of anyone at all being able to stay unpleasant at all in Toledo, and then bethought me of that pretty scene—indeed I'm not sure but what its present owner hung it in that very charmed spot, El Greco's house—of Toledo busily burning all the heretics it could lay hands on in the square, every glassed-in balcony swarming with entranced Toledoans. We later saw the very square, the very glassed-in balconies, rows and rows, one after the other, one above or under the other. If I had lived in those burning times, and had felt about living then as I felt about it sitting with my boys on that bench in Toledo listening to an organ grinder, thinking of all we'd seen that morning, of all we were going to see that afternoon—no, I am very sure I should have made large compromises with my soul, have answered yes when I should, according to my conscience, have answered no, just to have gone on staying alive, in Toledo. Or any place. Living—just to be alive——

And to gaze with one's own eyes on those synagogues of the middle ages of Toledo, Maria la Blanca and El Transito. How a Jew must thrill to that evidence of the past grandeur and artistic glory of his people, and lift his head high. Persecutions, ghettos—yes pogroms. But see what they could build in the days when they were unmolested! These two were my first glimpses of interiors done under Moorish influences. I could have sat entranced hours in each. Such varieties of spells architecture can weave—like music. A great Gothic cathedral plumbs depths in one direction; Moorish architecture entirely in another. Gothic to me is Wagner, Moorish Chopin. (I, who know nothing, nothing about either architecture or music.) As I sit here continuing dreamily that comparison, I wonder if it is true for the music alone, or perhaps

more because I associate Wagner with a great orchestra, and Chopin with just a piano.

What music could one liken to the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes? If immediate and unpremeditated psychological combinations are of any value, the picture which came into my mind suddenly as I thought of that cloister was a fairy wood scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream" —traceries not of earth—white marble fashioned in the moonlight by fays and gnomes. Each insisting on having a column, an arch, each working rapturously to cover every inch with marble lace. Pfuit!—done—and the fays and gnomes danced over the church tops and house tops, whirled a delicious moment about El Greco's garden—and were back to their—— Spanish fairies surely never saw a wood. They were rock fairies. Which perhaps explains why they could do such marvellous things with marble. Men built the Gothic ceiling to the cloister. Whether men who built Gothic ceilings, Gothic churches, understood fairies or not—I wonder. At least they knew their God, and built up to Him, as near as humans dared come.

One day in Toledo. One everlasting hop out of the three-horse carriage into some enchanted place, only to be dragged out of it to go on to the next enchantment. Toledo, ancient before there ever was a Spain. Toledo, wafting romances of ages upon ages around my spell-bound heart. One day only, for Toledo.

Ah, the revisiting of Europe! It is going to be like the rereading of a book. The first time, the feverish rush to know what it was all about, the race from one chapter to the next, one object to the next. The second time the plot is ours, the pressure of novelty removed. A turning of the pages rapturously, leisurely, for the beauty, the call, the thrill on each, for itself alone, knowing how each fits into the whole. The great thrill—it comes with the first sight. When we go back to Toledo we shall wander about guideless, not reseeing everything helter-skelter, but a

joyous absorption of those things and places most admired, things and places a bit familiar, not enough to have lost one jot of their charm. Voyages of discovery—may they never end! May the Lord grant also that we retrace our steps!

Lunch in a stylish-like, un-Parkerish hotel, where all the Americans also touristing Toledo that day ate. Most of them were married couples who no longer spoke to each other unless they had to, and most of them didn't seem to have to. A small grey husband and a large be-pearled wife sat next to our table. Dumb, stolid. Quarter through the meal they discovered friends in the lobby, beckoned the friends to join them, and more gracious and animated conversation there never was. How awful to have to tour Europe like a lump of putty—two lumps of putty together. How much nicer if one can come before the bored stage. Except that so often certain types of husbands only consent to Europe when the bored stage has been reached—because the bored stage has been reached, or because it took that long to feel justified in spending so much money "unproductively." The glorious adventure of doing Europe young, and poor, and together! I must say if one must travel Europe in as bored company as most of those husbands and wives seemed to feel themselves, better to do it with money than without. Boredom plus cashlessness— No.

After lunch the great sight was the cathedral. My enthusiasm over Toledo had caused the guide almost to forget entirely that I had stepped on his foot the day before, that we were four minutes late that morning, that we had nearly lost him in the subway later, that I hadn't found the letter box. Even to forget that he had learned we were people who did not travel first class. He was agreeable without interruption the whole day. Except that he insisted upon beginning to worry at three-thirty that we'd not get seats in the bus at five. In the cathedral he became actually mellow. Gothic cathedrals can do that.

Such carved choir stalls as Toledo boasts! Such—such all things! "One of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture the world affords." With the warm Spanish sun entering through old windows of rich reds and blues and greens and yellows. Two hundred and sixty-six years they were, building that cathedral. Those thousands of men—who but the last few could fit their toil into the grand whole except via the imagination? How impatient we are nowadays—

For the sake of the guide we had to gaze with all the other tourists upon the Church Treasury. Nothing but a guide whose feelings I was scared to hurt could get me into a Church Treasury. A hodge-podge of wrought silver articles and gold and precious stones, somebody's robes entirely embroidered in real pearls. Bah. Rather five minutes extra in the church itself than an hour in any Church Treasury. To the guide, however, it was the crowning glory of Toledo. His little eyes glistened as he whispered the value of the pearl-embroidered robe, the jewels in a gold dish. Yet we gave thanks that we had seen the Treasury in Toledo for the jewel of it to all three of us was a most exquisite appealing small colored wooden statue of St. Francis, the most perfect piece of wood carving of its kind we had ever seen. The guide had difficulty prying us away from the glass case where it stood, surrounded by boresome precious stones and silver thises and thats. To the guide St. Francis was the least important article in the collection. We told him he could have all the rest put together if he would give us proprietorship over just that piece of wood carving. He very much would like the robe embroidered in real pearls.

And we saw Cervantes' house, where he probably wrote part of Don Quixote.

I mustn't make this a guide book. But it is so hard, with a diary—nay, three diaries—under my nose not to go into every detail and rave on until you heap curses upon my head. There seems to be just two states of mind come

over me in writing about Europe. One, a rapturous one where the inner urge would have me compose a volume on each spot visited. The other, a rapturous one where I sit here for a good hour and think O heavens and earth—what's the use of trying to put any of it on paper at all?

Naturally I essayed to read all sorts of books about Spain, to fill me with "background" for the great Fling—from Wells, and Robinson to Maurice Hewlitt's "Spanish Jade," plus numerous other volumes I managed to lay hands on. Also there were two volumes of that busy Mrs. Elliot, "Diary of An Idle Woman in Spain." She made the trip the year before I was born—but thirty-eight years aren't much to Spain. One sentence of hers has given me misgivings. She told of some American strangers she spent a couple of days with about Madrid and how they had travelled so little they knew no better than to enthuse over almost everything.

Now I know I could be a lot more discriminating, and yet most of me would rather let someone else draw the fine lines. I can still remember with chills of dismay such concerts as I had the good fortune to be invited to in New York City. There I sat in Carnegie Hall, my body there, my soul dancing with the stars. Only at the end of the number to have a woman next me, reading the music as the pianist, say, played, turn to her friend and say "Extremely amateurish!" or "Technique abominable" —or somesuch. And my rebellious heart cried out "I don't want to know that much about music! I wouldn't if I could!" By no means do I like every picture in an art gallery, every church in a town. But undoubtedly I get much real pleasure out of many, to knowing people, mediocre works of art. Undoubtedly, on the other hand, in my ignorance I pass by treasures. In another year I hope to know much more about a lot of things than I do now, but if I thought it was going to make me less enthusiastic over the sights of Europe—— Perhaps all this is

what the wise call "the shallow American of it—content with mediocrity."

The point is—bear in mind I am sparing you many details of Toledo.

The trip back to Madrid. Every mother must have the same feeling that there are red letter hours when she and her children draw closer together "spiritually" than usual. One of the phases of Europe I've loved the most is that there is something about wandering in strange lands with the boys which makes for most intimate talks and discussions. Or perhaps it is just that they have reached that age where intimate talks and discussions, of a more advanced order, would be on the program any place. This trip to Spain it seemed to me the boys and I got closer than we might have in an ordinary year. And all naturally. Before any of us knew it we were all three in the thick of a "heart-to-heart." In those three weeks there may have been some subject we failed to discuss, but it would take long to think what. We began with birth—or long before birth, and ended with death, and after. Not that we took it chronologically. There was never anything five minutes ahead of time to suggest where we'd all be, conversationally, the next five minutes. We went from geology to astronomy. We discussed careers, politics, diplomacy, education, girls. Indeed, girls we discussed very often. At thirteen and nearing fifteen it seems a most interesting subject. I remember when Jim was learning to read, about six, we came to the word "girl" in the little story he was struggling over. He figured it out, then announced scornfully, "We'll just skip *that* word." But the skipping stage is past.

There were many questions which arose about sex and marriage. Every question on that or any other subject they've had answered as truthfully as possible, since they could ask questions at all. But naturally each year brings new and normal and healthy curiosities—healthy if satisfied without having to wonder and ponder in secret or

in company with boys no older and who know no more, or know what they know distorted. Any child has the right to have any question on any subject on earth answered to the very best of parents' ability, not one evasion, not one untruth. The whole truth does not always need to be told with the first question, but the main thing is to have the child learn young that every single questioning in his own mind can be put into words and asked his parents, or at least one or the other of his parents. Not one single curiosity to be brooded over.

If it is difficult to restrain myself from not writing an entire chapter on Toledo, how much more difficult to keep from writing a whole volume on the subject of answering children's questions!

Only two days ago I lost my temper as I can't remember ever doing before. My body shook for almost an hour, and it was hours and hours before I could go to sleep that night. There had been a discussion some time ago between a charming Swiss young woman and me on the subject of honesty. I claimed one should never hesitate to tell an unimportant lie if there was any chance that the truth would hurt. You know—such as saying a hat already bought is becoming when it's really a fright; saying you've had a pleasant afternoon when you've been bored to death, and such like. My Swiss friend was horrified. She said it was bad enough for me to have such lax moral ideas myself, but it was terrible to think I was the mother of three children who might be influenced by my lack of honesty.

Two days ago my daughter of six informed me with much scorn that her two older playmates here in the school, eight and nine, believed angels brought babies and they told her she lied when she said they came from mothers! Amused, I told my Swiss friend. Again she was horrified —and she really is an unusually attractive and stimulating person. Had I told my daughter already such things as

where babies came from? Amazed I said, "If a child asked you where babies came from, would you *lie?*"

"Most certainly I would lie. Such things ought not to be discussed until a child is thirteen or fourteen." And on and on.

Now I don't know why I lost my temper so. But I flared up fearfully.

"You call it a sin to tell a woman her hat is becoming when it isn't, and yet you'd lie to a child about the most important things of life! Such honesty!"

St. Peter shoot me full of blow holes on the Judgment Day, but at least I've never told a child of mine one single thing which wasn't as near the truth as my limited knowledge of things corporal, temporal and spiritual, could make it.

My June Bug said Sonia and Natalie's mothers had told them angels brought babies.

Then, I said, Sonia and Natalie's mothers did not tell them the truth.

Which didn't help the situation a great deal. The next day Sonia and Natalie appeared weeping before Mademoiselle and wailed that Alice Lee said their mothers lied.

But my own daughter informed me she was very grateful that I always told her the truth—especially the truth about babies. She explained that it was also her own policy, that she had explained everything most honestly to Hänsli, Vanilla, Needa, and Lilly—the first three dolls, Lilly my eldest grandchild, a large grey Teddy Bear—nineteen years old, Alice Lee insists. Rather high time for a talk on sex. It's name was Werner and it was a he-bear when we left for Spain. Also nineteen years of age. On our return a momentous change had taken place. Werner was Lilly. As Werner or Lilly its wardrobe has continued rather stationary. A blue apron and a pink and white knitted sweater. One of the terrible sensations of Europe is to be locking up the last trunk, each packed to the brim, and suddenly spy—before, it was Werner—grey arms in pink

and white sweater sleeves outstretched in supplication. I may die known as a "resourceful person." If so it will have developed through my inventing eleventh hour means of getting Werner-Lilly to the next destination. Once landed in any locality he-she begins supplicating pitiably, arms outstretched, not to be forgotten up to the last minute next packing time.

4

As we emerged from dinner that night in Madrid (at nine-thirty—Oh, Spain!) there sat the guide. He had received instructions from Cooks to report at the Ritz next morning to guide about another family. Had he not produced the written order I should have believed he was inventing something to rid himself of proletarian Parkers for Ritz folk. He claimed he was fearfully upset, that he preferred finishing with one family before he started in on another, and worst of all, he and I had made new arrangements between us for the next day, deviating from the written instructions at Cooks. Cooks were sending another guide to me, but there was no way of getting word to that other guide that we were leaving for the Escorial at seven-thirty instead of ten-twenty. Well, we parted, for ever. Yet read on, gentle relative and friend.

At least the boys and I could sleep late, instead of being called at six a. m. Through blissful slumber next morning I heard a knocking on my door. Time, seven o'clock. A strange man stood without, hat in hand. Yes, the guide from Cooks. Someone told him we start early. (He looked something like a short retired diplomat.)

I explained sleepily that the other guide and I had decided there was no way we could get word to the new guide, not even knowing his name, that we were to start earlier. So we were, alas, all sleeping late, and could, alas, not now get off by seven-thirty, the station being very far away.

"Oh, so you do not wish my services to-day?"

Not that, no, no. But since we had decided only the last thing on the way home from Toledo that we would start so early today, there was no way of getting word to Cooks.

"Ah, so you wish to go to Toledo today?"

"Have a seat out there some place and I'll get dressed."

I could see it would be the matter of an hour to get matters explained. After half of that time I began to feel a warm affection for the guide we'd had the two days before. By the end of the day that warm affection had grown into almost a passion. He had been a paragon of a guide.

All of which caused me to continue my soliloquies on matrimony. The day before I had decided that surely a woman who was tied for life to a man like the first guide would be justified in killing either herself or him. But perhaps even matrimonial contentment is a matter of comparisons. A woman is in despair over her husband—how can she continue living with such a pest? An old friend moves next door with her husband. The four see much of each other. The friend's husband is so much more of a pest than the woman's own husband that little by little a slow gratefulness creeps over her, until after six months she realizes fully how much worse her own husband could be, and she is content. The secret then for married felicity where the wife has married a disagreeable husband is for the disagreeable husband to make sure he surrounds his wife with husbands still more disagreeable. Or a strong-willed wife might herself take the initiative: deliberately make friends with women whose husbands are more impossible than hers.

That's a good idea for a story.

Take our guides again: Concerning the first guide I said, "Think of having to live with a man always harping on trivialities which had annoyed him. If he must speak of something gone wrong, why isn't *once* enough?"—

thinking, we'll say, of the way he told me three times how no one had asked him to sit down that first night and the rug had been pulled from under his very feet, to be beaten. Three times I heard it.

The new guide told me five times early that Thursday morning that he had slept only three hours the night before. Five times I heard it.

The first guide began at seven-fifteen being sure we'd miss an eight-five a. m. train for Toledo. This guide began at seven-fifteen being sure we'd miss a nine p. m. train for Baeza. We were due back from the Escorial at eight-five. He was sure that train would be late. He was sure we'd get no taxi from that station to the other station. He was sure we'd get no places on the Escorial train nor the Baeza train. Guides must have had horrible pasts—one mishap after another.

Another point in favor of Guide No. 1 stood out like the morning star. When he wasn't guiding he kept still. Guide No. 2 felt the responsibility of entertaining us socially. He insisted upon conversing jocosely in every available moment, all in English it was entirely impossible to understand. Which could have been lived through had it not been that he was forever ending with a question, which was alarming to all three. Since I could not answer, not knowing what he asked, he looked interrogatively at Jim, who squirmed, then at Nandy, who squirmed. And also, in spare moments we very much preferred to be reading Don Quixote.

Again, Guide No. 1 did not smoke.

Guide No. 2 did nothing else. And pointed all day to sights worth seeing with the wet end of his cigar.

And just anyway the day was bitter cold and raw and dismal, and before we reached the Escorial it *snowed*. The day before we had baked in Toledo. And now it was snowing. Fit weather for that gloomy old pile of an Escorial. In sunshine and with another guide, I might have liked it a little better, but even so—— And frozen to the bone,

tearing up one grey cold corridor, down another, trying to keep warm by walking fast, trying to lose the guide. . . . The Escorial in the snow, after El Greco's house and garden in the warm sun of Toledo, after soft Moorish synagogues, after that Gothic cathedral with its carved and wrought details lit by a sun through glorious stained glass. And here, greyness, bareness, not even its immensity impressive, since it was only intellectually one was aware of its immensity, not through the senses. This, said I, was Philip II. What you might expect from a man who so loved burning heretics. Did he have a warm drop of blood in him? Rather mop floors for a Moorish harem than have been any one of Philip II's four queens.

The old books in the library fascinated us. But even there what warmth there always is to a library has been cooled down as much as possible. For the priest who is head of the library doesn't like the effect of the different colors on the backs of books, so all the volumes have been put on the shelves backwards, the white page ends gilded, and the names of the book painted on in black. Not one rich old binding shows in the whole library. Nothing but gilt. One could weep at the sacrilege. We spent the longest time of all in the library, fascinated with the old illumined books, that collection, and Frankfurt, being the most exquisite we had seen.

We were very impressed also to behold the actual living quarters of Phillip II, just as they were in his day, and the bed on which the diseased old bigot died. One may despise a monarch, and yet if he ruled over the greater part of what was then thought of as "the world," one can be mightily impressed with the sight of that very desk where he signed his royal signature to decrees which affected whole countries.

Living in that gloomy old Escorial would not have made His Majesty any more warm hearted. One guide book says: "It must be admitted that at first sight the Escorial produces a feeling of disappointment; the first impression

of the clean granite, the blue slates and the leaden roofs, is not wholly pleasing. But as one approaches this 'grandest and gloomiest failure of modern times' the size and simplicity of the ashen-colored pile takes possession of the imagination." But it didn't take possession of mine. Toledo—warm, glowing Toledo—all I could think of was "Give me the Moors, oh give me the Moors!" They were no saints, indeed, but at least what they left behind, which good Christians managed not to destroy, doesn't freeze you to death.

I know my idea of Hell. It would be for God to point his fiery finger and say that forever after I must inhabit the Escorial. Those rich, speechless, chilly couples of the day before in Toledo were this day wandering, still speechless and of course yet chillier, the Escorial, their *limousins* and frozen chauffeurs waiting without. And the guide, every time he and his cigar could catch up to us, panting that we should be sure to look at the clocks, "all different." (They had at least two hideous gilt timepieces in at least four hundred and fifty of the four hundred and seventy-five rooms it seemed we must have torn through. Anyway, the proportion holds. Wasn't it Charles V who spent his old age trying to make them all strike at once?)

As to the church part of the Escorial, Cook's guide book says: "The secret of the grandeur of the Escorial church is in its conception and proportion, but also from the point of view of architectural beauty it is the finest of the several buildings within its walls." C. S. Parker's diary says: "I *hate* Renaissance churches and won't see another. Thousand times rather be a pagan with an earring through my nose than worship in those icy dens. I'm off the Renaissance." At least if you go by me and my diary, you may not be disappointed in the Escorial. I was awaiting a sort of magnified Taj Mahal. And then there always was that harassed feeling that the guide would catch up to us.

"The princess he said to the kink kink we must have a

callum a callum said the kink. Yeth a callum *here* and he put him here where you see that—that—what you call 'crujido' in English? You don know? And the arquitecto he say I no want a callum he bust it so with his hand you no can believe that I bet you. Eh Mother?''

The old dear. For the first part of the day he tried to keep up with us. ''Eh Mother,'' he puffed, ''you go too quick.'' ''Mother, watch that picture!'' (I thought at first he meant he'd arrange to have something pop out from behind.) ''Watch that book, Mother!'' Would it close by itself?

Then we *had* to see the most beautiful object of its kind in Spain, if not in the world, the prince's house. News to me. We raced on ahead to that and read Don Quixote under a tree under an umbrella, while the guide waddled on down to where we were. Again Cook's guide book: ''The curiosities and works of art in this pleasant edifice are innumerable.'' On the way to the Escorial, reading Don Quixote, we had come across a delicious new word. Sancho Panza wished Don Quixote to engage in a new exploit, on request of Dorothea. ''Grant it, sir,'' quoth he, ''grant it, I tell ye; it is but a trifle next to nothing, only to kill a great looby of a giant.'' We had to incorporate a word so delicious into our vocabulary, hazy, however, as to its meaning. So I began by referring in my diary to a looby of a prince's house. My elder son 'lows, ''Just before leaving we saw the princes house which if it was mine I would of sold it.''

The thing had some nineteen gimcrack small rooms, containing two hundred oil paintings, goodness knows who and what, plus ivory reliefs—really lovely those, if you react appreciatively to ivory reliefs—and two hundred and twenty-six pieces of porcelain, if you react appreciatively to porcelain, and every inch of ceiling and most wall space covered with frescoes of the Pompeian order. Plus of course a lot more of those gilt clocks, ''all different.''

Civilization!

All day the dear guide had dwelt on the certainty of our missing the train to Madrid. We had one hour and a quarter to wait in the bitter cold at the station. We huddled on a bench against the news stand and read Don Quixote, forgetting all chills. The guide went up town somewhere to drink coffee.

Back in Madrid again all the guide's pessimistic forebodings came to naught. 1. The Escorial train reached Madrid on time. 2. We easily found a taxi. 3. We reached the other station with three-quarters of an hour to spare. 4. Baggage and basket dinner were all on hand from the hotel.

And who was there to see us off but—Guide No. 1! We almost embraced him, so great was our joy and relief to see his stodgy form again. And I had thought of him as glad to get rid of us, and here he was, after a day's guiding of others, waiting to see us off and make sure we were comfortable. We thanked Guide No. 2 cordially for his great and unforgettable services during the day, and now he could go home and get an early dinner and retire early, to make up for those three hours he'd had the night before.

Leave us before our train left? Not to be thought of!

Guide No. 1 informed Guide No. 2 he'd see to everything.

Guide No. 2 informed Guide No. 1 he'd see to everything.

For three-quarters of an hour I felt like a belle from Virginia being seen off by two cavaliers. Only Booth Tarkington could handle the situation adequately. They grabbed my baggage from each other's hands, they refused to answer each other's questions. If one were speaking to me the other began a conversation without waiting for the first to stop. It must be admitted all our sympathies and affection were with Guide No. 1. We three—nay, four—very much wished Guide No. 2 to depart. Guide

No. 1 realized he was in favor and waxed arrogant. (I'd tipped both already. It wasn't that they were on hand trying to collect on old debts.) Guide No. 2 sat placidly smoking, making when possible ununderstandable conversation, genially. Guide No. 1 glared, grew sarcastic, grew indeed rude. "Do sit down," I told him.

Between his teeth he muttered, "Not until that fool has sense enough to leave."

Guide No. 1 heard a whistle. In the tone of voice a small boy announces "Your mother wants ya!" he announced "The train is going!"

Guide No. 2 bid us a hasty but affectionate farewell.

"There," said Guide No. 1, "that got him off. I'll have a few moments' peace. And I shall not have to walk the streets with him."

But at last the train did actually start to move. Short rotund No. 1 got down the steep steps, and there was short rotund No. 2 waiting for him. Four broad grins and we waved farewell.

The only other people in our brand new second-class compartment were a dear little Spanish couple who were much more pleased with each other's company than the rich Americans of Toledo and the Escorial. I refuse to believe they'll ever reach that speechless stage. The rival guides had kindly spoken a good word for us to the Spanish couple, told them we could talk no Spanish, and to see we got off at the right station, etc., etc. We offered each other with many beams everything we could offer each other, they and we in our inability to converse determined to show somehow our friendliness. Through the night we rode, and until six-thirty next morning, when we reached Baeza.

At the forlorn station of Baeza we tried to thaw out on a bench in the feeble early morning sun, stared at for one and three-quarter hours by natives and dogs who had nothing else to do. From Baeza to Moreda in a dirty old second class and frozen to the bone. From Moreda to

Granada in another dirty old second class, frozen to the bone. But all three happy because the sun shone and we had the place to ourselves and read Don Quixote and played Glarisegg, going through the whole school curriculum, each one teacher in turn; and "rough housed" in between to keep warm,—to keep from freezing. And almost every mile through an absolutely brown, treeless, barren country where the natives must burn alive from the sun in summer. There were fine sweeps of views often as the train wound over high land. And here and there olive orchards. So that the country was not so barren as northern Spain. But the desolation of those miserable isolated mud huts! Such of Europe as we've seen seemed always to cluster. So much of Spain was lonely hovels, apparently miles from the nearest neighbor. Ever and eternal and on each and every road, laden donkeys. This day, even in the sun, every straggler of a Spaniard looked frozen. Children at the forlorn stations had blue lips and shivered.

We made dinner the night before and breakfast and lunch Friday of the sumptuous *panier repas* sent from the Madrid hotel. Not entirely our notion of perfection in a picnic meal, but—interesting. Such things as two huge cold-sliced omelettes with potatoes, cold fried fish, not much bread, very very much meat; fruit, hardboiled eggs, cheese. More than we could eat in three meals had they packed for one.

Granada! Twenty-five years I had been dreaming of Granada, ever since Washington Irving's "Alhambra." As a setting for the Alhambra, the town itself lacks color. Once you've seen the Alhambra you don't care. Of course the ideal way would be to stay at the Washington Irving Hotel, just across from the Alhambra, on the hill, and then you wouldn't need to know there was a nondescript town of Granada. But it costs money to stay at the Washington Irving. We stayed at a rummy hotel in the town where they showed you at four p. m. into rooms not yet made up

from guests who'd left that morning—always a rather unpoetic introduction to a new town. Not that we minded much, for we dropped our baggage and tore for the Alhambra.

It is when my pencil arrives at such a point that I suddenly think of this and that which must be attended to. Of course all it is is a desire to put off trying to accomplish the impossible. What can *I* write about the Alhambra?

But then that first afternoon we didn't see the part of the Alhambra you think of as The Alhambra. We decided to lead up to it properly. So we scrambled over all the towers and fortifications of the old Alcazaba. From the top of the old Watch Tower we had a marvellous view of miles and miles in every possible direction, including an intimate and comprehensive view of Granada itself at our feet. It was a perfect afternoon.

Later in the day we thought to take a hurried glimpse at the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. A wily youth who spoke French noted our hunting for the entrance and said he would direct us. Instead, the conscienceless wretch took us into the cathedral. I wanted no cathedral just then. Besides it was a Renaissance cathedral. What if a man named Fergusson said it was one of the finest in Europe? What if my guide book said "the impression produced on entering the cathedral is rather similar to that experienced on entering St. Peter's"? I had no impressions produced on me by St. Peter's which I'd ever go out of my way to repeat. Big and cold and not one bit spiritual. So Granada, only not so big by far. "Loftiness," my guide book says, "luxury and cold purity." And if there's one thing in the world which fails to enthuse me it's "cold purity." Give me hot sinfulness any day, if I must choose one or the other.

And it was dark and too late to see things, and a man went about with a taper lighting up faces on paintings we didn't care a rap if we never saw. The statues of Adam and Eve by Cano, which I did want to see and was always

hoping would come next, he never lighted up at all. And always I kept thinking the next door would open onto the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. And before we knew it we were out on the street again, irritated, I, for having been made to look at a lot of things I didn't want to see. How some people, males, I suppose, especially, dragged to Europe unwilling, must suffer. One day after another feeling the way I did in that cathedral in Granada. Just to get out! Just to get back to dear old Sandusky again! And when I gave the evil youth two pesetas, which I thought was very nice of me since I hadn't wanted to see his old cathedral in the least, he made a most terrible fuss and said I owed him three. And I'm always so afraid in such a case that the other person is right, I give three. And realize immediately that I've been a spineless idiot, and hate all women. The shameless youth said if we'd come back tomorrow he'd show us the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella for six pesetas.

And I said to him "Hasht an Ahnig!" or however it's spelt. Which is good Swiss dialect for "You've got another guess coming!"

Back at the hotel we discovered something in its favor. Just so so, we sat down, frozen all over again, at a round table to write up our diaries. Slowly a feeling of increased well being began to steal over us—from the feet up to the knees anyhow. It was Jim who pulled up the table cover and looked under the table, and there under a wire cage was glowing a small heap of charcoal! What if you still froze from the waist up? The feet of you sang songs of summer.

Up in the grey cold Switzerland I had visioned us gratefully perspiring for three weeks of uninterrupted Spanish sun. The first four days we did perspire. On the fifth it snowed and we froze. In my heart there entered just one prayer. "O God may the sun shine for me on the Alhambra." I'd enter a convent—or a more practical equivalent in my eyes and perhaps as worthy in God's

sight—I promised to get caught up on all my mending when I got back to Geneva, if only the sun would shine on Granada. Just one day, O God, and all the rest of the time it can hail and snow and blow and freeze.

So long ago Heaven gave up waiting for my prayers. There was no one to pay the least attention to this one. We woke up Saturday morning and it was pouring. Not raining—pouring. All my philosophy failed me. There was no "good for the farmers," "settles the dust," "everything will be so fresh tomorrow." I stood at the bedroom window and said "Darn," and "Darn," and "Darn and darn and darn." "Serves you right," Heaven said, "for not having prayed for so long."

Our hearts rebelled over the downpour until we entered the Court of the Fish Pond, and I don't think we thought of the rain again. Except—and this is no Pollyanna gesture—we did stop often to give thanks, actually to give thanks, for the rain, since it meant that, instead of having to share the Alhambra with jabbering tourists—"O my dear, isn't this room too cute for words!"—we had that whole place to our miserly selves. Once we passed three quiet Spaniards, and then saw them no more. We owned the Alhambra! For three uninterrupted hours (we soon made it plain to guides we wanted none of them) we three roamed, and sat, and moved on, and moved back, and explored, and sat, and read a bit about the Alhambra, and filled our souls with beauty. For twenty-five years I had been waiting for that. It surpassed my expectations, except the entire exterior, which I had always pictured as white, set on a sloping hill of palms, and for some reason thought you could see the ocean from its terraces. But inside—either I had forgotten all descriptions of the interior, which indeed I had; or no descriptions can prepare one for the Alhambra. (I must find Washington Irving somewhere and reread him. We tried in three lands without success.) I had been looking forward, more or less prepared, twenty-five years for the Alhambra. Al-

ways feeling that in the next town we could surely find an Irving, I had told the sons scarcely anything about it. And they went about the first hour almost dazed. Every so often a weak "Gee Mom," or "Boy!" That was all.

Can there be more of a contrast between like objects—say buildings—than between the Escorial and the Alhambra? And to see them within two days of each other. Verily, oh Alhambra, would a day in thy courts be better than a thousand in the Escorial. And they boasted that every Moor was driven out of Spain. And Charles V, dead in that pile of grey stone his son built in barren central Spain, demolished a good part, perhaps the greatest part, of the Alhambra, to build that pile of a leaky unfinished palace—in the Renaissance style. Tore down golden singing poetry for that roofless gesture of regal whimsy. He might rather have humbly thanked his royal stars that he be allowed to rule over a land which could once dream such a palace as this one of the Moors, and ask permission of Heaven to be allowed to fit up one room for his forbidding Hapsburg head. (Compared to his dear Escorial son Philip, Charles' head was of course not so forbidding. But with square miles of unoccupied land in Spain, enough for a million palaces at least, why did he have to go to work and tear down half the Alhambra?!) I am sorry for the Christians and the Jews he tormented and burned, but other Christians and Jews have come on the scene (and besides if he hadn't tormented and burned them, Philip would have). But whoever can ever replace one room of the Alhambra?

After lunch it poured harder than ever. I wrote thirty-two post cards, Jim nine, Nandy his diary—and the rain stopped! We tore out grateful and joyous, so grateful and joyous for a mere cessation of downpour that we never would have dreamed of such boldness as sighing for a bit of sun, and stopped first at the post office. We asked for forty-five fifteen-centimo stamps and seventeen twenty-five-centimo stamps. It threw the entire post-office out of

gear. Officials discussed the matter with one another. One said something at last which looked on the surface like a refusal, through inability or inclination, to sell us stamps at all. I pointed to a post card for the United States waiting for a stamp. What did that post-office official try to tell me but that it would take forty centimos for a post card to America! That's having the interests of the government at heart for you! Then he came down to twenty. I insisted, as if it were a matter for bargaining, on fifteen. Hadn't my guide in Madrid told me it was fifteen? Hadn't two hotels? Finally another official stepped up and said thus in Spanish: "O let it go for fifteen." Just so. Sort of personal favor to me. We were ushered to a small window. Behind it two girls were sewing and gossiping. The official explained. One girl poked around in a drawer, got out what looked like an old copy book, opened it, and there, mixed up with colored silks, were Granada's stamps for sale. Several officials, numerous citizens, gathered about to see one person buy sixty-one stamps at one time. It took figuring on fingers, on paper. And all this time there was no rain coming down, and we aching to be on our way! And then came licking those stamps on!

And then came the Generalife. "General life," Jim pronounced it. You ought to hear a Spaniard. But we got there, up the hill, high above and looking down on the Alhambra. And again we were carried away with beauty.

As I make it out, it was to the Generalife the Moorish Sultans retired from the Alhambra when they wanted to get away from the cares of state for a spell. I don't know how a Sultan ever tore himself away from the Alhambra, and I don't see how he ever tore himself away from the Generalife. Once in either place I should think he would have stuck forever.

There is nothing much left of buildings in the Generalife.

Alhambra: Salon of the Ambassadors.

What overwhelms one is the small terrace after small terrace, small garden after small garden, fountain after fountain, and the great trees and arbors. None of it covers much space, indeed it is most compact, but every inch is a thing to bring joy to the soul. Roses, wistaria, iris, box hedges, pansies, violets. I wonder if anyone ever wanders through those paths, up and down those arbored steps, sits under those cypresses, without wishing that once it could all have been shared with the person one loved most. I can't bear to think that those rich Americans from Toledo and the Escorial may be wandering together, chilly and speechless, through those terraced gardens made for lovers. Surely made for lovers, and none other.

With souls brimming over we went back to the Alhambra, and all this time no rain, and views from the Generalife in all directions. We did the towers—Torre de las Infantas, almost a perfect thing it is, a tiny Alhambra, Torre de las Cabezas, Torre de los Picos,—whatever the names of them mean. An old woman took us around and unlocked doors. By the third tower we were in for another downpour. By the time we got 'way around to the small Mosque we felt soaked. We retreated after the Mosque to a photograph store and each sought out his favorites of the Alhambra and Generalife for framing—hoping incidentally that the rain would diminish. But it wouldn't diminish. And only one umbrella for all three, and the boys entirely without caps or hats. (They have some argument about head gear ruining all joy in life.) We hurled ourselves upon the elements and for that got as near drowned as a rain ever came near drowning us. Toward the last we just ran, each man for himself, and reached the hotel soggy, dripping, wet through and through. We were still in a state of ethereal glory and nothing mattered. The sons had been the most perfect of their lives the whole day. We had seen so much that was beautiful we were spiritually almost groggy. Let her rain.

5

And the next morning—it snowed. Large flakes, which stuck, and a cold to make your teeth chatter. April 8 in southern Spain! We had hardly anything to pack as all of us were wearing every garment which could possibly be pressed into service, either under or over some other garment. And at eleven-twenty we were off for Malaga. I read Don Quixote furiously at every station to keep us from congealing. Spanish trains are all cracks. The boys conceived the bright idea of imaginary fencing to keep warm, à la Douglas Fairbanks in the Three Musketeers. I was audience and applauded madly—also to keep warm. The train gave a sudden lurch, Nandy fell backwards and broke the door window to smithers. Every trip I lose a fountain pen and the boys break something. Always, before, a pitcher.

Having read Hewlitt's "Spanish Jade," and just anyhow, piling together all I had ever heard or imagined about Spain, I saw ourselves in the thick of some mediæval legal proceedings. forced to bribe right and left ever to leave Spain alive. We three sat cowed and apprehensive, shivering in our corners. At last a conductor came along. I pointed to the place where a window once was. Methodically, as if it were a daily occurrence, he got out a special book for the purpose, made out a bill for five pesetas, receipted it on payment, and went his way. Never in my life did such a relieved feeling come over me. We three hung upon each other's necks in thanksgiving.

Malaga. For the first and only time in my life I was inspired to poetry. Once started I couldn't see where one line ought to end and the next begin, but the spirit was churning inside me, and poetry had to come out.

My elder son was not inspired to poetry, but wrote "about six we were in Malaga and once again (he started to write "brea"—crossed it out) inhaled the salt air."

Malaga was something of what I'd imagined all Spain to be like. If there was one thing I was totally unprepared

for in Spain it was barrenness. Date palms, lilacs, orange and lemon trees, fountains—that was Spain. Well, that was Malaga, at least. From the pass over the Sierra Nevada behind Malaga, down to the ocean, our eyes feasted on date palms, lilacs, orange and lemon trees. Now we knew it was Spain.

I told Cooks, and have always said, that when travelling, hotels play no rôle at all in my life—I'm asleep half an hour after I get into one and am out again half an hour after I wake up. When in doubt, said I to Cooks, give me the cheapest hotel every time.

Whether they knew in Geneva that the hotel they had steered us into in Granada was sad indeed and the food still sadder, and thought our spirits might need a little bolstering, or whether there was but one hotel on Cook's list in Malaga—at any rate I can't help but realize that no matter what Malaga had turned out to be—and in reality it didn't turn out to be very much—it would ever hold a warm spot in our memories because of that Regina Hotel. And a faint suspicion enters my mind that even the Alhambra itself might have been improved upon by returning from its enchanted haunts to the Washington Irving Hotel, say, instead of being jolted out of the clouds to fall with a thud into that hideous hostelry in Granada with its impossible cook. (And when Parkers say one critical word about food the average tourist would go out and shoot the whole kitchen force. It takes culinary atrocity to get a peep out of us.)

For just as my father passed on to me an antipathy for beards, so he passed on three valuable never-to-be-broken laws:

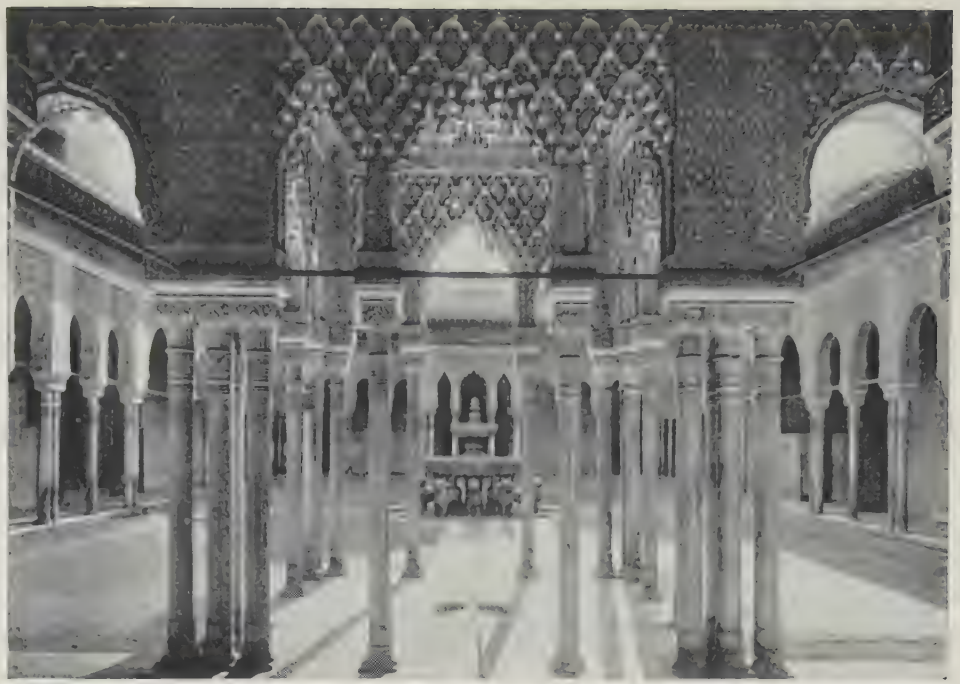
1. If a person was well enough to be about they were well enough to answer "I'm well, thank you," when asked the question, "How are you?" Not one hint of something not just right, not a "symptom" to be alluded to, even though you might be possessed of eight separate and excruciating pains. If you were really sick, go to bed, have

three doctors, two trained nurses, all the medicines and attention in the town. But as long as you were up and around—not a murmur.

2. It was an offense punishable by total ignoring for the entire meal to mention any dream you'd ever had. I could never become a psychoanalyst. That early influence haunts me so that I feel creeps up and down my back if a person young or old starts to narrate a dream—albeit it sounds as if it might prove in the light of even my amateur psychology most damaging and interesting. But I can't listen with any peace.

3. Last and most stringent, not one critical word about food was *ever* to be uttered. A soft boiled egg might be served which turned out to be an antique. You might have to hold your nose, but all you dared say was "Please may I have another egg?" There was no theory in my early home that everything on a plate must be eaten. One was never forced to eat anything. But if the meat was so tough not a soul at the table could cut it, not a soul at the table breathed the fact that the meat was tough. It just remained on our plates. My father's coffee might for some strange reason be stone cold. He either drank it and said nothing, or didn't drink it and said nothing. On the other hand there was always a word of dignified and favorable comment from my father when anything especially pleased him, and I was allowed to make all the exclamations I desired over any dish to my especial liking.

I'm far from having my father's way to me. He could enforce any code by never seeming to say a word about it. I'm *sure* that never in my life did I utter the words at table "I don't like that!" I've tried to put over Law 3 in our own family, yet now and then there's a bold "Gee, that's the queerest tasting fish I ever ate" (heard on several occasions at the Granada hotel). "What kind of dessert do you call this junk anyway?" But on the whole, the ordinary limit of expressed displeasure at table is a whispered, "Mumie, do I just *have* to eat this?"



Alhambra: Court of the Lions.

All of which is brought in by way of illustrating the statement that if we said anything about that Granada hotel cook and his output he deserved a bit of criticism. It must be admitted at the same time that Parkers are very unfinicky as to food. We eat about anything and think it's grand. The neighbors in Berkeley used to claim we saved them many an economical pang. For if a housewife made something her husband wouldn't eat, she'd telephone to send a small Parker after it, and we'd consume the discarded dish with relish, and I be saved the bother of that much cooking. Or—"Connie, is one of the boys home? There's half an apple pie here that's awfully good but we just can't finish it. Don't you want to send Jim down after it?" "Hurray!"

"The Human Garbage Can," somebody once called us! But you've no idea how many good things we came by, and how much work I was saved, and how often some housewife's conscience was eased, whereas if she *had* thrown the dish really away it would have gone hard with her soul. And harder with her and her husband's digestions if they'd gone on eating the thing up, whatever it was, just so as not to "waste it." We were a convenient institution to our neighbors, and they were a convenient institution to us.

Incidentally, four lesser maxims my father tried to saddle on me were never to have anything to do with a man who (1) used a safety razor; (2) wore rubber heels; (3) manicured his finger nails; (4) used a safety catch to a stick pin. Anyone of the four justified suspicion. The safety razor and rubber heels have lost all terrors for me, but I must confess to a lurky anxiety over manicured finger nails and safety catches to stick pins. If a man with a beard had manicured finger nails and a safety catch I surely would run a mile. Oh yes—and beware of those who smiled when they had their pictures taken!

But I'm not through raving about the Regina Hotel in Malaga. The food was so good there, and so perfectly

served (by a tall, thin Uriah Heepish waiter with Charlie Chaplin feet) that we floundered when it came to trying to tell each other what we thought about it. Out of gratitude to the hotel I decided to order a bottle of wine. At first I ordered Malaga wine, being in Malaga. I know about as much about wine as——

It makes me think of the time Carl and I were invited to a very stylish country club for lunch. At the end of the meal the waiter went to each guest to ask what brand of cigarette he preferred. When the waiter reached Carl he was in the midst of a conversation. At the question he stopped. Silence. "Well, I guess you can bring me some—ah—some Maraschinos."

Anyhow, he claimed, when they got through teasing him, if it weren't already the name of something else it would make a good name for cigarettes.

So I breezily ordered a small bottle of Malaga and was informed politely by Uriah that it was a heavy after-dinner wine. So I asked for a bottle of Diamante, which was the cheapest on the wine list, and recommended by Uriah as the thing for ladies. It was as delicious a wine as I ever drank, except beside that lake once in Italy, but I didn't manage to finish the bottle in three meals.

There was something about that Regina Hotel which was "different," as the advertisement might have read. In addition this happened at the very end: The *portier* or whoever he was who met us at the entrance on arrival and cordially put a bathroom at our disposal with no extra charges, did many other very pleasant things for us during our two day stay. It seemed to me if ever a person had deserved a good sized tip, he did, and he should get it. As we were leaving I offered him my grateful donation. It was refused! Politely but firmly refused! In Spain!! He'd been only too glad to be of service to us, he thanked me but—it was not in his line. In the bus to the train was a Spaniard who said something to us in English. Immediately I asked him who that young man might be who

refused a tip—in Spain. "He is a young Swiss," said the Spaniard. "He and his young friend have taken over the hotel." Which explained many things, especially the cleanliness, the perfection of dining room service.

They are building a great new hotel on the beach in Malaga. It broke my heart, for I saw it drawing trade from the Regina. I may hire someone to put a bomb under it as it nears completion.

(And then learn, a day later, that my Swiss friend was to have been the proprietor.)

That Monday in Malaga we spent the morning, I sprawling, the boys playing half naked, on the beach. In the afternoon we drove for three hours, mostly through goats. The driver, genial soul, seemed put to it to know what to do with three hours to fill in. He drove us to one tropical garden beyond one's dreams. Nandy wrote "I never have seen so much vegitation at one time in my life." He drove us to another far inferior. And that more or less "let him out." He poked up one squalid dirty street and down the next. All of which interested us tremendously, because all too often "seeing a city" means seeing the show-off quarters, and you leave a land imaging every citizen living in the midst of a private park. Malaga on the contrary came near to being a memory of nothing but goats and chickens and garbage and pigs and runny-nosed babies with no underclothes, "all children run to lack of underpants," and women poking something cooking in a pot, and donkeys, and turkeys, and dogs, and cats, all mixed and on end. After a bit of Naples and Genoa and Spain, the tenement problem in New York City is not what it appears viewed from a bungalow in California. Nothing could be as squalid, as dilapidated and filthy, as the homes many of those now New Yorkers left.

Which is no reason for crowding people into dirty tenements in New York City or any place else. But it does mean that the problem isn't merely one of furnishing new

clean quarters. People who have been born and reared in filth can't overnight by inspiration learn to keep an apartment spotless. There's stiff education to come before and after.

Finally we left the squalid section, drove up over a mountain and down the other side and came back along the beach road, viewing again the lovely gardens we had seen that morning from the street car. They made a riot in one's blood, for joy.

When the head waiter that night asked us what we would like packed in our basket lunch for the next day on the train and suggested, among other things, some partridge, I 'lowed languidly that I thought partridge would do. Partridge—Parkers eating Partridge! The sons had never even heard of partridge.

The next day Malaga to Cordova, and back to a more Parker-style hotel. They ended in putting all three of us in a room the size of the Court of the Ambassadors at the Alhambra. It must have been specially enlarged for the arrival of Charles V, redecorated in 1880. We were so excited and amused with the size of us it went to the boys' heads—they took on like lunatics. I worked out my amusement by helping the chambermaid make the beds. (Evidently from the looks and actions of things and people, it was a room used only on rare occasions. There were three beds in it, each the other end of no place from the others.) It struck the chambermaid as so funny that I should help with the beds—it was partly indeed because we wanted to get into them as soon as possible, since Cooks had ordered us to leave on a six-fifteen train next morning, and the hotel insisted that meant we must be called at five, and that then we were to eat breakfast on the train—that she got the giggles in the middle of the first bed and hastily withdrew from the room in embarrassment. Had she left sheets behind I could have gone on. As it was we hung around, not feeling disposed to so much as start undressing. Much better had I let the girl do her

chores alone. After an unending spell two strange and very serious women appeared and finished the last two beds between them. I felt subdued and reprimanded. No sooner were they out of the room and the door locked, than family jubilation at the colossal size of our quarters broke out afresh.

All of which, however, was after we had seen Cordova. Robinson, in writing on Arab civilization in Spain in his History of Western Europe, says:

"During the tenth century, which was so dark a period in the rest of Europe, the Arab civilization in Spain reached its highest development. The various elements in the population, Roman, Gothic, Arab and Berber, appear to have been thoroughly amalgamated. Agriculture, industry, commerce, art, and the sciences made rapid progress. Cordova, with its half million of inhabitants, its stately palaces, its university, its three thousand mosques and three hundred public baths, was perhaps unrivaled at that period in the whole world. There were thousands of students at the university of Cordova at a time when, in the North, only clergymen had mastered even the simple arts of reading and writing. This brilliant civilization lasted, however, for hardly more than a hundred years. By the middle of the eleventh century the caliphate of Cordova had fallen to pieces, and shortly afterwards the country was overrun by new invaders from Africa."

Cordova, with its half million of inhabitants, its stately palaces, its university, its three thousand mosques and three hundred public baths—one has to stretch the imagination more than in Rome. For in Rome one does see the ruins. In Cordova there are precious few of even ruins left.

After Madrid one of our main objects in life came to be to repulse guides. Three days of that sort of luxury had been enough. And yet, like everything else in the world, it's difficult to paint anybody all black and be honest. When you have much to see in a very short time a

guide is almost essential, even if he entails suffering. Rome meant four times as much to me as it would have without that Italian guide. Surely Toledo without our short rotund Spanish guide would have been like a maze.

And yet, you get so that you start suddenly at the sound of a footstep on the cobblestones behind you—it may be a guide coming after your patronage. You step into an enchanting mosque or palace, a male person approaches, and the enchantment falls away. Instead you feel porcupiny, or like a cat on the back fence looking at a dog one foot below. You start to admire a great work of art. Broken English at your elbow. Where's a gun?

The Mosque in Cordova,—what it must have been in its glory! Today it is amazing—a forest of fairly low pillars supporting red and white arches, hundreds and hundreds of them, all exactly alike, except for small details in the columns. Jim's diary: "The mosque has many little arches which arch all around the place." Here and there still stand walls and arches of the dream tracery of the Alhambra,—poetry, music, woven into architecture. And then—close your eyes a bit and let it be eight hundred years ago. Rich Arabic carpets on the floor, hundreds of swinging brass lamps and incense burners, the last arches opening out onto an orange grove, turbaned Moslems moving softly through the thousand—nay, then it must have been thousands—of pillars.

Poor little shrunken discarded Cordova. Poor Christianized mosque. If I could believe in a God in Heaven, no one could make me think but what he wept when they plastered up the Mosque of Cordova, so that no longer could one look out on the orange grove, and when they took away all the rich rugs and lamps and incense, and built a hideous Christian temple in the middle of it all; and that same God wept again over the cold grey soulless things men later built in which to worship Him. Of course He was pleased, very, over the divine Gothic temples they erected in His name, but He would enter rarely, and only under compunc-

Córdoba: Roman Bridge.

tion, a Renaissance church. Who could believe in a cold God?

If I love carved choir stalls, still more do I love carved ceilings. In every land every carved ceiling has brought my soul very great contentment. I could forget much of Rome itself before I forget Michael Angelo's carved ceiling. The ceilings in the church of St. Francis in Assisi, of the Rathhaus in Heilbronn—I see ceilings in Venice, in Florence, yea, in my beloved Stein am Rhein. Plaster ceilings, covered with frescoes of goddesses and angels—no, they cause not one extra flutter in my heart. Indeed I would take Michael Angelo's carved ceiling before I would his Sistine chapel. Horrors! Well, I would. Pictures just don't strike my untutored soul as belonging on a ceiling. And they always hurt the back of my neck, not from looking at them, but from thinking of the awful job of painting them on up there. If I were a millionaire, the ceilings I would have! Ho—without being a hundredth of a millionaire, couldn't I lie abed in Stein am Rhein and gaze upon a ceiling the likes of which not the richest man in the whole United States possesses? And as far as most of the gorgeous carved ceilings in the world go, a millionaire can get no more out of them than I. For they were made long ago, and mellowed in their woods and colors by the years, and rich and poor can merely feast their eyes and go away. Oh, but there are no poor when it comes to gazing on things we love. All are as rich as the richest.

We watched the sunset from the old Roman bridge in Cordova with its sixteen arches. As usual, we pictured the days when the bridge was new, of the Mosque and the palaces in their glory, of Cordova in its prime. And, as usual, I rejoiced that those boys were two young Americans returning to a land where the present and the future were the great periods. All that was noble (and ignoble) in Europe, we helped to make, we Americans. It was in certain phases of its glory, much of Europe, when every last one of us were part and parcel of that glory, in one or

many lands. We look upon it all, we tourists, all too often as the background of strange peoples—foreigners. Yet it is our very own background! We came to see what our forefathers did. And then we return to America, to let our children do. What combination could possibly be finer? Our ancestors and the ancestors of our fellow Americans built those things of Europe we saw with our own eyes, made that history which is our history, fashioned the European world leaving their landmarks, their monuments, not words in books, not colors on maps—objects we saw and touched! We are the heritage of all of Europe, as we are the heritage of America. Over there was our past—here in these United States is our future. And because all of that was our past, it is interwoven still with our future. Because it was our past and the past of America, and is to be interwoven with our future and the future of America, it is well that we saw it all with our own eyes, felt it all as a contributing part of our world. . . .

For that I brought the children to Europe, young.

6

Seville treated us unkindly in two respects. It poured rain much of the time, and the king had to choose that very week to make a sojourn in Seville, thus filling up the Alcazar, which with the Cathedral, is the main sight of Seville. Had time been no object I'd have outstayed the king. As it was it makes one more excuse for revisiting Spain. I have to see that Moorish palace in Seville. I shall have the king put his cards on the table first. And hold him to his program. No sudden decisions to visit Seville just as I get there. He ought to build him an up and doing convenient modern palace off in a field some place and not put tourists out so.

There was a nice young Spaniard in our compartment from Cordova to Seville (first class we had to ride, as there was no second. I tried to pay the difference at the station. No, no, the man waved, on the train will do just

as well. An accidental friendly Spaniard translated for me, otherwise I would have gone on thinking the man meant we couldn't ride on a first-class train at all. When a Spaniard acts as if he won't take money being offered him you feel something is amiss. The friendly Spaniard on the train explained. By paying on the train instead of at the station you pay almost twice as much. Bless all their hearts). The young Spaniard on the train could talk a very little English. He was the first and only person in all Spain who asked permission to smoke. There are no non-smoking compartments any place in Spain. And I never saw so much smoking in my life as in Spain. Surely their per capita cigarette consumption must be the largest on earth. The conductors smoke on the train, men in stores smoke while they are waiting on you, in banks the bank officials smoke while they are serving you. And they appear to begin at the age of six. The Spaniard in our compartment was interested in our Don Quixote. He told me just how to pronounce the proper names, he gave passages by heart in Spanish. It seemed a sin to him to be reading Don Quixote translated. He recited some Spanish poetry. He displayed with bursting pride an embroidered pillow cover his daughter of five had made in Cordova for her grandmother in Seville.

It poured torrents that first morning in Seville. There seemed only one opening possible in such weather, the Museo Provincial—Spanish pictures. The rain made it so dark we could scarcely see the paintings, but we enjoyed roaming about aimlessly. Zurbaran interested us with his uncanny photographic art—the other end of the world from, say, Rembrandt. We saw the room full of Murillos—peaches and cream. But two lovely Murillos we did see in the Caridad, his "Moses striking the Rock" and "The Charity of St. Juan de Dios." The sons were very interested in the collection of Roman antiques dug up about Seville—anything approaching statuary they love, be it but a broken arm, provided it shows muscles stand-

ing out! I can hardly wait to show them the Vatican in Rome. They never tired of looking over and over at every great statue in Florence.

We slushed back to the hotel and read Don Quixote for over an hour; lunch—and rain stopped! So we dashed for an open cab and went driving for two hours with a jovial coachman who possessed the idea that if he repeated a statement in Spanish often enough we'd be bound to understand in the end. It was glorious! The sun actually shone, the world sparkled and glistened, and the Park of Maria Louisa seemed to me as lovely a park as I had ever seen. But every park seems that. My judgment on parks is too worthless to put down. Heidelberg, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, Florence, Rome, Madrid, Seville—not to mention Golden Gate Park, San Francisco!—they are each and all the very loveliest. But I suppose way down in my heart, it's the park around Heidelberg castle about six of a summer's afternoon which seems the very loveliest. And the Japanese Garden in Golden Gate Park in spring.

The jovial driver left us at the House of Pilate. Sunshine! We wandered back on foot to the Cathedral.

The Cathedral of Seville—to me the last word in sublime inspiration of the Gothic. Alone worth the whole trip to Spain. I think at last I can understand the feeling of a pilgrim yearning for his shrine, wandering long miles and weary days to reach that spot which is to carry his soul past all worldly things, leaving him with a new spirit for a renewed life on earth. Never have I so felt the majesty of intangible things, the glory which man is capable of creating to lift man to God. Intangible? No, stone, wood, marble, stained glass, all tangible. But to stand in the midst of what genius can do with all of that—and the effect is intangible. Man is a small struggling thing of earth, gazing around and up to something transcendent. In a thousand years there may be no stone of the Cathedral of Seville left. But as long as man exists on earth the urge will be there to create in some form

Seville: Interior of Cathedral.

the medium through which man can sense the immensity and grandeur of things greater than man, that striving through the effort of man to surpass humanity and reach for the divine. I don't know exactly what the word God means to me, beyond my own self and the collection of all our selves, and this our earth and all other earths. Beyond the wonder of things seen and felt, the wonder of things yet unseen, unfelt, but ever nearing our senses and understanding—beyond the glory and the complexities of what was and is and is to come, I can fit in no God, personal or impersonal. There is the marvel of life, of the struggles of every living thing, at times majestic, at times pitiful. One could worship the very dynamics of the world, of creation. Call that Never-endingness one's God. . . . On a mountain top one can feel the immensity of nature, the littleness of man. In the Cathedral of Seville one feels the immensity of the struggles of humanity, the greatness of human struggles minus their pettiness, and the littleness of man—of man standing alone. Nor is it that benumbing sensation of an over exaggerated feeling of the littleness of man. To me it was more a sense of gratefulness that to each of us was given some struggle—a life to live—part and parcel of the great struggling whole. And ever—and that is the inspiration of great Gothic—the struggle upwards, not for everyone always a metaphysical direction. The fight to make each individual, and the collective, slant away from the material into a reach where things of the inner soul count first and the outer trappings of the physical are relegated to a contributory, and not primal, position.

Architecture, music, nature—the three most potent mediums in my own case through which the spirit becomes most exalted.

Music—nature—what a riot in my brain when I try to think what music, which vistas, stand out as having gone the deepest into my soul. Architecture—there is no hesitation. The Cathedral of Seville.

And now how idiotic it sounds, and would seem actually to have been—that we went from the Cathedral to a shop where they sold donkey supplies! When you do a whole large country in three weeks, doings follow strangely upon each other's heels. From peaks to plateaus to peaks to plateaus—one hurried, uneven hop, skip and jump .

But from a cathedral to a donkey shop really was not as incongruous as it sounds. For my soul was still on the trail of its own inner satisfaction. Not that what satisfies my soul would find favor in the eyes of the soul of anyone else.

Since we had reached Spain I was in constant state of delighted approval over the bright trappings on Spanish donkeys. There is very little of me which would dwell forever and forever in a cathedral. But ninety-nine per cent of me loves colors. And fifty-one per cent likes them wild and bright and jumbled together—reds and blues and greens and yellows, riots of delight. Cathedrals lift my soul into ethereal realms. Colors make me want to clap my hands for joy. I want to be good in a Gothic cathedral. I want to live, live, live, when my eyes see colors. And ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of me wants to live, live, live. This is transcendental mathematics. I can't have it looking as if only one-tenth per cent of me wanted to be good. Even if it's true. If I said holy good, I guess it's true.

So then, said I, since we can afford but some small purchase as a memento of Spain, outside pictures, I want that small something to have to do with a donkey. Sons were entirely agreed. On the way to the cathedral we had passed a small shop where they displayed the very treasures my heart, my worldly heart, yearned for. But my system failed to supply me with enough courage to go in. After the cathedral I felt equal to it. I knew the donkey trappings shopkeeper would not know a word of anything but Spanish, and I not knowing a word of Spanish——

At first he thought we really had a beast to outfit. I pointed to his supply of bright tassels to hang some place about the animal's ears, and I draped one at my waist to ask the boys how it would look as fittings for a belt. All of a sudden the tenor of my mission dawned on the shopkeeper and struck his funny bone. He roared. From then on he insisted on first tying things about his head, around his arms or waist, even at his ankles, and laughing hilariously. We should have liked buying a quarter of his supplies. He would have liked it too. But we reduced ourselves to two purchases, saddle bags and stuff. The saddle bags were hand woven wool, to hang flat one on each side of the animal, the heavy material double from bag to bag. We had seen Spaniards with lighter weight ones slung over their shoulders. Colors, brilliant red background, woven stripes of yellow, black, green, blue, purple. Ah, it would be a splash of sunshine and cheer in the darkest room! The stuff we bought was narrow light weight canvas, also bright red, with green and yellow stripes along both sides. That's for bureau runners and cushions for the boys' rooms. They beamed with joy.

We draped saddle bags and stuff all over our beds, once back at the hotel.

Cathedral to donkey store to—a vaudeville show. There was a dashing young courier in our hotel whose then job in life was to pilot about the Spanish world two elderly English ladies. They paid his wages—I got the value of his apparently inexhaustible fund of information free. That evening around seven he dashed into the hotel all excitement, flourishing three tickets.

"I'm taking them out!" (Usually they retired about nine and he spent the rest of the night, which, Spanish fashion, lasts till early morning, dancing in his favorite cabaret.) "The best dancer in all Spain is at the Cervantes to-night. You shouldn't miss her!" And because I had no relish to go alone, I asked the hotel to get me three seats. Wondering what I might be getting my youthful

offspring into. But we had to leave Spain without seeing a bull fight, so we would see the next most typically Spanish thing—Spanish dancing. Yet I felt a trifle uncertain, for wondering what the Spanish idea of a vaudeville show might be.

In our excitement to be sure to miss nothing there, we gave just four people time to get to the theatre ahead of us. Our seats second row. No chance to see any feet, since the footlight arrangement consisted of lights on the stage line shaded by a long narrow advertisement. We read all the Spanish advertisements on the curtain. It was a bedraggled old theatre for fair, down at the heels in every inch, but Seville's second best. Two firemen came in, sat just below the stage, beyond the musicians, and held the fire hose. There were signs every place saying "No smoking by order of ——" it looked like the Mayor at least—or Governor. Anyway, no smoking by somebody's order. And every man in the entire theatre smoked all evening, including the firemen and musicians. The theatre was full both of people and smoke.

The first act was Spanish dancing. We should have thought, without the program, it was the Great One herself. But the Great One was last. It was wonderful Spanish dancing to us,—castanets, many changes of costumes, one more gorgeous than the next. But the audience seemed to care little for it. ("Ah, they're brought up on that sort from the cradle—tired of it," explained the courier next day.)

What might the second number be, that I should perchance regret the presence of my young?

A magician! The luck of that! Cards, eggs, balls, and the good old trunk trick. I could see it a hundred times —it seems to me I have almost that many—and never understand how they get in or out.

Number three? A trifle shady perhaps?

A gentleman with trained bears!

Number four. Pastora Imperio, the Great One herself. She, the courier told us later, dances often for the king in the royal palace. A gypsy, she, adored of all Spain, married—and what could be more fitting?—to the greatest bull fighter in all Spain. Stunning batik curtains, her own, hung in the midst of cracked advertisements, and pink sidedrops losing their paint. Pastora parts those curtains, and steps onto her stage, and the crowd cheers. Plump she is, old enough to be somebody's aunt, but what it is which makes the crowds come through the years and cheer through the years—she has it. She danced, she sang, the crowd went wild. Pastora, explained the courier, does the gypsy dances of a hundred years ago, not the Spanish dancing everyone is tired of. There was comparatively little movement to it—mostly subtle expressions of emotion, now this, now that. No castanets for Pastora—she snapped her fingers. The click of them! The shape and beauty of movement of her hands! Back and back she came, each time a complete change of costume, each time cheered by the crowd from Parkers in the second row to swarthy Spaniards in the highest gallery.

After it was over the sons 'lowed they liked the first dancer better. She moved around more and didn't sing any. Pastora's songs, half sung, half spoken, were a bit difficult for Parkers. The crowd cheered at her jokes.

Eating peanuts at the theatre and leaving peanut shells about had always seemed an American custom adding nothing particularly constructive to our culture. But like the guides in Madrid, all you need to soften your heart to a given situation is to see something worse. In Seville they sold little red crabs at the entrance to the theatre, to eat with your fingers. Rather a hundred and fifty peanut shells than the remains of one crab.

Our last day in Seville started with sunshine, ended in rain. We used the good weather to wander, which we love to do. We make a list of the things we have yet to see,

and while they act as the apparent end and aim of our meanderings, really everything and everyone we pass on the way there and back is of equal moment. Sort of "taking in the town." We saw San Marcus, Omnium Sanctorum, the lovely entrance to Santa Paula. A son writes "We saw a most wonderful Gothic entrance. It was red brick inlaid with lovely tiles." We also saw the market; boys throwing coins to see who comes nearest a small stick; students loafing about the University entrance; men at cafés, out in front at small tables, inside at small tables. Where are the women? The men in cafés watch the passers-by, especially female passers-by. I suppose that's where the women are—passing by. Or leaning out of upper windows, watching the passers-by. It wouldn't do for everyone to be equally fascinated by passers-by, because then there'd be no passers-by to fascinate. I can think of a lot of things I'd rather do less than myself sit at a little table on the sidewalk and watch passers-by. But they do it in Spain with an air of having been at that same table at that same hour every day for eleven years. Since most of the business of men the world over doesn't improve themselves or the world, I see no reason, if a man can enjoy it, why he shouldn't sit at a small table on the sidewalk in the fresh air watching passers-by as well as stewing his head in a stuffy office over a new brand of cold cream or writing a new modern novel. Of course I don't just understand who pays for the drinkables. Perhaps previous cold creams and novels. Or their wives' dots.

I left the boys at the hotel and went back to my cathedral, to wander entirely alone. I glared at the man who finally put me out and locked the door. And to add insult to injury it started to pour.

We left Seville next morning in sunshine. Very nice second-class cars, lovely journey on down to Algeciras and the last of Spain. Alas, the last of Spain. What we were leaving unseen!

Now and then one has nerve-wracking moments travelling. Our Cooks' schedule said:

Seville depart	10.00
Utrera arrive	10.50
" depart	11.15
Bobadilla arrive	15.40
" depart	16.20
Algeciras arrive	23.10

Now then, did we change cars at Utrera, or not? You might think that a question simple of solution. Ask the proper authority. Act accordingly.

In the first place, when you get to a station in Spain do you think for a moment you could possibly distinguish any proper authority? Every male who doesn't appear to be travelling appears to be a hobo. Among those vagabonds are of course several railroad employees of various grades. In time you root out the possibilities—those who may by virtue of profession know something about trains. You ask eight different employees whether you change trains for Bobadilla or stay where you are. Four tell you to change. Four tell you to stay where you are. The twenty minutes is rapidly passing. You and your sons start on the general populace. You and your sons ask every human being you can buttonhole whether you change trains for Bobadilla or stay where you are. Fifteen of the g. p. tell you to change, fifteen to stay where you are. I defy anyone on earth to ward off desperation under such circumstances. Murder is in your heart and eye. And in that state even the family divides before your eyes. One son says "Aw, let's stay here." The other "I say, we've got to change!" In and out, up and down, we lurch with our baggage, now changing, now staying put. Finally, an official with a cap bought less remotely than the rest, and one who had shaved less remotely, told us with a definite air to stay put. And all this time, mind

you, a train on another track at Utrera, puffing to be off. Back into our compartment we clamored—and at eleven-fifteen exactly the other train pulls out, and yours stays put. And eleven-fifteen the hour the train should depart for Bobadilla! Peace and calm departed from the soul forever. Ten minutes later your train leaves. Three whole stations later the conductor comes through. Not until he punches your tickets without a word do you know for sure that you are not on the wrong train. Peace and calm returned to the soul. To celebrate you open the "*panier repas*" and eat lunch half an hour early. Good old world.

At Bobadilla every single soul we asked, professionals and laymen, told us to change cars, so there was no agony to that.

Toward the end of the afternoon we got up into high lands, and later still hilly oak country, goats and sheep grazing. Such oaks! California oaks—the kind on the way to Palo Alto; oaks from the paintings in La Caridad in Seville; Van Ruysdael oaks. And then it poured rain again, and blew cold gales through our leaky second-class compartment. We offered our supper provisions to the only other inhabitant of our compartment, a young Spanish soldier, private. He refused to partake, but very politely refused. Then he got down his own provisions, and Parkers faded into their lowly nooks. That one lone private had a Whole Turkey Pie! *Turkey!* We smelt it, and watched him pick the bones. When it came to his cheese course he got out a *Whole Cheese,* the kind of which we had a small slice from our stylish Seville hotel. Of course he had a bottle of wine. Jim had bought a bottle of water at Bobadilla. They charged him only a peseta too much—three instead of two.

It was nearly midnight when we got into bed at Algeciras. On the train Jim, poor love,—"I got trainsick and lost my supper." Just so. We were all glad of bed.

I had prayed to have sun in the Alhambra. Not being

listened to I tried once again for Tangiers. If one couldn't get sunshine in Africa where could one look for a bit? And here we were two hours away from Africa, and the torrents pouring down, the wind howling, waves dashing, masts creaking. Phoenix, Arizona.

Why Phoenix, Arizona? Why not Algeciras, Spain? When we opened our eyes to a new day (at six a. m.) there was not a cloud in the sky! The luck of the world. And at seven we were on the small steamer, landed there by a tender. Goodbye, Spain. Good morning, Africa.

Jim: "I went in the cabin and came out a few times but went in again."

Nandy: "I got seasick going over but not badly."

C. S. P.: "The blessed beloved adorable SUN! It shone this morning early. (English teacher at Algeciras hotel—he who knew how to have prevented the Great War —bore. Said it cost him a hundred and thirty pesetas for hotel alone two days in Madrid and the two days in Seville (that's about $20 for one person). Got off on crowded tender. Crazy little Spanish boat across. Pitched and tossed. Dirty. Nandy seasick. Jim laid low. I felt O. K."

Jim again: "We got to Tangiers at about ten-thirty. Then took the tender to the quay in Tangiers. We went right to the Hotel Cecil with the Ford bus. We went right to the beach and played around a lot and it was a lot of fun. There were quite a lot of Sandunes and we had a lot of fun. Then we went back to the Hotel. We had lunch then went right over to the beach again. We played around a lot more and had lots of fun. Then we went back to the Hotel and had supper then went to bed."

C. S. P.: "The JOY of sprawling in sand, in SUN. Boys did ski practice in sand dunes. Tellemarks, Christianias, Quersprungs and jumps. Back again right after lunch. Queer foreign-looking gent tried to be friendly. Had the patience of Job, with no encouragement. Boys fixed grand chair-place for me out of sand. They jumped

and romped with fresh Arab youngsters, and I began a new short story, but ended in drawing plans for a house in Berkeley. Much day dreaming. Sons excited over and approving of house plans. Darlings, all day. Later watched strange peoples of strange lands go by along street in front of hotel. Made arrangements with guide of many recommendations (I had to read them all) one Hashmid Mohammed, for all day tomorrow."

All along I had known I'd hire a guide in Tangiers. I could imagine no other way to see a city like that in one day.

7

And "Sunday, Tangiers, April 15th, 1923.

"Perhaps the most interesting day of the trip. Saw enough to fill a book. Off at 9.30 with a cousin of Hashmid the Recommended (that superior soul got a chance to drive in the morning and motor in the afternoon and threw us over!). Cousin, by name Absalom, plus four mules plus two runners, added the last hour as necessities at thirty-five francs. Hashmid the August One announced with finality we'd get no place on earth without them. (At that, the only way the boys' necessary runner could keep in the game at all was to attempt to hang on to the tail of Jim's mule.)

"First Absalom guided me to a Jewish bank, open on the Sabbath. Letter of Credit had expired! What's cash? Then the market. The luck of that!—only takes place twice a week. Amazingly interesting! Mob of dirty turbanned and hooded Moors. I didn't want to leave. Was glad we were up on mules and not down amongst the dirt. Then we did all the crooked alleys, and old Portuguese ruins, there before the Moors. New quarters boresome; old, fascinating beyond words. Wanted eyes on all sides of my head. Back to market again—Absalom had promised Hotel. Boys tore to go swimming. Curses that I couldn't for darn cold in head and chest and throat. Second in five

years, so I can't complain. They undressed behind a small private dressing-house. Jim wore his short-sleeved undershirt, legs through the arms, the bottom rolled around his waist; Nand, khaki flappers.

"Lunch. Off again with Absalom, plus the four, plus the two. Market still on. Saw a crowd in a circle. A snake charmer!! Lor', wasn't I overjoyed! One cobra, two thick stubby, poisonous brown snakes. Charmer cured patients by putting snakes on his head, over his stomach, around his feet, whispering in his ear, plus various unhygienic details. Had to be dragged away, I did, and only on promise that we'd come back later.

"Rode up Mt. Washington. Gorgeous gardens and views. Down other side, steepest, rockiest road ever. Some vistas reminded me of Honolulu. Once down on level ground again Nand and Jim were off. Their poor runner gave up altogether. Expressed his sentiments to Absalom —they seemed to be amused sentiments—and resigned himself to our company. So I rode the highway accompanied by one guide and two runners. Some style. Asked Absalom many questions. Why some men turbanned, others with fezes? If you are married you wear a turban. Why so few beggars? Because on the whole the beggars beg only from the Moors, their countrymen. Every morning and every evening the poor ask food at Moorish homes, and no one is turned away empty handed. Why so little smoking? The Moors smoke indoors rather than on the streets, since their long pipes are inconvenient in a crowd. They haven't the cigarette habit.

"Passed many women laden down with huge bundles of wood, or rather bound twigs, on their backs. They were bent almost double. One had nursing baby slung at her breast as she went along.

"Golf Club! In Africa. The old sultan passed us in his machine on the way to play.

"Back to the fascinating market. Three circles: in one, two men fighting with sticks, one laughing, one angry; in

another, an old man telling stories; in a third, a repulsive crazy thing, jerking his head and body, foaming at the mouth, curing patients. He drank a whole kettle of boiling water—it boiled right under our noses—and squirted steam on the ailing one. Collected more cash, then stuck a burning stick in his mouth, holding it there while the fire came out on all sides. All the time there was a beating and tooting of musicians, chanted responses of the crowd. Could hardly believe my eyes. (We were the only foreigners there, so it wasn't staged for tourists.) Boys preferred riding to dervishes, but my soul was bursting with the contentment of Adventure."

Indeed, to the sons the high spots of Tangiers were not its mysterious turnings, its snake charmers, its markets, if one judges by their diaries written some days later. O boy, mules!

Nandy: "We got up and ate breakfast. Then we wrote our diaries till 9.30. Then we each got a mule to ride on. I got a swell white one!! There was a guide and two 'runners.' We rode all over the place. Every-body wore turbans and some boys had ques like chinamen. We had swell fun. We didn't go in a thing." (I felt that way about it by then myself.) ". . . At 2.30 we rode on the mules again, this time we rode way out in the country. My mule galloped the best of them all." (Poor mule—used to meandering circumspectly under English spinsters.) "We went down an old decrepit path down the hill. I exchanged mules with Jim once and he went farther than he should have with my mule so to revenge myself I took the bridle of his mule while he got off to fix his stockings and galloped off with it. When we got back we fooled around till supper. After supper we went to bed."

Sunday after lunch and before our afternoon experiences I jotted down the jumble of Tangiers first impressions:

Cobblers working along the walls; Arabs baking bread in strange ovens; a man in light blue cotton bloomers and bare legs in a corner of the wall smoking his thin long

Scene in Tangiers.

pipe; two bearded men on the floor of a small room bargaining over cloth; women with tunics held over their mouths, children slung over their backs, heads hanging down; one-eyed people, people without noses and ears; filth and garbage in the streets; blue, yellow, pink houses; horseshoe arches; blue-green ocean; very painted foreigner with gold vanity case in a two-horse carriage; foreign flags; Arab soldiers; boresome apartments, modern, home of foreign small business men; alleys, alleys, alleys, crooked, steep, dirty, every doorway worth looking in; children glimpsed on the floor in groups "at school" learning the Koran; women sewing on other floors; men smoking at bare wooden tables, a bouquet of flowers on each; through one open door a Singer sewing machine; a one-legged man praying on the beach, kneeling toward Mecca; a white-bearded clean old man in a spotless white robe; Portuguese ruins; a black negro asleep on huge auto truck; Fords; women great with child; rags, rags, rags; donkeys, donkeys, donkeys; goats, goats, goats; the swarming market, and markets within the market,—the charcoal market, the donkey market, a man on one donkey crying the same thing over and over, riding back and forth; figs on trees, prickly pears on cactus; chickens; Court of Justice in session, tuniced Moors waiting their turn; English missionaries alighting from Ford with Bibles; absence of beggars compared to Spain; articles of bright colors I wanted to buy hanging in open shops; pictures I wanted to take with the Kodak; Boston garters on bloomered Arabs; Mosques and minarets; . . . signs, "Modes"; goatskins filled with water; a man, white bearded, weaving a woolen rug on his hand loom. . . .In Spain one kept seeing where Arabs *were;* here is where they *are.* Spain is dirty. Tangiers still dirtier. In the old days, the days of the glories of the Alhambra, was Spain as dirty then as Tangiers is now?

Two days and two nights for the continent of Africa. Never mind, it will be there when I get back. If anyone

gets tired of this world, try North Africa. It is no longer this world—And I sit here chestily writing about North Africa as if I were pretty much of an authority—ask me anything you'd like to know! And I've laid eyes on one town on the whole continent. I withdraw from Africa and step on the steamer for Marseilles.

And if you have no interest whatever in North Africa, go there anyway so that you can take that Mediterranean trip, Tangiers to Marseilles. The bliss of it! The Mediterranean like a lake for smoothness with a blue for color —Oh, see it yourself! The most perfect of steamers, *Medie II* of the Paquet Line, charmingly furnished, new-looking, clean, excellent food. Our first experience of real beds in a stateroom instead of berths. Son Jim: "We were directed to our staterooms oh boy what cracky state rooms." Nandy: "Our boat was the best yet, it was really swell!!!! Jim and I had a swell stateroom Mom also. The food was swell and served in a swell dining room." And over all and always a glorious sun in a cloudless sky. Three days of lazy nothingness, except that we read much Don Quixote out loud and the sons rough-housed joyously and we watched our fellow passengers, almost the entire first class being an Alpine Club from northern France plus their wives. We were the only English speaking people on the boat. Except there did develop a very pleasant Italian consul who spoke English, and we sang in duet the praises of Mussolini.

Marseilles. Was it because we had had a glorious three day rest that we loved Marseilles, or was it because the sun still shone, or would we have loved Marseilles anyhow anyway? Most of the morning we drove—a cabman who I'm sure would never throw money at a lady. We were entranced to find we could understand so much of his fluent amiable French in comparison with what we had understood of fluent amiable Spanish cabmen. Also we went up in the Notre Dame de la Garde funicular. We spent most of the afternoon trying to buy some guide book, any

Marseille.

guide book, to tell us if we had by any chance missed anything in the morning. Not being able to locate a single Baedeker or guide book of any size or description in the whole of Marseilles, we decided we had seen everything there was to see, except the inside of the Cathedral. By most devious streets and alleys we finally got back to that, looked inside and came out again. No cathedral to our tastes. Much more to our notions was the Marseilles waterfront, which we did morning, noon and night of that one day we had in Marseilles. Can there be anyone on earth who does not thrill at least some thrill over a water front? If we'd had another day in Marseilles, we would have spent the whole of it around the docks and boats, big and little. Once back in Switzerland it is goodbye to waterfronts.

The porter called us at the modest hour of 4.30—and I in bed at two, and off we were for Switzerland. Through Arles, Avignon and up to Lyon. Lyon again—just three weeks to the day since we ate lunch there last. Poor we were then, compared to the richness now of having Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, Escorial, Granada, Malaga, Cordova, Seville, Algeciras, Tangiers, Marseilles for ours. Those places were names before. Strange printed letters on a map. Now they were part and parcel of our very selves.

A life which has never known a home—there is tragedy for you. Books are as essential as food itself to satisfactory existence; friends, benedictions on life, to raise living to its nobler reaches; work, a necessity individually, socially. Travel—travel adds to all other experiences. Through travel comes the background for a still richer spirit in the home; every book read takes on a new interest; friendship plumbs new depths, derives new meanings; work adjusts itself to a new sense of values, surer proportions, deeper sources to be drawn upon. By learning to know the past does one come to have less interest and understanding for the present? By learning to know the world does one come to have less interest and understanding for

one's own? Are the problems of the twentieth century to be solved through isolation? Then let every man stay in his own town and keep his possessions of every sort to himself. Are the problems of the twentieth century to be solved through co-operation? Then up and wander! Adventure to the four corners of the globe, everyone to the limits of his purse-strings—or better said, to the limits of his valor. Let east go west, west east; north roam south, south north! Forgather at the cross roads, part friends, who met as foreigners. The intellect, if it is great enough, can co-operate with strangers. Few possess that much intellect, and the co-operation, if accomplished, is a cold and lifeless thing. To the rest of us, co-operation must be a thing of the heart as well as the intellect. But the heart is not touched until understanding, mutuality, takes the place of the unfamiliar. How best replace ignorance, suspicion, indifference, with interest, tolerance, good will? Through contact, backed by the patience needed for understanding. How experience that contact? Through travel.

Should one travel as a crowning luxury to a life of success and achievement?

Rather as a prescribed foundation for the preparation of everything to come.

American. Yes, thank the Lord for that.

Cosmopolitan? "Belonging to all, or most of, the world; not local. At home in any country; without local prejudices."

Of itself, there would follow tolerance.

And then, if one rounds the circle with patriotism, it is a constructive attribute, to the glory of God and man.

THE END.

WITHDRAWN